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ART. I. *Reports of Cases argued and decided in the High Court of Chancery.* By F. VESEY, Junior. Vol. VII.—Dr WOLCOT's Case, 1802.—Mr SOUTHEY's Case, 1817.—Lord BYRON's Case, Feb. 1822.—Mr LAWRENCE's Lectures on Physiology, March 1822.

OUR system of remedial law resembles an old Gothic castle erected in the days of chivalry, but fitted up for a modern inhabitant—the moated ramparts, the embattled towers, and the trophied halls, are magnificent and venerable, but useless, and therefore neglected: the inferior apartments accommodated to daily use, are cheerful and commodious, though their approaches may be winding and difficult.' Such is the striking illustration with which Blackstone takes leave of the most laborious part of his celebrated undertaking, 'Civil injuries and their remedies.' And it is perhaps true, that most suitors in our courts of justice, through passages more or less winding, and with different degrees of difficulty, do manage, by keeping fast hold of the hand of some learned counsel, to arrive at last in one or other of these inferior apartments. But unfortunately, there is one class, whose interest in the laying out of these rooms seems to have been by common consent abandoned—we mean authors. A library was no part of this legal chateau in its feudal state. Our worthy ancestors had as much idea of a boudoir or a billiard-room; and it was not till the art of printing enabled literature to take hold of the public mind, that an exclusive property in it could become, in any legal sense, an object of value. Before, however, this alteration in an author's condition could have produced any visible

effect, Government seized upon him as a prisoner of state. Printing was altogether prohibited, except under the sanction of a license; and, with whatever evils this system was fraught, it had at least the good effect that the licensers permitted no one to print another man's copy: and consequently, as long as it endured, an author was effectually sheltered from the inferior beasts of prey who now prowl about the press for a thievish and miserable subsistence.

Soon after the revival of our civil liberties at the epoch of the Revolution, the licensing act expired; and the value of public opinion, as propagated through the medium of the press, became too well understood and too highly prized, to suffer a Bastille of human thought to be again erected in this country. However, in the common ignorance of the precautions requisite to protect literary property, and in the common joy of emancipation, nothing seems to have been thought of beyond the getting rid of regulations politically obnoxious; and the new race of authors found themselves in the situation of slaves, whom the same moment had freed and turned out of doors. An action upon the case had been speculated upon, as an experiment for their relief, but not proceeded in. From having been so long habituated to the intimidating security of penalties, they looked upon them as the most obvious source of protection. In an evil hour they applied to Parliament, were 'cursed with a granted prayer,' and received the fatal present of a statute, exhibiting perhaps the most successful effort of legislative cross-purposes that is to be found in our written law.

This celebrated statute has for its title, 'An act for the Encouragement of Learning'—for its preamble (which Lord Coke terms the *Key* of a statute), the assertion, that 'Authors and their families have been ruined by persons of late taking the liberty to print books without the consent of the proprietors'—and for its recital, that it means 'to prevent such mischief, and encourage learned men to compose useful books.' Now, this laudable purpose it proceeds to accomplish, by cutting down to fourteen years the property in his printed works, in which an author previously had (according to the opinions of eight out of the twelve judges, including Lord Mansfield) a perpetuity at common law. And the only security afforded to the author during these fourteen years, is by arming him against pirates with an expensive form of action, wherein the penalty of a penny a sheet is to go, half to the Crown and half to the informer; and the party injured is entitled only to have the specific books handed over to him, which he is

compelled, by the express words of the statute, to turn into waste paper—for which inestimable benefit he is taxed with nine presentation copies to the public libraries. The statutory confiscation was real, the protection illusory; and the truth so often stated by the present Chancellor (as applying equally to the action for damages at common law) was soon discovered—that the only real protection was to be found in his court, in the form of an injunction. Now, we cannot sufficiently regret, that being so fully aware of this circumstance, Lord Eldon should, upon a new principle, be the first to deny to authors a temporary refuge against common robbers, in that very sanctuary which had been prepared for them by the equitable architects who preceded him. This novel doctrine is so entirely, as it were, *novus homo* in the Court of Chancery, that its pedigree can be traced no higher up than twenty years. As Lord Eldon is its parent, so he is its sole authority,—and it will be found, we suspect, to rest upon *the possibility of a doubt*. It is contained in the four judgments whose titles are prefixed to the present article, and is nearly in his Lordship's own words, as follows. ‘Where the law does not afford a complete remedy, the Court of Chancery will lend its assistance; at law, where the separate publications could never be hunted down one after another, *the remedy for the invasion of literary property is worse than the disease*. It is therefore the imperfection of that remedy which gives a court of equity its jurisdiction to stop at once, *by injunction*, the piracy of a work. But if the case be one which it is not clear will sustain an action at law, then this court will not give the plaintiff the relief he seeks. Now, Eyre, C. J., has laid it down, that *a person cannot recover in damages for a work calculated to do injury to the public*. The question of intent’ (or tendency, for the intent is an inference from the tendency) ‘I have no right to try; because it has been settled, after great difference of opinion among the learned, that it is for a jury to determine it. The only question for me is, whether it is so clear that the plaintiff possesses a civil right in the publication before me, *as to leave no reasonable doubt upon my mind*, that it would support an action in a court of law. It is impossible for me to say, looking at its general tenor, and also at particular passages unconnected with its general tenor, that I have no doubt; I hope it is a reasonable one,’ &c.

Now, this doctrine, it will be observed, is founded altogether upon a *Nisi Prius dictum* of C. J. Eyre, not acted upon there, even at *Nisi Prius*; though it has been said by nearly every Judge in the Courts of Common Law, that they wished the decisions of

Judges at Nisi Prius, from the small deliberation which could be bestowed in making them, were never cited in argument. This authority, nevertheless, is the only one which Lord Eldon ever has alluded to as the groundwork of his decisions; and if we turn to the circumstances which accompanied it, we shall find some difficulty in accounting for the partiality with which it has been referred to and received. On the occasion of those memorable riots, by what we may call the Orange Mob at Birmingham, when the loyal showed their respect to law and government, by plunder and devastation, Dr Priestley brought an action against the hundred for the injury which his property had sustained. Several booksellers deposed to the sum which they would have given for certain manuscripts which had been destroyed. The counsel for the hundred said, in defence, that Dr Priestley was in the habit of publishing books prejudicial to the Established Religion and Government of the country; but called no evidence to prove it. On which C. J. Eyre is reported to have gone out of his way, in a case of such grievous outrage upon the plaintiff, to observe, that if such evidence had been produced, he should have received it, on the ground that no man can have a property in such writings; and therefore, to disprove a property in these manuscripts, on the value of which direct evidence had been given, the tendency of anterior publications was all that was required. The polemics of the sectarian were to taint the discoveries of the chemist; and we should have a *heresie personelle*, like that which Pascal describes the Jesuits to have attributed to M. Arnauld.

But, assuming the observation of C. J. Eyre as positive law, the doctrine affirms, that authors must be left to a *remedy worse than the disease*, whenever the Lord Chancellor may happen to entertain a doubt, which he hopes may be reasonable, whether a work is calculated to do injury to the public! The Chancellor often alludes to his natural infirmity of a—doubting mind: Yet here a doubt is to be ground firm enough, whence, like Archimedes, he can move and remove the world of letters at his pleasure.

Literature is generally spoken of as an exotic, every where of slow growth, and requiring special favour: but in this instance, it seems treated as if it were a weed to be trodden down in the public path. Indeed, the liberality of our national character does not appear to most advantage in the sort of reluctant naturalization which it had previously obtained. It is a curious fact, that in a country like England, the great question of literary property should have been fairly fought out for the

first and last time, at so recent a period as within the last fifty years. When men of letters sought upon that occasion to preserve their property according to their uniform practical enjoyment of it, and to maintain those rights which the issue of the discussion proved to have been originally and naturally theirs, they were met by objections of a nature that even those most accustomed to courts of justice, would scarcely have anticipated on such a subject. Authors claimed the protection of a law, which boasts that it consists not of particular instances, but of general principles. They were called upon, however, to produce cases in point, from an age that had never seen a printed book. The *Registrum Brevium* was referred to, and the author was desired to produce from thence precedents of writs, which could only have existed there in anticipation of the wants and intelligence of a future age. Authors appealed to an undisputed possession, ever since the origin of literature, which had been respected even by the despotism of the Tudors and the Stuarts: but they were taunted by allusions to the common slavery of a period, in the degradation of which they had only shared alike with their fellow-citizens, whilst the glory of having most suffered and best avenged its persecutions, was preeminently their own. They insisted at last, on larger and higher grounds, on the sacredness of property—but the notion was derided; and, in spite of the practical experience of three centuries, and of statutory provisions which the Court had for some years administered without any difficulty, they were told very gravely and very learnedly, that there was a metaphysical impossibility, which would not allow of a property in ideas!

Literature, however, was carried triumphantly by its friends through these and similar objections; but the statute of Anne, which had been passed either with a pomp of fraud and hypocrisy altogether unprecedented, or in utter ignorance of the subject, presented a barrier, which was not to be got over. Thus disinherited, as it were by accident, authors ought to obtain, for the brief term which is left them out of their patrimony, or rather their creation, all the security that law can give; but they are singularly placed. Put into a bag the general profit and loss of authors, and, on the average of the whole, no species of labour is so ill paid, or undertaken with so many hazards. Under the most improved state of the law of libel, they must still sit down to their task, as Damocles to his feast, with a sword suspended over them by a single thread. All the results, and use, and application of their writings, become at once the property of the public. From its nature, too, literary property must always be ex-

posed to daily spoliation; to be plucked away feather by feather, as in abridgment, quotation, or treatment of the same subject, with just enough of alteration to raise a possibility that the alteration is not colourable only. For if the plagiarist has displayed sufficient exercise of mind to distinguish him from a copying machine, the interests of society require that he should be supposed an original author. Nor, whilst the pilfering plagiarist can thus steal stick after stick, as crows break up the nest of their brother whilst he is away, are authors much better guarded by the common law against the bolder pirate, who robs them at once of all. Their interest in their property is not allowed to be capable of supporting an indictment; it arose in a civilized instead of a barbarous age, and therefore it is left to protect itself; whilst man-traps and spring-guns unfortunately cannot be prayed in aid against the poacher of our thoughts, to exercise a vigour beyond the law. The penalties, under the statute, are positively ludicrous; and the damages to be recovered in an action, have been long known to be not worth contending for. The action itself is expensive; you cannot prove above a hundredth part of the damage actually sustained, and have to look for that hundredth part from a pauper, who laughs in your face, and goes on with his villany at his ease from within the Rules. For, in a question not of disputed private right, but of clear piracy, the defendant must be always a bankrupt both in character and fortune. Thus, we are in danger of seeing an author the sole exception to that maxim, which the law says has no exception; and there would exist a right without a practical remedy, were it not for the summary interference with which, for the very purpose of meeting cases so circumstanced, the Court of Chancery has been intrusted. This is the opening which (Blackstone says *) 'was left for the more liberal and enterprising Judges, who have sate in our Courts of Equity, to show the other Judges their error by supplying the omissions of the courts of law.' The injunction is granted for the single end of making effectual a legal right, which cannot be otherwise adequately enforced, and is intended to prevent such mischief as the law cannot properly repair.

This remedy has, until within these few years, been administered for upwards of a century upon such equitable principles, that authors have received under it all the relief which any remedy merely civil can ever extend to them. But the present Lord Chancellor has started a doubt,—and has thereby at once reduc-

* 3 Comm. 167.

ed this security to nothing ! This doctrine is a most penal innovation on the law of libel, a law of itself, in its most direct shape, and under its constitutional restrictions, sufficiently uncertain and severe. It was first breathed in the case of the coarse buffoonery of Peter Pindar ; next in that of Wat Tyler, the personification of our Laureate's juvenile opinions ; but scarcely attracted the public attention until the excommunication of Lord Byron's Cain, and of the Physiological Lectures of Mr Lawrence. The circumstances under which it was promulgated may be described by a single instance, as follows. Mr Murray, a publisher of the first respectability, applies to the Court of Chancery, praying for an injunction to prevent Mr Benbow, or some other publisher of similar character, from printing and selling at low prices, and in cheap forms calculated for the pockets of the lower classes, certain works of Lord Byron, which, whatever may be their merits or demerits, had been purchased by him at a high price, and published fairly and openly in the ordinary course of trade, and against which no criminal proceedings had been instituted. But the Lord Chancellor entertains a doubt whether the writings are not of dangerous or immoral tendency, and therefore refuses to interfere.

The evil effects in the infringement of the private property of authors, which have followed from the doctrine in question, are so clear, and the consequences to society so serious, that we have been induced to ascertain, to the best of our ability, the degree of legal necessity by which Lord Eldon has been driven to so formidable a conclusion. The interest which every one ought to feel in the rights of an author and the independence of the press, will, we trust, support our readers through a few pages, in which we can promise neither charm nor satisfaction, other than in the result to which we have persuaded ourselves that they directly lead. Among the powers intrusted to the Court of Chancery, one of the most peculiar is the means of special interference, through its great preventive instrument, the writ of injunction. In cases where this power is applied, upon suggestion that the defendant is injuring, or threatening to injure, property belonging to the plaintiff, the Court of Chancery issues its injunction, and puts stop to damage which no later judgment of any court could compensate or repair. This is done upon motion, in the first instance, subject to further discussion upon the hearing of the cause, when the injunction is either dissolved, or made perpetual, according to the merits of the case. Meantime, if the question involves a doubtful point of law, or a disputed fact, the bill is sometimes retain-

ed for a certain period, in order that the parties may employ the interval in obtaining the opinion of a court of law, or the assistance of a Jury, through whom the conscience of the Lord Chancellor may be informed, and his doubts determined. The probability of this course being resorted to, varies in proportion as the doubt is one which it would be unsuitable or improper to decide upon the Chancellor's individual opinion. The question, in such a case, arises, what is to be done during the pendency of this doubt? The plaintiff has proceeded upon his possessory right. Is that right to be invaded, because it may fail to be established in some future inquiry? From this simple statement of the usual course of proceeding, it is evident that a plain or unquestionable right of action cannot be indispensable in an application for an injunction. But were it true, that the plaintiff is obliged to show a clear title to his property, before the Court of Chancery will protect it by injunction, we should insist, that, as a merely civil court, incompetent of itself to try the question of intent and tendency, it is bound to presume in favour of a publication under circumstances like the present. When a book is notoriously allowed to become part of the national literature undisturbed—when both the expensive original, and cheap forgery, are acquiesced in and recognised by all the criminal authorities, constitutional and unconstitutional—it seems monstrous for a single Judge, a member of the Cabinet, to deny the character of property to such a book. But we are prepared to show, that to entitle himself to an injunction, it is by no means necessary that the plaintiff should make out a clear right of action—a doubtful title is all that is required, either upon principle or authority; and a doubt which applies solely to the nature of the property, and admits otherwise the title of the plaintiff, presents a *much slighter* impediment to the jurisdiction than the ordinary case, where, on the supposition that the subject-matter is capable of property, the doubt is, to which of the two parties it belongs.

It would be beside our present purpose to enter into any detailed examination of the cases in which a plaintiff is entitled to an injunction for the protection of ordinary property. Suffice it to say, that, even in questions of real property, where a party is left to stand on his legal right, whatever that may amount to, yet Lord Hardwicke held a doubtful right as quite sufficient to entitle a plaintiff to an injunction until the hearing of the cause, as Lord Nottingham, 'the Father of Equity,' had done long before him, taking the very sensible distinction of granting it more readily against a defendant who could simply make out a

case of impunity, than against one who was himself an adverse claimant. But there is one species of property which calls for a more particular examination, from its very close resemblance to that which an author has in his works, with no other distinction, before the time of Lord Eldon, than that of being less favourably considered—we mean that of Patents. Lord Hardwicke generally mentions them together; he calls the statute of Anne a standing patent for authors; and both he and Sir Thomas Clarke, referring to a time when the rule was otherwise, treat them as excepted cases, where the plaintiff's right appearing upon record or act of Parliament, he might apply to the Court at once for an injunction, without first establishing that right at law. A patentee is regarded as a contractor with the public, bound to certain terms. The doubts arising on the subject of his patent, or the correctness of his specification, are generally mere points of law; or, if they turn on the novelty of the invention, &c. there may be infinite hardship in stopping a rival manufactory. Yet a doubt will not dispossess a patentee. The objection urged against Mr Watt's improvement on the steam-engine, * went to the very subject of the patent itself, that a patent for a METHOD OR PRINCIPLE was void; and the Judges in the Common Pleas were equally divided on the validity of the patent. Lord Rosslyn, nevertheless, would not dissolve his previous injunction, or put the parties to compensation. 'I will not disturb the possession of their specific right.' And Sir John Scott, Attorney-General, says, 'It is the most ordinary jurisdiction of the Court to say, they will not alter the possession till the right is decided: In waste, it is the specific right of the party to have the interference of this Court.' Lord Eldon's authority on this subject fully accords with the doctrine contended for with success by Sir John Scott.—'Where the Crown, in behalf of the public, grants letters-patent, the benefit of which contract the public are to have, and the public have permitted a reasonably long and undisturbed possession under colour of the patent, the Court has thought, upon the fact of that possession proved against the public, that there is less inconvenience in granting the injunction until the legal question can be tried, than in dissolving it. If the patentee can maintain the validity of his patent, by dissolving the injunction in the mean time, I should act both against principle and practice; not only enabling this defendant against law to exercise a right in opposition to the patent, but also en-

‘courageing all mankind to take the same liberty.’* And on a still later occasion, † where the patent was afterwards avoided on objections to its validity, which the Chancellor seems, even in the first instance, to have justly deemed insurmountable; and though there was nothing which could even be called possession, yet Lord Eldon, in the interim, held the defendant to an account of every shilling which he had drawn from the alleged violation of that which eventually proved to be no right at all, observing at the same time, that ‘in all cases of exclusive enjoyment under a patent, the Court will give so much credit to the *apparent* right, as to restrain the invasion of it, until that apparent right has been displaced.’ We have no hint, therefore, in this analogous case, of leaving property to the jeopardy of a doubt.

We will now pass on to the history of literary injunctions themselves. Those which had been granted previous to 1769, formed very important materials for argument throughout the elaborate discussion which the subject then underwent, in the great cases of *Miller v. Taylor*, and *Donaldson v. Beckett*. It is difficult to account for the positiveness with which Lord Mansfield, in opposition to Lord Hardwicke’s express declarations, sought to distort them to serve his purpose. He was bold enough to say, ‘I look upon these injunctions as equal to any final decree. In a doubtful case, it would be iniquity to grant them; because, if it should come out that the plaintiff has no legal title, the defendant is injured by the injunction, and can have no reparation.’ Notwithstanding the acknowledged difficulty of arbitrating between contending claims, which Lord Mansfield chooses to call iniquity, we shall now see what had been the practice of the Court of Chancery; and we think that Lord Mansfield must have looked rather awkward, whilst Lord Camden spoke as follows, in the presence of all the Judges and Lord Chancellor Bathurst. ‡ ‘All the injunction cases have been ably gone through. I shall only add, in general terms, that they can prove nothing: they are commonly obtained for the purpose of staying waste, and the prevention of irreparable damage. They must, therefore, in their nature be sudden and summary, or the benefit of them would be lost before they are obtained; and they are granted, though the right is *not clear, but doubtful*. The question, whether I am tenant for life or in tail, whether I can maintain my right

* 14 Ves. 131.

† 3 Marivale, 628.

‡ 17 Parliamentary Debates.

‘ against the devisee or heir-at-law, may be discussed afterwards at leisure; but unless, upon showing a *reasonable pretence of title*, you in the mean time tie up the spoiler’s hands, who is felling my timber, or ploughing my pasture, my remedy is gone, or comes too late to prevent the mischief. What, then, if a thousand injunctions had been granted, unless the Chancellor at the time he granted them pronounced a solemn opinion that they were grounded upon the common law? It would only come to this at last, that the right in question was claimed on one side, and denied on the other: therefore, till the matter was tried and determined, let the injunction go. Lord Hardwicke, after twenty years experience, in the last case of the kind that came before him, declared that the point had never yet been determined. Lord Northington granted them on the idea of a doubtful title: I continued the practice on the same foundation; so did the present Chancellor.’ Mr Baron Eyre and Mr Justice Willes refer to Lord Hardwicke enjoining the piracy of the *Paradise Lost* upon a doubtful right; and he is said to have cited (most appropriately, as its history afterwards showed) the *Almanack* patent as an authority for so doing. Mr Justice Yates calls an injunction ‘ but a temporary suspension till the right is determined.’—‘ To obtain such an injunction,’ Lord Chief-Justice Grey says, ‘ it is by no means necessary that the plaintiff should make out a clear, indisputable title. It may be granted on a reasonable pretence, and a doubtful right, before the hearing of the cause.’

Many other authorities might be cited: but we will pass over the whole intermediate ground, and come at once to Lord Eldon’s own authority, which is equally conclusive. The first and leading case upon literary injunctions which came before him,* was that of the University of Oxford and Cambridge *v.* Richardson, to prevent the sale of Scotch bibles in England. The King’s printer in England was not co-plaintiff; and it was doubtful whether the Universities had a sufficient interest, in themselves, to maintain the suit. Lord Eldon’s words are as explicit, on the necessity of the plaintiff *ultimately* showing that he is the proper plaintiff, as they ever can be upon the necessity of the subject-matter *ultimately* turning out to be capable of property: he nevertheless grants an injunction. ‘ The doubt I have is, whether these plaintiffs are the persons to enjoin; but, notwithstanding that, as there is no doubt upon the illegality of what the defendants are doing, I should not scruple

‘ to enjoin them.—It is said, that, in cases of this sort, the
 ‘ universal rule is, the Court will not grant or sustain an in-
 ‘ junction until it is made clear at law. With all deference to
 ‘ Lord Mansfield, *I cannot accede to that proposition* so un-
 ‘ qualified. There are many instances in my own memory, in
 ‘ which this Court has granted or continued injunctions to the
 ‘ hearing, under such circumstances. In the case of patent
 ‘ right, if the party gets his patent, and puts his invention in
 ‘ execution, and has proceeded to a sale, that may be called
 ‘ possession under it, *however doubtful it may be* whether the
 ‘ patent can be sustained, this Court has lately said, possession
 ‘ under a colour of title is ground enough to enjoin, and con-
 ‘ tinue the injunction, till it is proved at law that it is only co-
 ‘ lour, and not real title.’—Lord Hardwicke and Lord Lough-
 borough regarded general consequences also, when they got a
 point of private right sufficient to rest their foot upon. Whole
 branches of equitable jurisdiction are founded on it. But this
 seems very different from the resolute manner in which this
 Court has refused to entertain the least thought of the public
 upon the present occasion. We may be mistaken; but we con-
 fess, that almost the whole of the above judgment would seem
 to us to have been delivered for the purpose of removing the
 difficulties under which the mind of Lord Eldon seems now to
 labour.

In *Gurney v. Longman*, the right of the House of Lords, when sitting as a court of justice, to select and nominate the sole publisher of its proceedings, came under discussion.

Lord Erskine * there repeats the authority of Lord Eldon for the same opinions, up to a later period. ‘ I shall follow, therefore, the example of Lord Eldon, in the case of *Bruce v. Bruce*, upon a dispute between the King’s printers in this country and in Scotland. Great consideration being necessary to arrive at a right judgment between their contending patents, Lord Eldon, when I pressed him with the cases that are now pressed upon me, to show that injunctions proceeding upon legal rights ought to have their foundation on legal title, receiving consummation by legal judgment, answered, that the same question had been decided by Sir J. Jekyll, and his decree affirmed by the Lord Chancellor; and that the Court, granting the injunction until the hearing, did not decide ultimately upon the rights of the parties.’ Sir William Blackstone was answered out of his own Commentaries, in the House of Commons. We can only appeal (like Philip’s suitor)

from Lord Eldon at one time to Lord Eldon at another,—hum-
bly suspecting all along, that there must be some mystery in
the matter, which our understanding has not been competent
to unravel.

The mystery seems to rest upon a distinction, the merits of
which we do not at present, perhaps, duly appreciate; for, as
far as concerns the propriety or impropriety of granting an in-
junction, all the difficulties which attend such cases seem to dis-
appear, when the question is reduced to this single point, name-
ly, the possibility that the plaintiff may not be enabled, from the
character of his work, to retain a property in it before a Jury.
We shall shortly have occasion to draw the reader's attention
more particularly to that consideration. Mean time, in the entire
absence of every particle of positive evidence that such an objec-
tion was ever advanced before, there is considerable negative au-
thority which, we think, it will be difficult to elude. Such a doc-
trine, when once on foot, must from its nature creep on. It seems
to have opened gradually upon Lord Eldon himself. In *Peter Pindar's* case (1802), apparently claiming a right to declare his
opinion upon the criminality of a writing, if he thought fit, he
expressly says, that, 'if doubtful, he shall send that ques-
'tion to law.' But now (1822), in the case of *Cain*, the ar-
rangement is so far altered, that the question of criminality is
solely for a Jury; but that his jurisdiction is paralyzed by a
doubt.

We have had no opportunity of obtaining any thing like a list
of the works which have been protected by injunctions; and it is
but by accident that, in any instance, the questionable tendency
of the book can be ascertained, as all the cases are reported for
the sake of some other point. In no case, however, which we
have met with, is there any trace of an objection, taken either
by the Court or the counsel on the ground of the libellous or
improper nature of the work sought to be protected; and a
strong inference may be drawn, that such an objection was not
thought tenable, from its never having been made where it
certainly might have applied, and where, in its absence, the in-
junction was maintained. Pope's *Dunciad* was protected, as
property, by injunction, 1729, the very year that it was first
published in 4to, with notes, and the names of the persons
abused not only set out at length, but justified by the authori-
ties and reasons given. In the preface to the five former im-
perfect editions (1727), Pope is stated to have 'thought it a
'happiness, that, by the late flood of slander on himself, he
'had acquired such a peculiar right over their names as was
'necessary to his design.' The advertisement to the edition

of 1720 describes 'the castigation' 'upon the chief offenders' 'as only a paper pinned upon the breast to mark the enormities for which they suffered, lest the correction only should be remembered, and the crimes forgotten.' Whether the nature of the vermin whom the satirist has set in amber for the amusement of posterity, might not have denied them even farthing damages, is another question; but no one can doubt, but that, upon every principle of the law of libel, the *Dunciad*, at the date when the injunction issued, was one libel from the beginning to the end.

In the year 1735, an injunction was granted for Pope's and Swift's *Miscellanies*. We will refer to the preface, in this instance also, for a character of the work itself. 'We are sorry for the satire interspersed in some of these pieces upon a few people from whom the highest provocations have been received. As the original publication was not owing to our folly, but that of others, the omission of the names was not in our power. We cannot deny, that, in several parts of our lives, we have written things which we may wish never to have thought of: Some sallies of levity ought to be imputed to youth, others to gaiety of our minds at certain junctures, common to all men. The publishing of these, which we cannot disown, and without our consent, is a greater injury than that of ascribing to us the most stupid productions which we can wholly deny. We are therefore compelled to submit to a very great hardship, to own such pieces as in our stricter judgments we should have suppressed for ever. The collection consists of what we not only thought unlikely to reach the future, but unworthy even of the present age; not our studies, but our follies; not our works, but our idleness.' Considering the indulgence with which authors naturally criticise the tendency of their own performances, the reader will not be surprised to find, in these *Miscellanies*, things such as no person, with the least pretension to character, at present would avow; and, though the excuse set out above might be a reasonable one enough in a court of casuistry, it would make but a very sorry defence in a court of law. In the year 1737, there follows an injunction for Gay's *Polly*; The Lord Chamberlain, upon objections, according to Dr Johnson, moral or political, had prohibited its representation on the stage; but, being afterwards published (notwithstanding this hint, which Lord Talbot did not think fit to take), it received protection from the Court of Chancery. As the *Beggars' Opera* was not prohibited, *Polly* must have been considered as still more suspicious; and yet the tendency

of the Beggars' Opera has been matter of most vehement reprobation. Dr Herring, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, preached against it. The Bench of Westminster Magistrates attempted to proscribe it. There are very singular anecdotes recorded of its effects; and Swift, at whose suggestion it was written, was obliged, with Pope and the timid Poet's five hundred friends, to go all lengths to carry the unconscious author through the storm which it had raised about him.

In 1765, we fall in with an injunction against the piracy of the works of Swift himself, with Life and Notes by Hawkesworth. Of them we will only say, that it would be difficult to point out any author whose writings contain a greater variety of libellous matter of almost every description, affecting politics, morality, and even religion. He was like 'a white witch, *mischievously good*,' and could only do a deed of charity 'in the spirit of the first-born Cain'—

'Whatever title pleas'd his ear,

'Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver, '—

—he is still found a libeller: whether where rewards are offered by proclamation for a discovery of the author, or he grossly shakes in 'Rabelais's easy chair.'

In 1785, an author, who boasted himself as 'a gentleman of Covent Garden Theatre,' favoured the world with a collection of historical anecdotes, entitled 'Memoirs of G. Ann Bellamy, including all her Intrigues, with genuine Anecdotes of all her public and private Connections.' It was alleged to be pirated from a larger work, 'An Apology for the Life of G. Ann Bellamy, by Herself;' the contents of which were well calculated to gratify every expectation which the title could excite, and the character of which is stamped by this very charge of piracy. The claim for an injunction was assuredly not preferred before Lord Kenyon, when Master of the Rolls, from the hope of unreasonable indulgence towards works of such a description by that moral judge; however, it was instantly allowed, nor did he proceed in that ignorance of the subject-matter, which the secluded habits of his life might otherwise make sufficiently credible. He examined both works, 'reserving his decision,' &c. It is remarkable that Lord Kenyon justified his view of this case, by a reference to Dr Hawkesworth's Voyages, in which he says, 'it had been so determined.' Hawkesworth's Voyages then were in themselves, fit subject for protection by injunction; a work described by Lord Thurlow as a mere composition of trash, &c. It is notorious, that a Magazine used to give a regular monthly no-

tice, 'that all the amorous passages in Dr Hawk—th's Col-
'lections of Voyages, should be selected and published with
'a suitable plate,'—a threat actually put in execution. Dr
Chalmers, in his Biographical Preface to the Adventurer, is
obliged to acknowledge 'its impious sentiments and indecent
'narratives; and that no infidel could have published opinions
'more adverse to the creed of the nation.' Yet alleged piracy
on such a book would have been enjoined, if the fact had not
been negatived, by proof that the copier had only exercised
fairly the unquestionable right of abridgment.

Considering Doubt as the offspring of Modesty, we may think
that it has departed widely from the character of its parents,
when it sweeps down such a series of decisions pronounced by
such high authorities. But this is not mere matter of *precedent*
pushed aside without being even alluded to; though, when
forms are violated, it is not often that it is forms alone. The
principles which, in doubtful cases, regulate this jurisdiction,
seem even more decisive. In reviewing the conduct of Courts
of Equity respecting injunctions, it will be found that they have
been guided principally by the following considerations. 1.
Whether either party has any *prima facie* case of possession,
which, in equity as well as in law, raises a presumption of title?
2. Whether, in case the Court should alter its opinion between
the motion and the hearing, so that it should be obliged at last
to dissolve an injunction which it had previously granted, or
make perpetual an injunction which it had refused, the plaintiff
or defendant will have suffered most by the intermediate mis-
take? 3. Whether the negligence or acquiescence of the plain-
tiff, or the circumstances or conduct of the defendant, shall have
raised any equities against themselves respectively? 4. Whether
the public, in a case nearly balanced, has any interest either
way? Waste, as of timber, and infringements of patents have ac-
cordingly been in the first instance restrained, upon these pre-
sumptions, where the plaintiff's right has after all been dis-
proved; and a defendant's unconscientious conduct, as by col-
lusion, or his insolvency, so that no subsequent compensation
could be secured, have been considered as sufficient reasons
for granting an injunction, when it would otherwise have been
refused. But to confine our attention to literary injunctions.
We will class below, as distinct cases, the different circum-
stances under which injunctions are discussed with refer-
ence to literary property. On a comparison of these distinct
cases, one with another, regarding the list of difficulties against
which the administrator of this equity has to provide, as a scale
by which his conscience may be directed, it will be evident,

even if a clear title upon the part of the plaintiff were a matter of necessity in all other cases, yet the strictness of the rule ought to be dispensed with, where the only cloud upon the plaintiff's title arises from the suspicious nature of the book. Unfortunately, the precise contrary is the course adopted. The following seem the several objections to the right of the plaintiff which a defendant can bring forward in justification of his conduct. *1st*, He may deny the fact of any interference with the plaintiff's property at all; alleging, that the subject upon which they both have written is *in medio*, open to all the world (as charts, maps, road-books, almanacks, calendars, judicial proceedings, &c.); or that the writing called in question is a fair exercise of his own mind, reoriginating the original work, (as abridgment, quotation, review, translation, &c.); or that what has been done is such a dealing with the property as the law allows of, (as performing upon the stage, &c.) *2dly*, He may insist that the property in the book is with himself, and not in the plaintiff, as in the cases of dispute upon the construction of a contract for the sale of a copyright (which will of course turn solely on the agreement, &c., is therefore irrelevant for the present purpose.) *3dly*, He may argue, that the plaintiff's exclusive property in his work is expired, and that he, the defendant, therefore, has as good a right to publish it as plaintiff himself. (Such was the question ultimately set at rest in the case of *Donaldson v. Beckey*, by the Lords in 1774.) *4thly*, Or *lastly*, He may say *the book is a wicked book*, and therefore, by the policy of the law, no subject of private property at all; insisting, that on the very ground of the doubt, whether either he or the plaintiff are entitled to publish it as against society, he acquires a right to publish it as against the plaintiff; and that, at all events, the Court will not restrain him from a criminal infringement of his neighbour's property, whilst such a doubt remains judicially undetermined.

In the first and third class, where the Court must pick its way through all the difficulties as it can, it nevertheless enjoins upon a doubtful right, in homage to a general sort of possession, and must, therefore, occasionally wrong both the defendant and the public. We will only mention, as examples under the first head, the injunctions against theatrical representations, which are now ascertained to be no infringement of any right an author has, either at law, or under the statute; and the injunction of Lord Cowper on the Almanack patents, which was continued seventy years, and only put an end to when a court of law determined that the patent had all along been void.

The third head comprises, as authority for granting injunctions.

tions on titles not merely doubtful, but even where the doubt eventually turned out to be well founded, Lord Hardwicke's injunction on the *Paradise Lost*, and all the injunctions between the years 1709 and 1774, which assumed the existence of a property at Common Law.

But it is now discovered, that a doubt under *the last* class is decisive: And under what circumstances? The former difficulties are all gone. The defendant is not in possession—the plaintiff is; the defendant pretends to no possible interest which can sustain an injury; whilst he is destroying what bears all the outward marks of being the property of the plaintiff. He is most unconscientious; he is taking advantage of his own wrong; he is setting up a defence which, if Parliament could have foreseen it, ought to have had the pillory reserved as its proper punishment. His case is not what Lord Nottingham thought too little, one of mere *impunity*; he stands upon his *guilt*—*confitens reus*, covered with infamy, admitting himself that he is stealing private property,—unless he is ruining the public morals! Such a defendant turns out to be the exception, and is made a favourite of the Court of Equity. And for what end is it that the rules of right and justice are thus perverted, and that a court of property, by a strange anomaly, hands over what may be Peter's property, not to Paul merely, but to Satan, upon a doubt of criminality which lies entirely beyond its jurisdiction, and which the proper authorities for that purpose never have surmised or said? Instead of calling upon the plaintiff to remove such a scandalous, and, as between the plaintiff and the defendant (in this early stage, at least), so irrelevant an objection to his title, the ordinary rule, one would have thought, might have served, viz. that any title, with possession, is good against the fraud and violence of a mere wrong-doer. As the court will not enjoin to stop a nuisance before trial, until a plain case of nuisance is made out, so, in property, where the only possible ground of refusing it protection is, that it is a sort of moral nuisance, the case ought to be at least equally plain. The distinction between the court being passive in one instance, and active in the other, is merely verbal. Should there be only one authority competent to try a prisoner, and that authority refuse to try him, it undertakes the substantial responsibility of an acquittal. A government which connives at oppression, shares the crime. A court of justice, alone having power to interpose, which sits by whilst apparent property is illegally destroyed, can scarcely deceive itself into the idea, that it is answering the ends for which all the forms and parade of civil justice have been elaborately established. The pirate is indirectly the instrument of such a court, which

pro tanto disorganizes society, and throws its members back upon their natural rights. If the celebrated judgment of Solomon had been carried into execution, and he had actually destroyed the child in ascertaining to whom it might belong, we suspect it would not have come down to us as the great proof on which his proverbial reputation rests; still less, if he had done so because one of the contending ladies had the modesty and consistency to suggest, that the infant had the air of not being born in lawful wedlock. But we confess, that, for a simple court of property, when a question of mere property is before it, to *destroy* that property at the request of the party who admits that he has no colour of right, on a mere uncertainty whether the other party, though in possession, has a strictly legal title to it, seems to us about as equitable a decision.

We should remember what the possession in this case is, and what the presumption in favour of the title. It is possession as notorious as the sun at noon; and legal title which the acquiescence of the public centinels has affirmed. The presumption arising from this acquiescence is slight or overwhelming, in proportion to the secrecy or notoriety of the subject. In the majority of cases which have occurred, the dispute has not been upon a smuggling transaction on a dark night; a bit of usury in a stockbroker's back room; the hire of lodgings to some unfortunate young woman; or even the case of some anonymous duodecimo or profligate print, which the myrmidons of the police watch for in vain at the doors of boarding-schools,—where all is mystery until the offence starts up, for the first time, in its natural deformity, like Satan touched by Ithuriel's spear, in a court of justice. The works in question have been, most of them, works of great notoriety and interest: and yet they have been left by a discretion, the soundness and policy of which nobody but a fanatic will condemn, part of the literature of the land. They stare you in the face from the window of every shop; form the subject of conversation at your most agreeable dinners. Their novelty is in the manner, not the matter, as all must know who believe in religion (if, to have ever thought carefully on the subject, is necessary to belief), and are kept so constantly before the public eye, as to be almost a piece of fashionable furniture rather than a book. If, to deprive works like these of their character of property, in consequence of a doubt in the mind of the Chancellor, be *summum jus*, it is emphatically *summa injuria*. Such a principle is reckless of all probable and presumptive rights; for the Chancellor, to use an expression of his own upon injunctions, allows the Court will have *miscarried*, unless a Jury afterwards confirm his doubts. Now, it

may be assumed, that no question can be devised upon which the Chancellor and a Jury would be so likely to come to different conclusions, as on what is or is not libel. The Judges, in their answers to the queries* by the Lords on Fox's Libel Act, say, that although it is competent to a Judge to direct an acquittal on a clear case of an innocent publication prosecuted as a libel, yet 'that *no case has occurred* in which it would have been, in sound discretion, fit for a Judge sitting at *Nisi Prius* to have given such a recommendation to the Jury.' But, even if the probability were twenty to one (instead of being as it is, more than in that proportion the other way) that the Jury will confirm these doubts, we should humbly submit that the law would not be warranted in gambling away the property of the suitor, even against that solitary chance, without some great advantage to countervail it. But here, who would be injured by the issuing of the injunction? Not the public,—for it is only on the supposition that the public interest is altogether the other way, that any doubt arises; not the defendant,—for, at all events, whether the book is criminal or innocent, he has no reason for complaint. The only consequence of this intermediate and temporary protection is, that the Court of Chancery has, whilst the doubt lasted, given privilege of sanctuary to a species of property which has no other security, and may chance to turn out ultimately not to deserve it, but from which its protection will be consequently withdrawn the very instant that the criminality is ascertained by the only constitutional tribunal. Is this chance or possibility so dreadful as to leave us no alternative, but that of falling into the arms of an arbitrary discretion? For it should always be remembered that it cannot be otherwise than arbitrary and variable from its nature. It is arbitrary enough even with twelve men, compelled to speak upon a certainty of guilt; and the doctrine of probabilities will tell us, how much more arbitrary it must be, with only one, hesitating over the uncertainty of innocence.

Such as we have stated above, is the sum-total of the injury which the granting an injunction in case of doubtful tendency carries with it; and to avoid this serious dilemma (that of protecting an author till his guilt is proved, or even legally questioned, or intended to be questioned), the whole property in modern literature (so extensive and so respectable) is in a free country to turn on the pendulous oscillations in the mind of the person who, for the time being, may hold the Great Seal. Europe will not believe that the property and the good name of its phi-

* 22 St. Tr. 299.

losophers, historians and poets, is thus abandoned, in that England which boasts of its equal laws, and its respect for the rights of every member of society, to the discretion of any judge,—and, least of all, to the only one of her judges who is removable at pleasure, and who joins to his judicial character the interests and prejudices of a member of the cabinet. And why are the presumptions in favour of rights to be turned against authors, and their case made an exception to every rule? What reason can be given why a court (calling itself a Court of Equity) should confiscate before trial, and that upon a suspicion, which, however violent to one mind, is equivocal with another, and evanescent with a third? To injure by a preliminary operation, much more to destroy, before trial, that interest, the title to which is afterwards to be tried, is, as we have said above, a novel expedient in civil proceedings. It is indeed a sort of torture, different in atrocity, but not in principle, (except as the one is a case of property, and the other of life), from that which our criminal courts used to administer upon conjecture. There were different degrees of proof, not enough to hang a man, but enough to stretch him on the rack; and a book as well as a man (as has been quaintly said), when put to the torture, confesseth all it knows, and oftentimes more. The criminality in this case is not sufficient to put the author on his defence, but only goes far enough to outlaw his book. The same judges who tortured the body, when they got at the evidence, could legally determine upon its weight; but another peculiarity exists here, that the torturer of the mind exercises his inquiry upon a subject which the jealousy of the constitution has set apart for a distinct and popular tribunal. The very doubts which the Lord Chancellor creates and anticipates for himself to act upon, are of a nature for the consideration of which he is disqualified by law. The partial and conditional glance which is all that his Lordship assumes, is assumed under circumstances where it can produce nothing but unmixed evil, and protect nothing but injustice. This side-long look is enough ‘to wink a reputation down:’ a Judge merely civil, with the air of one who

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,

Just hints a fault, and hesitates dislike—

—is seen, in a question between two contending parties, where one may have the right of property, and the other cannot, so to place his judgment (which is only in name suspended) that its whole weight operates in favour of the latter,—a defendant that, upon his own showing, is either a libeller or a thief. It is certainly most desirable that the laws should be respected by the people who live under them: But too hard terms must not be invented in the present age; and if, in this instance, the un-

initiated have stared in stupid astonishment at the mysterious wisdom of the law, in its most oracular temple, we believe that we may say, in excuse of this general feeling, that the law was never made to exhibit a more unjust, undignified, and paradoxical appearance—too prudish to guard a property, what it has not the manliness and honesty to attempt the punishment of as guilt. There was no medium to escape from a disingenuous contradiction. The idea of criminality is voluntarily intruded into a court, where, in such a case, it never should originate, and under circumstances where the known state of society will not permit it to be gone through with. For since, as Lord Kenyon * says, ‘the law of libel is plain enough,—a man may ‘publish whatever twelve of his countrymen do not think ‘blameable,’—the law of libel is, in other words, *public opinion taken in that form*. But here, the notion of criminality is enforced only by halves; and, were the criminality apparent, we should think it proportionably plain that it was the wrong half which the Court of Chancery had laid hold of; tending to the encouragement of crime, and the corruption of the lower orders of society.

We have said perhaps more than enough on what we strongly feel as a wanton disregard of property, and an unwarrantable presumption of guilt. The next consideration is, what sort of justification for all this can be made under the circumstances. *1st*, The remedy sought is an injunction, a peculiar power intrusted to the Court of Chancery, for the purpose of preventing irreparable mischief, in cases which the law either cannot reach at all, or not till it is too late. *2dly*, The thing endangered is a book, a species of property the worst protected by the law, and, from its nature, the most exposed. *3dly*, The defendant (taking an objection in the spirit of Cook’s celebrated Defence, when indicted on the Maiming act, that he meant to murder, not to maim) justifies himself by his crime. *4th*, This is done in a court of equity, in a civil litigation for property, where the charge (by which the plaintiff’s rights are for a private fraud, thus sought to be divested) is of a nature into which the court to whom it is addressed cannot legally examine, and on which, though the evidence of it meets the eye at every turn, no sort of criminal investigation ever has been set on foot. *5th*, The burden imposed on the plaintiff is, that he should remove from a mind which professional habits must have made scrupulous, every doubt upon the moral, or political, or religious tendency of every book (in whole or in part, from a horn-book and newspaper to history and theology, in their endless folios), as

* Reeve’s Trial.

often as a pirate has pecuniary means sufficient to embark on the speculation of raising such a doubt.

Now, considering that an injunction thus applied for, is not a final judgment of the court upon the merits, nor indeed necessarily any expression of its opinion either way, but merely a temporary shield thrown over property otherwise undisputed, to preserve it from undisguised robbery until the merits can be tried before a competent tribunal, this seems a very unnecessary precaution. But that is not all; for the doctrine contains a species of judicial contradiction,—requiring you to satisfy the mind of a Judge upon a point out of his jurisdiction, and in respect of which, whatever his individual feelings may be, he must be bound by the exclusive authority of a Jury. By the common law of this land, it is no part of an author's duty to satisfy the mind of the Lord Chancellor. It is enough if he can satisfy a Jury; and the broad distinction between such an objection taken in a court of law at trial, and upon an application for an injunction is, that, odious and impolitic as we think it in both instances, it can never work injustice in a court of law, with a Jury competent to decide the question; whereas, in the Court of Chancery, unless we consent to seat the Chancellor in the Papal Chair, it must. This doctrine refuses to pay any respect to a possession which the law has left undisturbed, and presents the novel spectacle of a Court of Equity allowing a defence, avowedly bottomed in iniquity, to bear down rights which the plaintiff may ultimately and honestly establish. It is in vain that the plaintiff suggests what is often heard in that Court—‘You cannot set up that defence, whether true or false, at a moment when the truth cannot be ascertained; it does not lie in your mouth—you are stopped by your own conduct—you cannot take advantage of your own wrong.’ The Court has not been, in other cases, in the habit of disregarding public consequences, when a straw could be caught at to support its jurisdiction; and, under proper caution, it always was, and always ought to be, a most important consideration towards putting the Court into activity, when once there is civil interest sufficient to bring the case into Court at all.

But the circumstance which we think conclusive on the impropriety of making the Chancellor's approbation of a book an indispensable preliminary to the protection of an author, depends on what may be treated as admissions in the case. *1st*, That an injunction is the only real protection for literature, and, when it is delayed, there is a right deprived of its specific remedy. *2d*, That if the verdict of a Jury, by quashing this doubt, establishes the property in the plaintiff, the injunction of the Chancellor follows, as it were ministerially, and of course. Let us see, then, under these circumstances, what are the different consequence

which affect the litigant parties in the two cases. When a verdict declares a property to exist in cases where the injunction has been refused on the ground of the non-existence of property; or, on the other hand, declares a work not to be the subject of property where the injunction has been granted; on the present system, the plaintiff brings his action, obtains a verdict; and then, armed with it as proof (for it is little more), he comes for an injunction—to do what? to protect his property; but the property, which it is now clear ought to have been protected from the first, is gone. The Chancellor's intermediate doubts have swept it into the pocket of an insolvent,—for such a defendant of this sort always must be. But take the other case, that the verdict has passed against the author; the property is negatived, and the injunction must be dissolved; the evil, as we have said above, is reduced to this, that the public has, in the mean time, been saved a deluge of offensive matter, and the defendant restrained from an act which had all the appearance of being an offence against the property of his neighbour; and restrained only until it turns out technically not to prove so, because it comprises also an offence against society.

The only possible injustice, then, which can arise to property, is in the course taken; and, in such a case, the rule certainly of common sense would be, that the Court ought clearly to see that it is not property, before it refuses to protect it. It is not the case of an adverse defendant with possible rights of his own. The pirate stands merely as *amicus curiæ*, and takes the benefit of a system which would seem almost his own invention, so careful is it of his interest, and so reckless of all others. As to the favourite phrase, *the Court must see it is property*, we submit, that the Court cannot possibly see any such thing. It must remand the question of the tendency to that Tribunal, with which the Constitution has deposited the trust of that inquiry. The law only stultifies itself, or is left exposed to the suspicions of a cold and cruel hypocrisy, when it thus forces upon the public such glaring contradictions, and compels them, whether they will or no, to see the inconclusive pretences by which such a subject is governed and deranged. The Attorney-General's discretion is displaced, to make way for mercenary adventurers in guilt, who, for the future, are to decide for their own benefit, under the patronage of a Court of Equity, one of the most important consequences of the law of libel, behind the back of a Jury. What must the people think, whilst, what is denounced as poison, is thus left to serve as their daily food? and this must be so whilst the Pirate and the Chancellor pull one way, and Society and the Crown-officers another.

The immortal minds which feed their fellow-creatures with intellectual subsistence, have a right to the most substantial protection for the least fragment of their interests. They are melancholy words in which Dryden addressed the public of his day. ‘It will continue to be the ingratitude of mankind, that they who teach wisdom by the surest means, shall generally live poor and unregarded, as if they were born only for the public, and had no interest in their own wellbeing, but were to be lighted up like tapers, and waste themselves for the benefit of others.’ And though, in that public, succeeding authors have found a worthier patron than it was their great master’s fortune to obtain from among a Court, which corrupted and debased the dignity of his genius, yet even the modern public too often appears as a mere literary glutton, selfishly absorbed in the gratification of its taste, with very small regard for the interests of those who provide for its indulgence. The followers of literature seem as it were to have taken up the cross, and engaged in a service which, like that of virtue, was to be its own reward. Scholar and beggar, as Adam Smith says, are synonymous expressions. The realizer of a fortune is a prodigy in the history of learning; whilst the cellars and garrets of every metropolis in Europe afford degrading shelter to the long line of Otways and Chattertons who have perished in her cause. Nor is this accounted for by the carelessness of poets. We know the frugality of Johnson’s habits, not more remarkable than the extent and usefulness of his works. The mighty Moralist surely need not shrink in any sense from a comparison with Lord Thurlow, the great Lawyer of that day, except in the shameful contrast between the respective remuneration of their labours—the one at the height of power and riches, the other struggling with penury and honest pride for the greater part of his life, and left dependant on an eleemosynary pension for a competence in his latter days. While such seems to be the inevitable condition of literary men, it is miserable to see the bread taken out of their mouths, as it were, with a facility and a nonchalance on the part even of the public, upon which we do not care to express our feelings. But cotton and sugar, we are told, are none the worse for the misery which forms part of their preparation, and nobody smells the brimstone in his honey. Lord Camden, in his splendid peroration against literary property, tells an author, ‘Glory is his reward, and posterity will pay it.’ In other words, he tells the public, ‘Take advantage of the nobleness of his character:—urged on by the instinct of genius, and by his love for fame, by his sympathy with man and nature, he will not stop to raise a question on his rights, or waste a thought on the money-payment of his labours—there-

‘fore, it will be your own fault if you don’t drive a good bargain with so disinterested a customer.’ Injustice unfortunately is still injustice, though clothed in sentimental language; and only bows him out of the room, instead of kicking him down stairs. We have always felt it as a clap-trap for a gallery of pirates, who, of course, encore it, though with a vehemence short of what is showered down on the less complimentary judgments of Lord Eldon. But (for ourselves) we see no reason for congratulating the friends of public honour or public morals, in the fact that Hone or Benbow is enriched with the spoils of Moore or Byron. Fame is very good as garnish, but something more immediate is required. The literary thief knows he cannot be indicted; himself a pauper, he laughs at the damages of an action; and it must be an odd book indeed, of a popular nature, from which a doubt, which some possible Chancellor may not think reasonable, cannot be extracted.

But, looking at the practical result, is this to go on? The present facts, upon a denial of property, in what is suffered to circulate unproved through every crevice of society, make out against that society a double charge of hypocrisy and injustice. Parliament legislates against twopenny trash in vain, whilst Equity sends grist to the mill, and sets its wheels agoing—doing more for it in an hour, than the Legislature can counteract in years. These decisions, though undoubtedly quite otherwise intended, are so many proclamations for the encouragement of immorality and vice, from one end of England to the other, whilst the mumbling of the antidote at the Quarter-sessions is scarcely audible to the Bench. For as in these injunctions the plaintiff may possibly not be criminal, whilst the defendant *necessarily admits himself criminal*, on his answer: so, what was really innocent in itself, when once circulated as poison, will become so:—supposed to be mischievous, the book is read in that spirit, and produces a mischievous effect. There is not more difference between the meaning and the consequence of the same thing said by a wise man and a fool, than between identical words repeated by innocence or vice, whether in conversation or in print. ‘Where virtue is, these are most virtuous.’ If it had been the Lord Chancellor’s direct design to encourage literary fraud, along with the free circulation of suspected poison, no more judicious expedient could have been hit upon than the course he has, from very opposite motives, unfortunately pursued. These decisions may be accordingly described as instructions out of equity how to fleece an author, or advertisements for piracy made gratis by the Chancellor of England, to the only dangerous class of readers, in the most tempting shape. At this moment, on the strength of the present system, a scandalous re-

publication is going on, of poems, in which the Attorney-General is right perhaps in thinking that there is no serious danger, but which a pale cast of doubt would easily discolour. Were such doubts of any effect beyond the asterisks down a page of Horace, our condition would be indeed alarming. As it is, there is a mere destruction of property, feeding miscreants at the cost of a poet whose poverty is honourable in the eyes of all, but those 'whose poverty is in their mind' (for it is independence), and who will, in the mouths and flowing cups of our posterity (to which Chancellors seem so fond of referring suitors), be freshly remembered, when the nineteen volumes of Vesey have slunk into a silent corner of some supplemental Viner, only occasionally disturbed by a painful junior in a cause.

We are sure that the Chancellor must shudder, could he find time to think of the profligacy on the one hand, or the ruin on the other (and between such parties too), as a few words from him may occasion. When the Chancellor first undertook this jurisdiction, we can scarcely believe he had thought advisedly of his own situation, and the new duties which it would impose upon him. Is the great Court of real property and contract, the thoroughfare for the business of a whole empire, to be stopped up, whilst the Chancellor is making up his mind on a question, prolific of doubts beyond all others, the tendency of a book, and that of as many books too, as there can be found rogues to think it worth their while to pirate? Then, do his habits qualify him for such a task? Without going the length of Burke's sarcastic observations as to the humiliating effects of studies merely legal, it is evident, that a mind, necessarily contracted to certain objects, must lessen its sphere of vision, and become itself narrow, after treading for years in a narrow path. It would be as reasonable to take, in his latter days, a horse out of a mill, into Leicester's, as to require from a lawyer grown old in harness, those habits and feelings, which the duties of his office must prevent him from obtaining. And yet, what is the pilotage which is here assumed?—one the most difficult of all others, if it is to be left to the theories and idiosyncrasies of a single mind, exposed to prejudices and temptations, as we all are more or less. Looking to time and situation, and a thousand various circumstances which must modify the influence of writings; casting our eye over a single shelf in any bookcase, where every third book probably contains a spark, which a little discussion might blow into a flame, we ask what single hand would wish to hold and graduate such a scale? No one acquainted with the history of other countries and other ages, and the random blows, as it were, in blind man's buff,

which mere authority has dealt at the efforts of reason; no one who sees opinions and sentiments, which were burnt with their authors in one century, become the glory and the idols of the next, but would be grateful that he was discharged from so responsible a labour. We have got the next best thing to that perfect intelligence and universal charity, which is demanded for such a purpose, in a plain practical popular tribunal, taken by accident from the mass of the public, and instantly returned to it, being the identical persons to be affected by the writing, and representing that public, to whom, if there is no injury, the writing is no nuisance. A jury is thus the specific test of the tendency of a libel. It is difficult to say it cannot give a wrong result; it is enough that it is incalculably the least liable to error, on these subjects, of any tribunal which has ever existed. There is no knowing or guarding against individual peculiarities or associations; but the chances of timidity, bigotry, and treachery, of folly and of vice, are much diminished, if our calculation extends over a dozen. Look at the opinions now received and consecrated, as among the greatest blessings which natural reason has given to mankind; see their original fathers and assertors remunerated by the prison, and the block; ask whether their names could have been handed down to us, for our shame almost as much as our glory, had a free and unbiassed jury passed between them and their country, or rather them and the human race. Conceive a jury bringing in a verdict of guilty against Galileo; though we dare say he was a very sincere and honest Cardinal, who sent to gaol, and bread and water, at the age of 70, the man who taught Italy to think, because he suspected the earth went round the sun, and that it had not four corners. What would have been Sir Thomas More's *Index Expurgatorius*, or that of the ecclesiastical Chancellors of former times? We know as respectable houses as any in the kingdom, where Shakespeare was (and most probably, notwithstanding the *Family Edition*, still is) a prohibited book.

There is much also in the point of view from which such things are seen. The periodical publication which a gentleman at the Bar patronizes and admires—as C. J. of Chester he ceases to take in; as Solicitor-General he shrinks at hearing mentioned—as Attorney-General, he regrets is not quite bad enough to prosecute; or as a Judge, feels it his duty to tell the Jury from the Bench, that he believes it in law to be a libel. In this, as in past ages, the most honest will differ; and we shall all naturally think ourselves in the right. Every allowance ought, in common charity, to be made for error on a subject, upon which, however remote from his ordinary habits, a Judge is by law *compelled* to come to a conclu-

sion: But, as often as a mind *voluntarily* offers itself for the resolving of a difficulty, without those enlightening aids which circumstances had provided for it, and which the nature of the case admitted, the situation is an awful one; and in the event of error, misfortune is scarcely the word which severer moralists will apply.

Such a jurisdiction, too, must be wild as the variety of human speculations. No lawyer could venture to secure a client against the possibility of a doubt, which the party entertaining it may conscientiously think reasonable. Lord Coke admonishes even Parliaments, 'that instead of the ordinary and 'precious trial *per legem terræ*, they bring not in absolute and 'partial trial by discretion.' Lord Camden tells us, 'the discretion of a judge is the law of tyrants; it is always unknown, 'it is different in different men, it is casual, and depends upon 'constitution, temper, passion. In the best, it is oftentimes 'caprice,—in the worst, it is every folly, vice and passion, to 'which human nature is liable.' If a Chancellor were indeed tied to such a duty, where 'once to doubt is once to be resolved,' he would be of all judges in the most painful and anomalous condition. There could be no help for it. He would protest in vain against Selden's account of the Court of Chancery, that the Chancellor sits there measuring out equities as by the length of his own foot. Sir N. Bacon used to call Henry the VIII., after he had assumed the supremacy, 'a king with a pope in his belly. We are sure that the Chancellor, if he thus eats up and incorporates our jury, will not find the twelve good men and true quite so easy of digestion.

We have argued the question solely as one of property; but it was argued before the Chancellor upon grounds which will not permit us to be ignorant of its real, and even more important bearings. The manifestoes of C. J. Scroggs, asserting a strict judicial supremacy over the press, and outheroing the Star Chamber, are among the worst memorials of tyranny which that ample storehouse, the State Trials, contain. In an injunction against a translation of Burnet's *Archæologia Philosophica* and *De Statu Mortuorum*, Lord Macclesfield has left, in curious language, the first and last practical example (as far as we are aware) of the criminal interference of the Court of Chancery on such a subject. Lord Ellenborough, in more ignorance than can be well understood in a lawyer upon a point of constitutional law, told a jury at *Nisi Prius*, that the Lord Chancellor would grant his injunction against the exhibition of a libellous picture. But Lord Eldon knows better, and most explicitly disclaims any authority of the kind; and we now only allude to this part of the subject, together with the practical con-

ment of the plain and open language which was addressed to him, that he and the public may alike be put upon their guard. It does not matter whose name was on the back of Mr Wetherell's brief, in the last of the cases which have given rise to this article. He spoke, in fact, as counsel for the prosecuting societies, and by his argument avowedly adopted the Pirate, as their agent. The cloven foot was shown. A part of the press is to be '*put down*,' without the intervention of a jury,—and the ends are to justify the means! Letters of marque are to be granted out of Chancery to smugglers, that they may cruise after parties against whom the law has not declared hostility. The licentiousness of the press is to be the chartered instrument for the destruction of its freedom. The folly of such circuity of action we think paralleled only by its wickedness. In an ordinary tithe cause, when pressed against sending a question to be tried by the prejudices of a jury, Lord Eldon most properly says, he can presume no such prejudices, and that he is not at liberty to hold such language of the constitutional tribunal. But in libel it is emphatically true, as a general principle, that they can have no prejudices; for their opinion, whatever it may be, constitutes the law, and, as such, judges are bound to receive and respect their verdict. It is to a jury, then, that an author has always a right to turn, as to his sole and natural judge. Speaking to the public, and for the public, he claims the privilege of being answerable, in all respects, to the people only, as represented there, for the policy and propriety of his discussions or appeals. Such an interposition is necessary to save him, and to prevent the shocking absurdities which have followed from leaving mere authority to hold back the spirit of the times. Did not the law imply a substantial difference between the two tribunals, Fox's Libel Act would have been superfluous, in a stronger sense than ever Lord Kenyon asserted it to be. Local prejudices will change the venue in a common question. Emphatically, then, may authors use the memorable * language of the Judges, when, in their own case, they refused to acknowledge the jurisdiction of the House of Lords; stating, among other reasons, 'that they are not to lose the benefit of a legal trial by their peers, which is their best fence and protection against power, art, and surprise;—best for indifference and for discovery of truth. Challenges are admitted below. It is a common privilege and birthright. The law is determined by one, the fact by another. Here both are in the same hands; and, though some persons perhaps have, from a confidence of success,

* *Bridgeman v. Holt*, Shower's Parl. Cas. 111.

‘ or a slavish fear, or private policy, forbore to question the power of their superiors, the judges must betray their reputation and their knowledge of the laws, if they should own a jurisdiction which former times and their predecessors were unacquainted with.’

The jurisdiction by injunction, thus managed, instead of remaining the sole available protection for literary property, is a substantial censorship. What was meant for a shield, is turned into a sword. For the worst censorship may exist without the form of a previous licenser. The course adopted has all the evils of such a system, and more, without even the imaginary advantages; for it leaves the public exposed to the writings supposed to be pernicious, and, before it destroys the property of an author, entraps him into the additional expense of printing. The French system is much more sensible,—the police seizes the work at first, but restores it in the event of a verdict in its favour. Here the Chancellor is not able to restore,—for the destroying angel has passed over! The existence of a censorship does not depend upon the fact, whether it takes place before the types are set or after. The independence of the press is overshadowed, when once fears for their property shall compel literary men to truckle to the tendencies of a power which can destroy it with a breath.

There is something incomprehensible in a tribunal which gives to its own doubts a potency equivalent to other people's certainties. Of a doubt, it is commonly said, prisoners are to have the benefit; but with an author it is enough to be suspected. Nothing can be conceived more unsatisfactory or irresponsible than a jurisdiction resting upon a mere doubt, which, from its nature, no third person can weigh or examine. Were the subject not too serious, it would be amusing to see a judge, whose habits must be exclusively professional, erect, on so slender a scaffolding, a dictatorship of the press; and, being the self-elected literary taster of the age, condemn all writings which are not accommodated to his peculiar palate, to an intermediate place between punishment and protection.

The inequality of the system is no less striking. The pirate hovers over, and selects his victim, upon a calculation combined out of the probabilities of a sale, and the possibility of stimulating these judicial doubts. Thus the Court and the Pirate play into each other's hands. Now, suppose the Government, of which the Lord Chancellor is a member, were wicked or vindictive enough to seek the ruin of an author, to insult his feelings, and stain his reputation, a pirate need only be set to work, and the equitable waste is completed. A door is at once open-

ed to all the abuses and collusions for the basest of private purposes, which have been so feelingly set out * as summing up the iniquities of the licensing act, although L'Estrange the appointed censor, himself a man of letters, was more likely to sympathize with the condition of an author. ' Some made a great noise in the ears of authority, saying, they are against the church,—against the church (at this time, with such usage, for aught they knew I had not money to buy bread for my many children); yet the same persons could print and sell, and connive at printing and selling the same book, line for line; yea, and a conscience so tender and seared, to put my name and sign to the same book, and sell them city and country over; as if their selling could take away or alter all the venom pretended to be in them.'

But, long before we come to experiments like this, the contingencies inseparable from this doctrine must be most alarming. What would the public think of a licenser who, requiring of authors that they should remove from his mind every doubt as to the tendency of their writings, should have given us the picture of his mind, such as the Chancellor has been pleased himself to draw it. Lord Eldon has frequently and pleasantly observed upon his propensity to doubt, as an infirmity which he cannot help,—one which years are not likely to amend; and that he believes he is more given to doubt than any person in Christendom. This, in ordinary cases of pure law or simple fact, is rather a fearful ordeal for a suitor, whose rights meantime are pending, like Mahomet's tomb at Mecca. But what is an author's situation if the materials, out of which if a doubt can but be constructed, his rights are not suspended but destroyed, are the tendency of a book? a question so complicated, that the law has at last said most distinctly, and most wisely, *no single hand* can draw the line with safety; where, from human infirmity, we must take the good and the bad, as the rough and the smooth, together, and be thankful; where the exception, and almost the literary curiosity, must be the book, in respect of which it is not possible that a doubt should be entertained! If the Legislature had resolved to repeal the Libel act, they scarcely would have enacted, that, though direct fine and imprisonment should not precede, but be made consequent upon conviction, yet, for a confiscation of the property itself (or, what is tantamount), its destruction, by throwing it back unsaleable upon your hands, it is only required that a single judge should entertain a doubt upon its propriety. Still less would such a power have been placed at the discretion of the only judge, who is a political

* Smith's Petition to Lord Arlington, 7 St. Tr. 958.

judge by his appointment (therefore a judge of mere property only), and removable with the ministers, of whom he is a part. At present, whilst the law imperatively says, ‘Twelve of your peers must have no doubt upon your guilt,’ Lord Eldon substitutes, as a rule for spoliation equivalent to forfeiture, ‘It is enough if such a judge as we have described has a doubt whether you are unblameable.’ But, so far from Parliament being nervous enough to meditate such a partial recurrence to the Stuart system (mere injustice and irritation without suppression), they seem not to have been aware, on the passing of a recent act * for the confiscation of writings which a jury had declared libellous, that Lord Eldon had already so adjusted the practice of his court, that the character and protection of property might be summarily denied to literature without the previous sanction of a jury.

Our objection to this new doctrine stands altogether independent of the validity of the rule as laid down and applied at common law. The public policy upon which alone that rule stands, seems to us more than questionable. But there the book at least is judged,—whereas it is prejudged here; and the rights of property are not withdrawn from it until its character is legally ascertained. We put out of the question the importance of the cases in which the court has carried the principle into practice. The most extravagant perversion of an acknowledged authority is not so dangerous as the gentle and plausible introduction of an arbitrary principle, which must rest on unlimited discretion. It is to escape from such discretion that we wisely submit to many evils,—the ridicule and drudgery of case-law,—the violation of the intention of an act of Parliament, in compliance with its language,—a preference of the strict letter and the mere form over the principle and the spirit; and surely we ought to have the full benefit of such sacrifices secured to us. To prevent—not what power will do, but what it may do, is the only substantial distinction between freedom and despotism.

We now take our leave of the subject, confident only of its importance, and of the pains which we have taken to be in the right. We have thought much and inquired much upon it, suspecting there must be some difficulty which we did not see. We have turned over book after book, convinced there must be some authority which we cannot find. Against the general doctrine, that, previous to an injunction, a clear right of action at law in the plaintiff must be shown to be in him, there is a mass of authority which is irresistible. Lord Cowper’s,

* 60 Geo. 3. c. 8.

above a century ago, Lord Hardwicke's, and, we believe, that of every Chancellor in succession, as well as Lord Eldon's own. For a distinction, that although the plaintiff need not show that he has a right of action in himself, yet he must show, that the matter in dispute, of which he is in possession, is, as property, capable of supporting an action, we cannot discover even the shadow of a precedent; whereas there are many instances of injunctions having been granted by former Chancellors, which are totally irreconcilable with the possibility of such a thin and singular distinction. Upon the difficulties which embarrass the exercise of this preventive jurisdiction, and the principles on which it has been admitted into and established in our law, it really seems too clear to admit of argument, that when, by a defendant's own showing, *he* can in no case be injured by the injunction, and the public, by the very terms of his defence, must derive from it an incidental benefit, this is the very last species of doubtful right for whose protection an injunction ought to be refused. It seems quite unnecessary to set in motion the vast machinery of Parliament to cut a knot like this. The single hand that has twisted it is of itself competent to untie it. What with stamp acts and marriage acts, Parliament will make the Statute Book large enough in the revision of blunders and iniquities of its own; and we believe that Lord Eldon, should he have occasion to review his own decisions, will find no authority but that of Lord Eldon which it will be necessary to overrule.

ART. II. *Narrative of a Journey in the Morea.* By Sir WILLIAM GELL, M.A. F.R.S. F.S.A. London. 1823.

FEELING, as we supposed all Britons must feel, the deepest and most anxious interest in the present momentous struggle in Greece, we hailed, with heartfelt pleasure, the promissory title, '*Present State of Greece*,' so temptingly prefixed to all the newspaper advertisements of Sir William Gell's Tour. We almost ceased to regret his expatriation at Rome, when we considered that it brought and kept him nearer to the scene of warfare, and enabled him to collect the best and latest information on the merits of the cause, and the general character of the conflict—information the more valuable, from being purchased by the adventurous traveller at the price of much toil and danger. The triumphant manner too, in which we found the work appealed to, by those few ingenious persons who consider the Turks as victims and the Greeks as oppressors, though it startled us a

little as to the candour or judgment of the author, served still farther to convince us, that his opportunities must have been such as to give no common authority to his views of the objects and intentions of the belligerent parties; and we no longer hesitated about paying fifteen shillings for a work which was to place this important subject in so clear a point of view. Our readers may judge, therefore, how great was our surprise, and how great our regret for our fifteen irrevocable shillings, when we found, not from the title-page, where the usual mention of a date had been sagaciously omitted, but incidentally, and from the work itself, that the Tour thus announced as describing 'the Present State of Greece,' was performed in 1804—just nineteen years ago!!

It is but justice, however, to Sir William, to insert his apology for this most tradesman-like manoeuvre. 'I, therefore, 'assisted by my notes of more recent events,' (of which, however, we cannot discover the slightest trace in the book). 'put 'together this narrative of a journey performed *some*' (that is, *nineteen*!) 'years ago; which is consequently *merely* capable of 'affording amusement for the moment, *but*, at the same time, 'may serve to give an idea of the *present* state of a society 'where *few*! changes have taken place, and certainly not many 'improvements.'

Without stopping to inquire how a book is *merely* capable of doing one thing, but, *at the same time*, able to do another, we must just name some of the few changes which have taken place between the making and the publishing of this famous Tour. Greece *was* then torpid in slavery, and she *is* now roused into fury; her oppressors *were* then unresisted, and they now *are* either fighting or flying. In a word, she *was* enslaved, and she *is* free. Whether these things are improvements or not, we will not presume to determine. But were Sir William to revisit Greece *now*, as his '*Present State*' made us foolishly imagine he had done, we think he would find it somewhat altered, and would sadly miss the patronage of his 'friend Mustapha,' and the comforts which Turkish protection ensured to any Englishman who happened not to be of opinion that 'he who permits oppression shares the crime.' One very obvious remark, however, goes far to disable the judgment of the learned knight even as to the former condition of the country. The Greeks, to be judged of fairly, should be seen *in their islands*, where they have been comparatively unmolested by their savage oppressors. It is among the Andrians, the Samians, the Psarots, the Tiniotes, and the Hydriotes, the Niotes, the Spezgiens, the Pathmiotes, that Grecian industry, enterprise and intellect, ought to be sought for.

Now, to all these tribes, Sir William does not even allude, with the exception of a summary condemnation of the Hydriotes, in page 402, because their ancestors came from Albania!

Thinking, therefore, that this 'narrative of a journey performed some 'years ago,' will not 'serve to give an idea of the present state of society' in these regions, we have only to leave Sir William the satisfaction of believing it 'capable of affording 'amusement for the moment.' Four hundred octavo pages of the facetious sayings, which formed the joint travelling stock of Mustapha, Gell, Demetri & Co. (for, where the speakers are not named, it is difficult to apportion each *mot* to the rightful owner), the affecting captivity of Mr F. (that despised 'Mon-' 'sieur Co.' of the party), who is described, in eighteen pages, 223-240, to have been, while botanizing, forcibly detained by some peasants during six long hours, and some cheap, but rather pretty lithographical drawings, may or may not be worth fifteen shillings of an advanced currency. But, though

'the moving accidents by field or flood,'

of this journey, would scarcely encourage us to attempt any summary of them, we must say, that if we could consider it as merely an attempt to amuse, we should be pleased at seeing so vigorous a caricature of that morbid egotism which impels many a Mr Smith or Jones to print, puff, and protrude into public, all the common and idle things that may have been said or done by himself and his oriental Tom or Dick of a servant, during several months of some given year. But the work, we are afraid, is substantially intended for less innocent purposes, and is evidently sent forth as a torpedo, to paralyze all sympathy with suffering, and all admiration for heroism. Nor can the feebleness of the execution, considered in this point of view, entitle us altogether to neglect or despise it. When Cook fell at Owhyee, his friends were not consoled by reflecting that the assassin was a savage, and the poisoned shaft but a bulrush: and it is the venom, not the weight or point of the bolt which is here shot against the spirit of Liberty, which makes us wish to extract it.

The Greek cause is interesting, not merely as the cause of Greece, but as the cause of Freedom and Christianity; and it is on account of his strange apathy on both these subjects, that we are reluctant to admit this witness's evidence. Indeed, the only interest which the publication possesses, arises from the singularity of an Englishman avowing and glorying in a bitter hatred of freedom. The real crime of the Greeks in the eyes of Sir William, is their having thirsted, and fought, and fallen, for liberty. This is so prominent a feature on the

face of the work, that at first we could not but suspect the name of Sir William Gell had been impudently affixed to it, from his known connexion with Greece, and his inability instantly to disown, what every reader must feel thankful was not written by a friend of his own. Although aware how completely a renunciation of England may estrange a once English heart, we did not believe that there existed an Englishman so thoroughly disabused of all his country's prejudices, as deliberately to *put his name* to such passages as some which we most reluctantly quote, in order to substantiate our otherwise incredible charge. Take, for example, the following pithy and prophetic announcement.

Page 168. 'Perhaps the period is fast approaching, when *the upper ranks of all climates* would rather be rid of *the trouble—some honour of a share in the government*. I should be as sorry to *live in the South* with a constitution, as in the North without *one*.' If the genius of Montesquieu was unable to throw even a veil of plausibility over this silly paradox about freedom being determined by latitude, and nations being necessarily enslaved at the 45th, and necessarily free at the 46th degree, certainly this pompous second-hand denunciation will not tend to embellish it. Again,

'The *worst* tyranny of the *worst* emperor never occasioned *half* the effusion of blood that one year's republicanism cost in the days of Marius and Sylla.*—'It has often been said that liberty of conscience was nowhere to be enjoyed in such perfection as at Rome and Constantinople.'

The following, however, is more elaborate and logical.

'It might admit of a doubt, whether those, who nominally enjoy the greatest share of liberty, are, in the every-day occurrences of life, half so free as those who are supposed to be the victims of despotism. Whether, for instance, the annual spoliation of a pasha or two, who assuredly deserve it, is half so great a public nuisance, as that sort of pretended liberty which is the boast of Geneva, where every member of the community acts as a jealous spy on his neighbour; watches him out of the town; closes the gates upon him if he is a minute too late; prohibits his theatre; renders his holidays days of *sorrow and restriction*! interferes, in some way or other, with almost every action of his life; and when, at length, *worn out* with frivolous vexations, he would *fly the country*, informs the *victim* of liberty that no horses are allowed on that day.'

* Too close attention to his Grecian studies has probably prevented Sir William from ever having heard of the ten general persecutions of Christians under Nero, A. D. 31; Domitian 95, Trajan 100. Antoninus Severus 197; Maximinus 235; Decius 250; Valerian 257; Aurelian 274; Dioclesian 303; all under systems of 'long and undisputed dominion,' as Sir William calls tyranny.

In spite of the terrific eloquence with which Sir William here describes such appalling calamities, as waiting for post-horses until church is over, or paying a slight fine at a gate, for dawdling or dancing beyond twelve o'clock, we confess we are not yet convinced, that the Greeks are less oppressed by the Turks, than the Genevese are by themselves. The almost collegiate discipline of Geneva may be ill-judged and needless austerity; but till we say of young ladies or gentlemen, who chuse to wear very tight stays, that they are *tyrannized* over by whalebone, little compassion will be excited for the poor Genevese, who are thus suffering from restrictions, which half the young men of Europe are now crowding, on horse or on foot, to enjoy.

Calling the great maze of oppression in which the operations of Turkish misgovernment are involved, 'the annual spoliation of a pasha or two, who assuredly deserved it,' can hardly be called sophistry, since that implies something ingenious and plausible; but it is a woful failure in an attempt to reason. The Greeks do not complain of the sponge being ultimately squeezed, but of its having previously absorbed the life-blood of their country; and, however bewildered Sir William may feel, when he aspires to political reasoning, he *cannot* believe that a pasha's being eventually stripped of his wealth by the sultan, at all betters the condition of the peasants whom he had previously plundered. Nothing but the ocular demonstration of the page before us, could persuade us that there existed a man, evidently able both to read and to write, and yet unable to comprehend, that the more these sponges are squeezed, the more will a country be drained to replenish them.

The following designation of those patriots who have been crushed or cowed in Piedmont and Naples, but who, we trust, will yet triumph in Spain, will be read *at this period* with un-mixed admiration. *Anglus atque Eques loquitur.*

'—those turbulent spirits, who, in countries, where a comparison might be made of the means with the proposed results, would bring destruction on their fellows by a mad assertion of worthless rights!'

An eulogium, in a similar strain, upon the policy of Prince Metternich and the Sovereigns over whom he is viceroy, will, we doubt not, find an echo in every English heart!

'That compassion which the political rulers of our times have thought fit to withhold from those, who, with very slender prospects of any substitute but anarchy, have, in other countries, awakened the jealousy of old rotten despotisms, at the moment when the prerogative of serious oppression was, by long disuse, just slumbering into inaction.' Now, under

what circumstances was this portentous oracle delivered ! By one gigantic and guilty act of diplomacy, Belgium had been arbitrarily given to Holland,—Saxony had been deliberately severed in two,—Genoa had been presented as a thing to be preyed on, to her most inveterate foe,—Norway had been starved by us into surrender, and ultimately paid for with *Lanenburg* ! The mangled carcass of Venice had been secured to the Austrian vulture ; and the Poles, defrauded of their promised freedom, had felt that injury may be imbittered by insult, when they saw the kingdom of Poland, that awful name which still breathes of Vienna rescued, and Christendom saved, prostituted to the dutchy of Warsaw. Constitutional governments, which had been every where promised in the hour of need, had every where been refused or eluded in what should have been the hour of gratitude. It is at such a crisis, and with these things before his face, that Sir William is pleased to tell us, that ‘ the prerogative of serious oppression was just slumbering into inaction ! ’ and he writes these words just after the Piedmontese and Neapolitans had been *severely chastised* by the very Northern Barbarians, whom they had vainly endeavoured to propitiate by an apology for most inoffensively reforming their government, and when he must himself have been an eye-witness to this new violation of long and much-injured Italy, and while the chastisement reserved for a similar crime was just bursting over devoted Spain.

After giving us, in page 256, a little wood-cut of a village on the top of a mountain, Sir William takes occasion to talk sneeringly of ‘ those inconveniences to which people will submit for the sake of *calling themselves free*. ’ In page 269, he speaks of ‘ the *very trifling* difference which may exist between the hard blows which seem alike inseparable from Greek *freedom* and Mahometan *servitude*. ’ In page 271, he says, ‘ As we retired to our room, we agreed that we should prefer *any despotism, however cruel*, to the *freedom* of the Greeks of Maina. ’ As to ‘ the pains and deprivations of the mountain tops, ’ and ‘ the luxury and plenty of the plain, ’ it needed not one from the dead to tell us, that unresisted slavery is a more *tranquil* state of existence than dearly bought liberty. The Chiaja, calmed down by Austrian sentinels, is a much less *noisy* scene than the hustings of Covent Garden ; but we doubt whether Sir William will so far succeed in writing *down* freedom in England, as to make the electors wish for an Austrian high-sheriff of Westminster.

Speaking of the benefit which the Greeks might derive from Russia, Sir William starts, in page 306, an idea, which, in this

country, will at least have the merit of novelty; and proposes 'exercising upon them, for a whole generation, the most despototic and coercive measures, and *making them happy by force.*'

But we will proceed no further in the task of extracting Sir William Gell's *mots* upon freedom, ludicrous as they would be, if he were not an Englishman—at once ludicrous and lamentable, considering that he is. Our object in referring to them was merely to show, that he is not an admissible witness on any question connected with political liberty—and what we have already cited must be enough, we think, to settle that question. It only remains to inquire, how far he is qualified to pronounce upon the merits of this cause, considered as *the cause of Christianity*. His principal objection to all resistance against Mahometanism, is thus emphatically stated in page 297. 'The revival of ancient animosity would put off, to a still greater distance, *the gradual assimilation of the two religions, which, by means of the increased communication with Franks, not Greeks, was, to all appearance, rapidly taking place.*'

We really do not know very well what this means. Does Sir William mean that the Mahometans are to turn Christians, or that we Christians are all to turn Turks? The universal introduction of bazaars into the West, without a return of courtesy by adopting the Christian institution of operas in the East, seems to favour the last supposition; and perhaps that capital caricature 'the Genius of Bazaars,' was a polemical attempt of Sir William's to check this spreading plague of apostasy. Were not the pages and the pictures before us a sufficient proof that he is a better draughtsman than reasoner, the mere success of that caricature ought to induce him to wield, henceforth, the pencil rather than the pen. Doubts, however, arise as to the certainty of the Turkish and Christian faiths amalgamating, merely by the Turks being left to themselves, from Sir William's declaration in page 118, 'That much might be done towards the removal of the differences, which may exist between Turks and Christians, by missions conducted by the least ostentatious of our numerous *sectaries,*' (*i. e.* the Unitarians, as most likely to meet the followers of the Prophet half-way, and compromise the matter over a cup of hot moka), 'if such conciliation were desirable;' a hint which, coupled with the preceding statement, seems plainly to imply, that the best arrangement of all would be *our* turning Sunnites or Shutes; and almost amounts to a retraction of the good word which he was formerly pleased to give his native faith.

Next to Sir William's general indifference to freedom and

Christianity, the strongest objection, in our eyes, to his evidence, is the exceeding bitterness on the most trifling occasions, the vehement abuse of the most venial offenders against him, the puerile sensibility to the slightest annoyance or inconvenience, by which, we should say, his narrative was really *disfigured*; if we did not remember a remark made on a plain man pelted with eggs, that any change must be an improvement. We never read a tour in Greece, in which less was encountered or undergone, and fewer injuries offered or even intended; yet there is a constant tone of severity on the Greeks in particular, and on human nature in general, which is ludicrous where it is not odious.

Four entire pages for instance (243, &c.) are occupied in anathematizing the Continental practice of asking one price and taking another. 'Almost the first sentence a stranger learns in Greece, is, "ti time eche?" what honour hath it? for honour and price are the same things (thing) in the language.' With equal justice might Sir William argue from *our* phrase, 'what may its *worth* be?' that worth and money are in England synonymous. 'It would easily be imagined, if it had not been already proved in more than one instance, that a whole generation must pass away, and the state of society be entirely changed, before any thing in the shape of commerce, or any internal traffic beyond the absolute necessities (necessaries) of life, could exist among a people thus educated, if placed by a sudden convulsion all at once under a liberal government.' The best answer to this is the fact, that the Greek merchants whom expatriation has placed under a liberal government, are distinguished in Russia, in Italy, and in Germany—at Odessa, Leghorn, Ancona, Venice, Trieste, Vienna, or Leipsick, for commercial success, which always implies the existence of that enlightened self-interest, which is called mercantile honesty.

Sir William, however, thus briefly suggests a remedy for the boggling by which the belligerent buyer and seller contrive at length to agree; 'it would be easy to inflict a punishment on those who asked one price, and afterwards accepted a smaller.' And the punishment actually proposed is, to tie up to the halberts every old apple-woman who should be convicted of asking five sous, and then taking four! a fit pendant to that article of the theatrical code, in the Rejected Addresses, which decrees, that 'Gentlemen who cough are to be but slightly wounded.' Of course, the scale of punishment is to increase with that of guilt; 'and could the House of Commons profit by those statesman-like views, which now waste their sweetness on the Roman air,' we might be blessed with a bill for appointing commissioners to

watch all transfers of property, and *hang* all members of 'the suffering agricultural interest,' who might be convicted of selling or letting their farms for less than they had formerly asked.

The arguments by which Sir William supports his felicitous paradox, that, in the present struggle, the Turkish Government is the injured party, are quite satisfactory—to the well-wishers of Greece. As early as page 55, he thus begins his campaign against Greece, and his insidious warfare of surmises and hints. Of his host the Archon Ciconomopoulos (or as he, in proof of his learning, calls him, Conomopoli), he says—'It is probable that, in the present convulsion, he has fallen a sacrifice ' to one party or the other, as possessed of riches, or suspected ' of temporizing ; ' thus insinuating, without a shadow of proof, that the Greeks are in the habit of *massacring* those of their countrymen whom they suspect of either wealth or timidity : and then he follows up this *surmise* by a *statement* :—' The Senate of Modon is said to have made war upon that of Corone, ' under the new government ; yet the former cannot well consist of more than thirty paupers.' Now, it happens that *Modon and Corone are still in the hands of the Turks*, and therefore can have hardly talked about their *Greek* 'senates : ' And as to the very witty expression, the ' thirty paupers,' and many other jokes of the same water, scattered throughout the book, we believe it to be very true that the Moriotes *must plead guilty* to the charge of being both few and poor. The inhabitants of the Morca had been thinned and beggared, even before the revolt of 1770 ; but, in that year, these Grecian crimes were aggravated by two-fifths of them being massacred by those Albanian blood-hounds, whom the Porte, in *consideration* of an amnesty sworn on the Koran, and guaranteed by the Russians, naturally turned into the country, with general orders to enslave, murder, and burn.

Sir William elsewhere charges Calamata with having called itself a Republic. This too, we fear, is a charge which cannot be denied : and we really wonder the Calamatans were not warned by the contempt with which history has branded the little town of Plataea, which aggravated a similar arrogance, by presuming to take a chief part in the defeat of Mardonius and his 300,000 Persians, subjects too of that most mighty and unassuming of monarchs, who called *empires* by the tasty term of the Queen-mother's Girdle or Shoe. Men, it is true, had hitherto fondly imagined that, when they read of the Greeks repulsing Darius, or the Swiss resisting Albert of Austria, it was the very dwarfishness of the mountain tribes, who

thus defied their gigantic invaders, which won our admiration and love. Since the Avatar of Sir William Gell, the apostle of 'coercive measures, and happiness inflicted by force,' the Englishman who feels himself *growing puerile* on the field of Morgarten, need but walk on to Brannen, where, three days after their battle, these most arrogant Waldstadts, by the federation of 1315, erected their fifty-eight German square miles of rock into the three sovereign republics of Uri, Schwitz, and Unterwalden; or enter the diminutive Altorf, and view with due contempt its four gendarmes, the standing army of Uri, and its Landammann 'still passing rich on *thirty* pounds a year,' half the salary of Mr Henry Wynn's butler. It is also not to be contested, that though 'the offence which Greece has committed, in becoming poorer since the days of her freedom, may be partly owing to the Turks, that of not having grown any bigger must be laid entirely at her own door.

In page 69, on occasion of Delli Georgio, a Gogia Bashî of Calavrita, saying to a Greek whom he saw eating flesh-meat on a fast-day, 'You are a Greek—you know or believe it to be 'wrong; therefore you must be a scoundrel as well as an apostate;' and afterwards 'making no scruple of telling me, that, 'if they were not kept to their old superstitions, there would 'be great danger of their breaking through every other restraint'—(a principle in which originates much of the austerity of the Roman Catholic as well as the Greek Church, and which, doubtless, influenced our own Reformers in retaining many of the Romish fasts)—Sir William *appositely* observes, 'I know not how far the imagination of the advocates *for what 'is called* the emancipation of the Greeks, may carry them; 'but, *should it happen* that my friend Delli George *should* find 'it convenient for the moment to massacre his Turkish neighbours, which, *I believe*, he has lately done, is it to such a patriot they look for the establishment of laws and constitutions?' Why Delli George should be pronounced an assassin for a remark which any enlightened Roman Catholic magistrate might, with the same misplaced confidence in his guest and hearer, have made, we cannot imagine. After calling Delli George a fair example of the Gogia Bashis in general, he adds, 'those who might be an exception, of course, must exist;' but expunges, with instantaneous remorse, this faint tinge of liberality, by adding, that 'no Greek *ever* speaks well of *any* person not present.'

We begin to be tired of this culling of simples:—but we must add a word or two on the closing sentence of the 102d page, because several newspaper editors, with rather better heads than

Sir William's, have unaccountably adopted the fancies it contains. 'That these *wretched bigots* may have no pretence for 'thinking themselves better than the rest of the world, on the 'strength of the ancient superiority of the Greeks, or their illustrious ancestry, it is only necessary to state, that not one 'in fifty has the slightest claim to be considered as descended 'from the ancient stock of the Greeks.' Now, certainly, no one but a schoolboy in his first childhood, or a schoolmaster in his second, ever rested the claims of the Greeks on their being sprung from their ancestors. The glories of ancient Greece can indeed throw but a feebly reflected beam on the present dwellers of the land; and were they to become all that their fathers were, the torch which shone so brightly amidst surrounding darkness, would be now lost in the glare of universal civilization. But, though 'the illustrious ancestry' of the Greeks might not give them *any* great claim on our benevolence, it is impossible to doubt that it has *always* been felt as an aggravation of their sufferings; and no traveller, who has ever touched their soil, will deny, that the memory of what their fathers had been was an additional drop of bitterness in the cup of affliction. It is on this ground, that Sir William's severe edict against their calling those great men their ancestors, deserves examination.

The Romans are allowed to rank as the descendants of the men who expelled Tarquin, destroyed Carthage, and conquered and civilized all that was then known of the world; yet not only are they more degenerated than the Greeks from such ancestors, but a view of the history of the two nations would show, that there are fewer Romans than Greeks of a pure lineal descent. The recorded admixture of the northern swarms with the Italian race, does not, however, prevent the remembered glory of Italy, from rising, like a spectre, to the mental vision of those who mourn over her wrongs. It is but poor comfort to the oppressed Milanese to be told, that some of *their* ancestors came a thousand years since from the same Hungarian morass which now pours forth their oppressors. Nor will the Duke of Angoulême be able to disarm the Gallicians by telling them, that the Suevi once inhabited France,—or induce Cadiz to clasp a French fleet to her bosom, because the Alans quitted Guienne for Andalusia. Do Mina's Catalans hate Moncey's Conscripsts the less, because the throne of the Visigoths was once fixed at Narbonne? There is not a Guerilla now watching for his prey, whose ancestors may not have inhabited France; but is he therefore the less a Spaniard? Are we not Englishmen, and do we hesitate to call Alfred, and even Caractacus or Galgacus, our countrymen,

because Romans, Danes, Saxons and Normans, have successively taken root in our soil?

By such reasoning as Sir William applies to the Greeks, every nation in Europe might be proved to be—not itself; but it is as absurd to trace nations through the ocean of time, as to aim at identifying the waves that we see now distinct and conflicting, now confounded and lost in the abyss. This quibble of proving the Greeks to be no Greeks, is as worthy of Sir William as it is unworthy of the reviews and newspapers which have taken it up.

Pages 149, 50, 51, and 52, are occupied by a story, which is among the most unaccountable parts of this strange publication—being the strongest printed instance of sincerity, or voluntary confession, we remember to have met with. Having persuaded a Greek physician of Philiatra to travel with him as dragoman, and having carried him as far as Karitena, he says—‘As I was not in want of interpretation, and my companion’ (the Mr F. over whom Sir William so carefully hints his intellectual superiority) ‘was not in the habit of asking questions, we were reduced the next day to explain to my friend’s *servant*, a Spaniard by birth, the perplexed situation in which we were placed. He immediately conceived a plan for producing the desired result, and said he would contrive that the Doctor should come himself, and ask permission to retire. In a short time he returned with the assurance that all was settled,—that he had *pretended to have overheard a conversation*, in which we had complained of the great expense of employing a man of his merit; that he was certain we should not like to retain the Doctor much longer, to whom he *was sure we should give a handsome present on his departure*; that he had therefore betrayed our conversation, that the dragoman might himself propose to withdraw, which would have a more dignified appearance.’—‘The doctor fell readily into the *snare*;’ - - ‘and having (*i. e.* as we had) his whole month’s pay ready, which amounted to twenty sequins, he was in an instant put in possession of it, and went out,’ &c. *without one farthing of his promised present!* and, after being taken from a lucrative profession, which does not bear chasms to be made in its exercise, having to retrace his steps, at his own expense, in violation of the established custom with respect to the meanest courier.

We shall make no remarks on this feat, as thus narrated by the performer. Every reader will judge, or rather *feel*, for himself. We shall only say, that we cannot but think few people would have been tempted to record such an anecdote in print, even for the glory of having drawn the accompanying caricature of the Greek doctor, who was thus diddled by the English gentlemen, and their Spanish servant.

The injury which rankles most in his breast, is, his hosts

having generally presumed to give him their company. Yet, of the only person, a Greek gentleman at Argos, who did not thus intrude, he says, at the top of page 396, 'Our host, Blasopoulo, either *through contempt or neglect*, gave us no disturbance; and his female relations regarded (looked at) us, with wonder and horror, from a high latticed balcony, when we went to see the palace. They did not, however, on that account, scruple to pester me with letters, when I had quitted Argos, proving clearly, as they thought, that I ought to *pester* the ambassador to confer some signal mark of his esteem on the archon Blasopoulo, and to protect him in some affair of smuggling corn, in which he was engaged.' Most travellers, we should think, would be pleased with an opportunity of requiting kindness, shown in the shape of food, protection and shelter, which cannot be always paid for at the moment. But why must Sir William allow Blasopoulo and his female relatives only the alternative of contempt or neglect, for showing that delicacy, the absence of which, in other houses, had been his constant theme for invective? In page 203, 'Our host, 'the Archon Zane,' whose hospitality, even after the lapse of nineteen years, Sir William continues bitterly to resent, is accused of 'contriving another *plot*,' (the first having been treating him to 'a concert of drums and hautboys'), after they had a-voided the *torment of children*,'—and is called an 'old wretch,' for providing them, as an attendant, 'a Turk with a red turban, a finely embroidered blue and gold jacket,' &c. &c. Sir William alludes, in page 308, with equal good taste and good humour, to that respect for old age, of which it must be allowed the Greeks are preëminently guilty. 'This most *awkward* 'veneration for hoary locks yet exists as in the history of ancient Sparta.'—'A Greek boat has always some old, obstinate, and ignorant monster on board, whose only merit consists in being unwilling to learn more than his grandfather knew before him.' Nothing certainly can be more elegantly facetious than this ridicule of all tenderness towards age, or deference for experience; and we feel quite ashamed at being unable to detect in ourselves any rancour against a certain Baba Giorgi, whose awkwardness would have drowned us, if we had not run our boat ashore in the Morea. Our monster, however, would perhaps have found favour with Sir William, because his constant answer to all recommendations of resistance was—'Il non si puo cacciare il Turco'—an opinion in which Sir William seems to have been equally positive—though happily the Greeks have not found the impossibility so absolute.

Without exacting from Sir William any excessive deference for Christianity, because he happens to be a Christian himself, we

cannot speak with too much reprobation of the unfair and illiberal method in which he pursues his object of aggravating the faults of the Christians, and extenuating those of the Mussulmans. He says, for example, in page 299, 'The Mahometan religion has suffered every species of degradation, from the time of the Caliphs to the present day; but as to the ceremonies with which the Santons and Dervishes have loaded it, the better part of the Turks themselves speak of them and their authors with aversion, and of the latter with disgust.' Why did he not say the same thing, *mutatis mutandis*, of the Caloyers and Papas? Our own experience would lead us to say, that the travelled, that is, the educated young men of Greece, have generally *too little* religion. In some of the points which distinguish the Greek and Roman Catholic churches, the advantage appears to a Protestant to incline to the former. The marriage of the secular, and the celibacy of the regular clergy, is a more rational arrangement than the compulsory celibacy of both. The prohibition of a second marriage, and the injunction on the widower to become a monk, create a body of men, not alien, yet weaned from the world, out of whom the functionaries of the hierarchy are advantageously chosen. The worship of pictures is not *more* absurd than that of images. The numerous fasts of the Greek Church may be superfluous, but form no bad discipline for both body and mind, while its frequent holidays did less harm than might have been imagined, in a country where the labour of comparatively few days sufficed to procure food and clothing for the whole year, and where any further acquisition would have been only seized by the Turks. The numerous monasteries too, in Greece, were of the greatest service, by the protection which such associations, recognised, and even respected by the Government, afforded to the previously oppressed individuals of whom they were formed; and no one who has ever perused tours in the East, will attribute idleness, the cardinal disease of most monastic foundations, to the Grecian Caloyers.

Next to this attempt to prove that the Greeks, who are now fighting in a religious war, who suffer only because they choose to worship their Saviour, and among whom so many martyrs who have lately met death, and formerly endured βίαι ὑβρίσιν from devotion to Christ, are *not* Christians, Sir William's most amusing absurdity is the attempt to prove, that the Turks are all but Christians, if not something better. 'The Mussulman of the country,' says he, 'is a pure Deist, totally unacquainted with all the motives of religious persecution;' and the Lalliotēs and Barduniotēs, 'having no belief except in one God, regard-

'ed in pity, but not in anger, the Greek Christians.' We do not wonder that the facetious Knight, who so warmly enters into the pity which a Deist must feel for a Christian, is 'in high force' whenever he has occasion to speak of the Societies for dispersing the Scriptures. We may sum up the subject with the following anathemas of this great theologian. 'The Greek church is infinitely more estranged from the precepts of the Gospel than the Koran itself.'—'Wo be to him, who should attempt to preach the Gospel in the country where Greeks shall rule uncontrolled.'—'Assuredly no species of Paganism would inspire them with such hatred, as a *slight difference* in the *most* trivial opinion.' Christianity might have appeared in a much better shape, than one which has lost all the elegance of its precursor (Paganism) p. 19. It would be easier 'to convert the *whole interior of Africa* to the true faith, than *one single Greek* to the religion of the New Testament,' &c. &c.

To these insolent and intolerant denunciations, we beg leave, in the first place, to oppose the following passage from Bishop Watson.

'I scruple not giving the name of Christian churches to assemblies of men uniting together for public worship, though they may differ from each other in doctrine and in discipline, whilst they all agree in the fundamental principle of the Christian religion, that Jesus is the Christ, the Saviour of the world. In this *the Greek*, the *Latin*, and all the *Reformed Churches*, have one and the same faith.' After stating the other points in which they agree, and observing, in opposition to his brother theologian Sir William, that 'abuse of any sect of Christians is judging another man's servant—is assuming dominion over another man's faith—is having too high an opinion of our own wisdom—is presuming that we are rendering God service, when it may be that we are merely supporting our own prejudices, flattering our own self-sufficiency,' &c. this liberal and learned divine thus completes his description of the Greek Church. 'The Russian Greek Church does not use in its public service what is commonly called the *Apostle's Creed*, nor what is improperly called the *Athanasian Creed*, but simply that which we use in our communion service, which is usually denominated the *Nicene Creed*.'—'I do not presume to blame the Russian Church for the exclusive use of the Nicene Creed in its public service,'—'nor do I blame it for differing from the Romish Church in one article of this Creed, respecting the Holy Ghost.'

'The Russian Church differs from the Romish Church, in

‘ not acknowledging a Purgatory; in not denying the sacramental cup to the laity; in allowing their priests to marry; in explaining transubstantiation in a mystical manner; in not invoking saints and the Virgin Mary as mediators; acknowledging Jesus Christ as the only mediator; and in many other points. *In those, and in other particulars, the Greek Church seems to have a leaning to the principles of Protestantism, rather than of Popery.*’ The whole Letter, in Bishop Watson’s Life (pp. 412, &c.), is worth consulting; and we have found its good sense and sound information most refreshing, after the poor invectives of our Tourist.

In the next place, we would beg leave to quote the two first articles of the Constitution, sworn to at Corinth on the 1st of January 1822, which are as follows:—1st, ‘ The established religion of Greece is that of the orthodox Church of the East; but *all* other forms of worship are tolerated, and all their ceremonies and religious observances may be followed without the slightest hinderance.’ 2d, ‘ Christians of every persuasion, whether natives or residents in Greece, are by law Greeks, and enjoy equally all the privileges of Greek citizens.’

Such were the two first laws decreed by ‘ these wretched bigots;’ and decreed not only without one dissentient voice, but by acclamation, and with enthusiasm, in which ecclesiastics joined. They did not debate about *toleration*, or *indulgence* towards a man’s pious adherence to the faith of his fathers; but they unhesitatingly established, as the basis of their political system, the perfect equality of all forms of Christianity. These two articles appeared in Raffanel’s History of the Greek Revolution, published in 1822. Sir William’s ‘ Present State’ rose in all the splendour of information and argument in 1823. He may or may not have issued his bull—or rather, as we ought to say of so true a believer, his *setfah*, against Grecian intolerance, after reading these articles: He has the choice of writing dogmatically, without acquiring the most easily attainable knowledge, or of urging a charge which the articles in question disprove. In either case, we may apply to his evidence his own witty words, ‘ *Ti time eche?*’

For the Peloponnesian patriots, they *have* a pretence ‘ for thinking themselves better than the rest of the world;’ for they have shown that perfection of religious liberality, which neither the reformers of Naples, nor of Spain, nor of Portugal, have hitherto displayed. Gloriously has Greece atoned for those ancient enmities between the Greeks and Latins of the *Ægean*, on which Sir William so complacently dwells, but which had long

ceased before that act was repealed, which authorized every renegade in Ireland to pay himself the wages of apostasy out of the plunder of his Catholic parent.

On the glorious feats of the ancient Greeks, and the liberal institutions of their descendants, we find, in p. 303, two sentences, which we extract, the first for its wit, the second for its accuracy. 'The only circumstances they seem to have forgotten, are the lighting the Piræan road with gas lamps, the name of the Prima Donna of the Opera at Thebes, and the notification of the reward offered by the Amphictyons for the discovery of the longitude !

'Of all the hard pills to be swallowed, the Bible Society of Athens, the Smyrna Gazette, and, what one would have thought sufficient to have damned the whole string of *fabrications*, "the Athenian Society of Philomusæ, which was instituted by the Vienna Congress in 1815," are the most difficult of digestion.' Now, this 'damning' fabrication is a mere verbal inaccuracy; the substance of it is true. The Society of the *Philomusæ* was founded, for merely literary objects, in 1811, by Lord Guilford, who has emulated the venerable Coray in unostentatiously labouring, and with equal judgment and patience, to ameliorate the condition of Greece; but the *Society of Mount Pelion* was founded at the Congress of Vienna in 1815, for the political object of delivering the Greeks, and dispossessing the Turks. It reckoned among its subscribers the Emperors Francis and Alexander, as well as Lord and Lady Londonderry; and its indiscretion unfortunately accelerated the premature explosion of the Greek Revolution. The *Philomusæ Society* was a sort of club or academy; and the exclusion of Mahometans, which Sir William calls 'wicked,' and which he chastised by withdrawing his own name, was a fair exercise of inoffensive club law, against men who were in the daily habit of insulting and oppressing the members. This great sceptic, however, admits that 'there really was a large school on the mainland, east of Scio, which, like the German colleges, being the first to rebel, was the first to be extinguished.' Scio and *extinguishing* have, when coupled, a most ominous sound; we trust the *German Colleges* will never make up the trio. The *Smyrna Gazette* may allude either to the 'Spectateur Oriental,' a paper still published at Smyrna, but hostile to the Greek cause, or to the 'Hellenic Trumpet,' a paper printed in the Morea, with types which had been saved from the ruins of Scio, abandoned after the destruction of those types by the Turks, and which we hope the Romaic letterpress, which the Greek Committee has purchased for exporta-

tion, will enable the Greeks to resume. A Bible Society *did* exist at Athens.

Sir William, of course, speaks triumphantly of the ferocity shown by the Greeks at Tripolitza. It is a scene to be shuddered at and deplored—and by none more than by the Greeks themselves, whose dawning freedom it clouded with infamy. But it was surpassed in horror by the carnage of Santa Fe di Bogota, and other scenes in South America, which have not desecrated her holy cause: and it was provoked by the horrors with which a Turkish army had just marked its road from Epirus to Tripolitza, by the recent murder of the Greek hostages, and by the perfidy of the Turkish garrison of Monemvasia, which had violated a sacred convention, and was then inflicting the most horrid cruelties on the nation which had just spared their lives. From the moment that anarchy was succeeded among the Greeks by the influence of Mavrocordato, they have not had to blush for a single act of needless ferocity; and they may boast of many of mercy. The destruction of Scio, and the other massacres perpetrated by the Grand Seigneur, were official and deliberate measures; the cruelties of the Greeks were the excesses of the ruffians who pollute every army, and disgrace every cause—chastised *then*, and repressed ever since.

We are compelled to pass as severe a censure upon Sir William's speculations on the future lot of the Greeks, as we have on all his feelings and sayings about religion and liberty. His nearest approach to consistent reasoning, is an attempt to smooth the way for Russia's taking possession of Greece. According to him, not only the enslaved Greeks, but even the free mountaineers, would gain by being unconditionally handed over to Russia. In page 295, he tell us, that the Greeks of Maina 'would however receive more benefit than the rest by any change which might take place;' for this English gentleman's cleutherophobia makes him suppose that Russian despotism must be still further endeared by coming after freedom, rather than after Turkish tyranny; and he adds, 'I know of no lot which must be so desirable to any Mainote of common sense, if such exist, as that of being suddenly placed under the dominion of Russia.' The joy of a free mountaineer who finds himself suddenly placed under the dominion of a despot, would, we doubt not, amount to mental intoxication; but, unfortunately, men who are in the habit of braving death in defence of their liberty, are apt to be sadly destitute of the 'common sense' of this archpolitician.

Ludicrous, however, as this dull dogmatism must appear, Greece, we fear, has been materially injured by the belief,

that in escaping from the talons of Turkey, she would fall into the open arms of Russia. From the dreadful struggle of the last two years, this blessing at least has resulted—The Greeks have at length learned, *not* to feel *doubts* about Russia, for these they must have always felt, but to *know* her national policy to be false and unprincipled. She will not be a *fourth time* duped and deserted; and even so able a jurist as Sir William Gell, will fail to write her into submission to Russia. It is no small delight, indeed, to the lovers of Truth, Freedom, and England, those sacred names which should never be dis-united, to see that the Northern Giant has, by mere dint of too much finesse, suffered his once willing prey to slip through his hands; and that the entail, which seemed to have secured him Turkey, has been cut off by the Grecian recovery.

We really cannot envy Sir W. G. this publication; and even his dull folio on Ithaca was better than this *rechauffé* of odious opinions, and predictions already falsified by the event. Though he has kept his piece more than double the period recommended in the Horatian precept, we can see no trace of the mellowing effects of time and experience. The sole effect of the nineteen years that have elapsed since the work was written, seems to have been to refute his political theories; for we cannot find in the book any symptoms of their having softened the momentary peevishness excited by a rainy day, or a dawdling guide, or sobered down the exaggerations of predetermined hostility. A few days at least out of that long period might have been profitably employed in compressing his wordy tautological narrative, and clothing his charitable conceptions in simple and decent English.

Bound as we are to warn 'the reading public' against all hawkers of spurious commodities, we really cannot recommend this work to *their* notice; but we think it but fair to add, that it may be of considerable use to the owners of Masquerade warehouses, as containing some choice descriptions of breeches, sashes and waistcoats, which, we have no doubt, might prove serviceable in making up an Oriental costume.

ART. III. 1. *Report from the Select Committee on Captain Manby's Apparatus for saving the Lives of Shipwrecked Seamen.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 16th of May, 1823.

2. *Papers relating to Captain Manby's Plan for affording Relief in Cases of Shipwreck.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 30th of May, 1816.

3. *Papers relating to Captain Manby's Plan for saving the Lives of Shipwrecked Mariners.* Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, 7th of December, 1813.
4. *Report of the Committee of the House of Commons on Captain Manby's Petition.* Ordered to be printed, 26th of March, 1810.

CAPTAIN MANBY'S Plan has now been for some years before the public; and although its success, wherever it has been fairly brought into practice, has sufficiently proved its importance, it is too evident that it has not yet been adopted to the extent which it deserves; and since every year furnishes dreadful instances of shipwreck on the coasts of our islands, and of the loss of many lives, which might probably have been saved by this simple apparatus, all humane persons must rejoice that the subject has again been taken up by Parliament; and to many, a short abstract of the Report of the late Committee, and a clear account of what has been already effected, cannot fail to be interesting.

It appears from the Parliamentary papers, that sufficient evidence has been adduced to prove the utility of Captain Manby's invention, and the lamentable waste of life which has been occasioned by the neglect of it: And therefore we deem it important to spread as widely as possible the knowledge of the plan, and to point out the means of effecting its general adoption.

It is evident that, in most cases of shipwreck, the only possibility of safety depends upon communication with the shore,—which it is generally quite impossible to reach by mere efforts of strength in swimming. Along the coasts of Great Britain, vessels generally take the ground from within 300 to 60 yards of the shore; and to an inexperienced calculator, it might seem that persons who could swim might have a chance of saving themselves; but experience proves the contrary. In the tempestuous state of the sea which usually occasions shipwreck, the best swimmer will find himself powerless to contend with the breakers, and will need some aid to direct and assist his efforts; but then a slight support will be found sufficient to insure his safety. A singular expedient for gaining communication with the shore, devised in a moment of the utmost danger, is related in a letter from Mr Wheatley of Mundesley, a gentleman who has since zealously adopted Captain Manby's plan, by the means of which, and by his personal intrepidity, he has been eminently happy in saving the lives of his fellow-creatures. The letter is printed in the Report of the Committee on Captain Manby's Petition, 1810. After express-

ing his opinion of the high value of the invention, Mr Wheatley tells the following story. ' I have been three different times wrecked myself. On the 11th of December 1792, I was shipwrecked on the island of Silt, on the coast of Jutland, coming from the East to London ; and unfortunately we could not get any communication with the people on shore, although we were not more than 160 yards from them. I had a small line made fast to the seamen's chests and trunks, but nothing would go to the beach that had a line to it, the surf taking the bight of the line, and preventing any thing landing. Two seamen who could swim well, jumped overboard with an intent to swim on shore, but both perished in the attempt. I fortunately had a Newfoundland dog on board, which I bent the lead line to, and he swam on shore with it ; and by that means seven seamen, the mate and myself, were saved. Nineteen other vessels were then on shore, and only two men saved out of the whole. If such a mode of communication (as Captain Manby's) had been known on that island at that period, upwards of 200 lives would have been saved.'

But dogs are not always in a wreck, nor, if they were, would they always be able to make a landing through breakers, so that it was necessary to find some less precarious method of effecting communication between the shore and a vessel in danger ; and the best plan for this purpose, we owe to the benevolence of Captain Manby. In the year 1803, that gentleman was appointed to the charge of the barracks at Great Yarmouth, and in this situation he was accustomed to hear of shipwrecks, till he, like others, began to consider these calamities as equally irremediable and dreadful. But, on the 18th of February 1807, he was a spectator of the loss of the gun-brig the *Snipe*, and saw 67 persons perish within 60 yards of the Yarmouth beach, after remaining five or six hours without a possibility of receiving assistance. This distressing scene, and the other * disasters of that terrible gale (after which 147

* Amongst others, the Hunter cutter was lost the same day off Hasborough, within 150 yards from the Cliff. (*Report*, 1810.) In Mr Wheatley's letter to Captain Manby, another sad catastrophe of this day is thus described by John Fowler, Esq. a magistrate of Suffolk.

' Before I conclude, I will relate what I was an eyewitness of last year. The same morning the *Snipe* gun-brig was on shore, a large coal-laden brig came on shore on the Gunten Beach, a little to the north of the Ness Point, and where it is rather steep, in consequence of which, she grounded very near the shore, so that the

dead bodies were picked up on a line of coast of not more than 30 miles), made a strong impression on Captain Manby's mind, and set him upon endeavouring to contrive some means of affording relief on the recurrence of a similar catastrophe. He at first thought of throwing a line to a stranded vessel from a kind of balista, but he found that such a machine would be too unwieldy. It then occurred to him that a piece of ordnance * might answer his purpose; and a successful experi-

' same sea that struk her broke on the beach; and so very heavy
' was the surf, that it broke over her as high as her leading-blocks,
' the brig lying broadside on the beach. Being in this dreadful situ-
' ation, her people were all obliged to take to the rigging for safety,
' the deck being, by the fury of the sea, cleared of every thing;
' nor was it in our power, although so near them, to give any assist-
' ance to the poor men (nine of whom were in the main rigging, and
' two in the fore-top), but we were obliged to be silent spectators of
' the dreadful scene. Now, if we had been so fortunate as to have
' been provided with your excellent apparatus, I am confident that,
' before the end of the dreadful catastrophe, we should have been
' able to have saved with ease every soul on board; but we were not
' so fortunate: the consequence of which was, that all but one man
' were lost to their friends and country for ever; for the brig, after
' lying some time in this situation, parted at the bins, her upper
' works, masts and men, all falling together with a most tremendous
' crash to sea board, and in a moment were the nine poor men in the
' lee main shrouds lost for ever to our view. The two men in the fore-
' top were in a better situation; for when the masts, &c. fell, the
' wind being at N. (parallel to the shore) canted them round, and, in
' consequence, the mast heads swung on the beach, when one of the
' men getting from the top of the mast head was saved, the other
' getting down into the fore chains, jumped off to clear the wreck by
' swimming, and was lost, the sea being too heavy for him. Such is
' the dreadful tale which might (had we been provided) have ended
' differently. JOHN FOWLER.' (*Report*, 1816, p. 8.)

* In the year 1792, Lieutenant Bell of the Artillery had laid before the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, 'a plan for throwing a rope on shore by means of a shell from a mortar on board the vessel in distress,' and had received 50 guineas on his experiments at Woolwich, (*see the 10th and 25th vols. of the Trans. Soc. Arts.*) Some of Lieutenant Bell's friends considered his invention entitled to a Parliamentary reward; nor can it be desired to preclude any mark of national approbation for a suggestion which, had it been prosecuted and improved upon, might have been of important service: but Lieutenant Bell's plan appears never to have been brought into practice, nor indeed would it generally be practicable to use a mortar from a wreck as he proposed. The same may be

ment which he had made about the year 1783, when he threw a line from a small mortar over the church of Downham, in Norfolk, convinced him that the scheme was practicable. He therefore obtained from the Board of Ordnance the use of a small mortar, and made numberless experiments before he succeeded in his object. The grand difficulty lay in connecting the shot securely with the rope. Chains of every form broke on the discharge; but at length stout strips of raw hide, platted closely, were found to answer the purpose. Repeated trials during high gales, in rain, hail, and snow, gave Captain Manby confidence in his invention, and he was now prepared to give proof of its utility.

An opportunity soon occurred. On the 12th of February 1808, at day break, a brig appeared in the utmost danger, at least 150 yards from the beach. The crew had lashed themselves in the rigging; it was blowing a hard gale from the N. E., and the waves were breaking over them. Many vain attempts had been made to get off a boat to their assistance, when Captain Manby brought down his mortar, and presently threw a line over the vessel: by this line a boat was hauled off, and the crew, consisting of seven men, brought in safety to the land. The brig was the *Elizabeth* of Plymouth. The master, J. Prouting, said afterwards, that, benumbed by cold, and exhausted by fatigue, he and his men had been ready to sink under their apparently inevitable fate; but that when the rope was unexpectedly thrown on board, they felt as if a new life had been given them, and instantly became collected, and able to exert themselves for their own preservation. (*Report on Captain Manby's Petition*, 1810. *Trans. Soc. Arts*, vol. xxvi.)

During the following winter, Captain Manby had the satisfaction of rescuing the crews of several vessels; and in 1810 Mr Curwen brought the subject of his services before Parliament, and he was employed to survey, * and to report the dangerous points of the Eastern coast, from Yarmouth to the Firth of Forth. He also surveyed part of the coast of Hampshire. In 1814, the House of Commons took his plan into further consideration, and sent an address to the Prince Regent, praying that it might be carried into effect; and in the course of the

said of the suggestion of General Henniker, Dr Carey, and others, Captain Manby informed the Committee that he had never heard of these inventions till he had completed his own. (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 10.)

* The result of this survey is printed in the Papers relating to Captain Manby's plan, 1813.

next year, it appears that a number of mortars were stationed along the coasts of England. In the 'Papers' of 1816, we find a list of 59 stations to which the apparatus had been sent or ordered; but the list of mortars actually provided, given by Captain Manby to the late Committee, amounts, we observe, only to 45. Without pretending to offer an opinion as to the number of mortars that might be placed with advantage along the coasts of this kingdom, it may be observed that, according to the statement of the Committee on the Report 1814, Captain Manby gave it as his opinion, that about 170 or 180 would be required; and Mr Wheatley, in the letter to Captain Manby (part of which we have quoted), expresses his wish that mortars might be stationed at distances of not more than five miles from each other. - In a violent storm, wrecks are often scattered thickly along the coast; and if mortars are not placed within moderate intervals, one crew may be lost whilst the apparatus is engaged in saving another. Such a circumstance once happened with regard to the Mundesley mortar which was brought to Trimmingham, three miles off, to save the crew of a small vessel; and, before it could return, a larger ship, a transport, struck and went to pieces at Mundesley, and all hands perished.

Captain Manby's estimate of the expense of furnishing the number of mortars he proposes, is 4000*l.*, and about 200*l.* per annum for keeping them in repair. Probably the annual expense might be greater; but should it appear that a larger number of mortars than Captain Manby has mentioned, might be desirable, it is hoped that the expense would not prevent the establishment being formed on a scale calculated to effect all the good that is possible. Whether it ~~be~~ the intention of Government to establish mortars at the stations of the preventive service only, is not stated; but should this be the case, it may be feared that many dangerous points will be left unprovided. It would be most desirable that the inhabitants of any parts of the coast where shipwrecks have been known to occur, should represent the circumstances, and apply for mortars to the Board of Admiralty, who, it is said, will now have the direction of the system. It would even be desirable that individuals should provide mortars, on the chance of their being called into service. The inhabitants of the coasts of England have never shown themselves reluctant to assist their fishermen and sailors. When fifteen fishermen of Cromer and its vicinity were lost in the storm of the 13th of October 1822, a subscription of nearly 600*l.* was raised in a very short time, for the relief of their families. With how much greater alacrity, may we believe, would persons

contribute to the establishment of a plan which should systematically save the lives of seamen, and prevent such scenes of distress and desolation! The sum of twenty or thirty pounds is the price of an apparatus, and it is a price which we can have no doubt that individual benevolence will be prompt to pay for the hope, and which will be richly recompensed by the satisfaction, of saving even one crew from destruction. We may be quite confident, therefore, that private charity will do something, and it is equally certain that it is the duty of Government to do all the rest.

The late select Committee, in the Report before us, refer to the benefits likely to result from Captain Manby's system anticipated in the Report of the Committee of 1810, and declare their conviction that these anticipations have been fully verified by the number of lives saved since that period. 'The number of lives stated to have been saved, before the first Committee, was 33; and before the second Committee, 67; it is now in evidence before your Committee, that 139 lives have been saved within the last eight years. There appear but two instances of successful application of the apparatus on the whole western coast, so that out of 229 persons whose lives have been saved, 220 have been on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk.'

The Committee then allude to the Mortars established in compliance with the recommendation of the Committee of 1814, and placed under the direction of the preventive service, and add, that it is in evidence before them, 'that through ignorance in some instances, and most culpable remissness in others,' the full success which might have attended the system has been defeated. They suggest 'the propriety of having periodical examinations of the state of the Mortars and the condition of the Stores, and conceive it desirable that attention should be paid to the instruction of those who have the care of the Mortars, not only in the proper means of throwing the lines, but also as to the mode of proceeding after the communication with the vessel is effected, for removing the crews.' They recommend besides, that the House should offer a bounty for each life saved; and suggest that directions, instructing crews of shipwrecked vessels how to avail themselves of the assistance afforded, should be given out at the several customhouses, and also translated into foreign languages, and distributed by the consuls abroad, among vessels trading to Britain. They notice the highly meritorious services of Mr Wheatley, and recommend that a mortar and the necessary apparatus be placed under his care at Mundesley. They also unanimously recommend that a further grant of 2000*l.* be given to Captain Manby, 'for

‘ his zealous and unremitting exertions in promoting and perfecting his plan;’ and conclude by suggesting the desirableness of placing the apparatus under the direction and control of the Board of Admiralty.

In all these wishes we heartily concur. We deem the measure last recommended of *essential importance, and especially likely to promote* the general efficiency of the system. It does not appear that the officers, under whose charge the mortars have been placed, have been hitherto required to make any regular returns of their condition, nor of the services performed; and though the zeal and activity with which some of these gentlemen (Lieutenant Matthews of Winterton, Lieutenant Woodger of Yarmouth, Lieutenant Culmer of Sidmouth, and others), have used them, cannot be too highly praised, we fear that, in some instances, great remissness has prevailed as to this part of their duty. The remedy for this is a more regular system of inspection.

A short account of Captain Manby's plan, as detailed in the papers of 1816, and in his ‘Lecture,’* may now be given, and his directions may be illustrated by a few facts, chiefly taken from the Parliamentary papers.

Captain Manby first speaks of the mortar, and recommends that it should be as light as is compatible with the service to be performed; he says that ‘an iron mortar’ (brass, though more expensive, would be in less danger of bursting), ‘cast on its bed, weighing, with its bed, $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. (which may be removed from place to place by two men, on a hand-barrow, with ease), will project a 24 lib. shot, with an inch-and-half rope attached to it, 250 $\frac{1}{2}$ yards, or a deep sea line 320 yards, against the utmost power of the wind.’—(*Pap.* 1816, p. 23). On parts of the coast where it is particularly uncertain at what point vessels may come ashore, it might be useful to have a very small mortar also at the station, which could be carried from place to place with great expedition; for in many instances, if a mere cord can be sent to a vessel, a rope may thereby be hauled on board. The Lecture (p. 20) records an experiment made at Woolwich, where a horseman, with a portable howitzer, ‘travelled a mile and a third: the howitzer was dismounted, and the line projected 153 yards—all in six minutes.’

* Captain Manby's ‘Lecture on the Preservation of Persons in the Hour of Shipwreck.’ London, printed for J. Asperne, Cornhill.

† The rope will not go so far on a second discharge when wet, and perhaps clogged with sand.—*Mir. of Ev.* 1823, p. 20.

Small mortars should also be provided, to be placed in the bows of the boats which go out to the assistance of vessels stranded on a bar, or on a bank at a distance from land, as they often get near the wreck, and yet from the eddying of the waves, and the broken water giving no resistance to the blade of the oar, are unable to pull up to it. 'This circumstance occurred twice in one day at Blakeney in Norfolk, when the boats could not, by every exertion of the people on board, for several hours, get nearer than within twenty yards of the vessels, and remained spectators of the melancholy catastrophe of every soul on board the wrecks perishing, unable to afford the smallest assistance.' (*Lecture*, p. 56.) The following is another melancholy instance of a loss which might have been prevented, had such an apparatus been at hand. One stormy day in November 1819, the inhabitants of Pakefield, a village near Lowestoff, perceived about noon, a Shields collier stranded on the home sands. The ship had stuck fast, and lay on its side. Seven or eight men were seen clinging to the part which remained above water, the waves breaking over them. It was a dismal day, blowing and raining hard. The Pakefield people had no boat that could live in such a sea, and they could do nothing for the assistance of the poor men. At length they observed a yawl from Lowestoff (which had saved many crews before) making towards the wreck. They watched her progress with intense interest, and several times she seemed on the point of reaching the vessel. The yawl did indeed get within speaking distance, and her crew made every possible effort, at the risk of their lives, to save the unhappy sufferers; but they could not pull up to them, and they had no means of communication. Thus, after rowing round them for hours, hearing their entreaties to save them, and increasing their agony by disappointment, when evening came on they were obliged to return, and leave them to their fate! The cries of the poor wretches, on seeing the yawl return, were dreadful; and they were heard through the storm, on the road from Pakefield to Lowestoff, till ten o'clock at night. In the morning, no remains of the wreck were to be seen. It is believed that the crew consisted of eleven persons, who, in all probability, might have been saved from this lingering and horrible death, had the yawl carried out a mortar.

Where the mortar is used, it should be pointed * to wind-

* 'In the case of a strong side-wind, the lower the elevation (about the angle of 15 degrees) at which the mortar is fixed, the less power the wind will have over the rope, and the more certain

ward of the vessel, more or less in proportion to the force of the wind, that the bight or slack of the rope may fall over the rigging: it is only when the wind blows full on the shore, that the mortar must be pointed over the vessel, and always at a sufficient elevation, to prevent the possibility of mischief by the shot striking the wreck.

The shots used by Captain Manby are of two kinds, a simple round shot, with a neck and eye for the insertion of the thong of platted hide, or a shot furnished with barbs and counter-barbs, which may, on the line being drawn in, catch hold of the rigging, and thus enable the persons on shore to send out a boat, even should the crew have no power to give any assistance. Several instances of the utility of this contrivance are given in the Lecture, p. 23: to these we may add that of the Plough of Copenhagen, 'saved by throwing the barbed shot across the vessel, which enabled the people to haul off the 'life boat.' (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 17.)

To obtain a momentary view of a vessel in a dark night, Captain Manby proposes to throw up balls filled with stars which should explode at a certain height, and also suggests the use of shells filled with a burning composition, which may enable the crew to discern the flight of the rope. (*Pap.* 1816, p. 33, 34, *Lecture* 6165.)

The ropes for this service should 'possess pliancy, strength, and durability;'^{*} and it is obvious that these and the other stores should be frequently examined, and ascertained to be fit for service, since the most cruel failures may result from the want of this care. Thus, the Bird of North Shields appears to have been lost at Mundesley, 31st of March 1822, solely in consequence of such neglect. The vessel took the ground at 6 a. m., within 250 yards of the Cliff, and the mortar was fired under the direction of the officer on the preventive service. 'Four discharges took place without effect. The first fell short of the vessel, the

'it will be to fall on the weathermost part of the rigging.' (*Papers*, 1816, p. 27.)

* To prevent mildew and rot, Captain Manby advises the disuse of vegetable mucilage in the manufacture of ropes, and recommends their immersion in a solution of equal parts of sugar of lead and alum. (*Papers*, 1816, p. 23.)

A common tan of oak bark, in which fishermen soak their nets, may answer the purpose. When a gale of wind comes on, the person who has charge of the apparatus ought to lay the leathern straps in water, to supple them, and prevent their breaking when used. (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 18.)

‘ three others failed by the breaking of the lines or the leather
 ‘ which attaches them to the shot; after which no farther effort
 ‘ could be made, for want of ammunition. One pound of powder
 ‘ was procured, after much loss of time, from a small shop in the
 ‘ parish; but it was then too late, as the vessel went to pieces,
 ‘ and drowned the whole crew, consisting of seven persons, at
 ‘ 7 a. m., having remained a whole hour.’ (*Min. of Ev.* 1823,
 p. 18.)

As much nicety was required in laying out the rope in fakes, so that it might not get entangled in its flight, Captain Manby contrived a basket in which it could be kept ready for immediate use. Mr Hayes, of Saxthorpe, near Aylesham, has also invented a reel * for this purpose, which is recommended by Mr Wheatley. For the rest of the apparatus, it may be sufficient to say, that no means of giving certainty to its effect has been omitted by Captain Manby, and, when fairly used, it does appear that there is scarcely a possibility of its failure; but its success entirely depends on its being kept ready for immediate service, and on the promptitude and steadiness of the persons employed in using it, who should often be practised in the operations required.

When the rope has been made fast to the vessel, the best method of bringing the persons on shore is, of course, by means of a boat, † and by the help of the line it will be found practicable, in most seas, to keep its head to the wind and waves, and thus to prevent its upsetting. Captain Manby also suggests a plan for giving to all boats the principle of the life-boat, by placing an empty oil cask between each thwart upright, and securing it by two pins on each side. Should a boat thus fitted fill, the water may be let out at the plug-hole.—(*Papers*, 1816, pp. 34, 35). Should no boat be near, or the vessel in momentary danger of going to pieces, the crew may easily be landed upon the rope from a distance of 300 yards or more, on the

* This is a conical reel, on which the rope may be wound with accuracy in the dark. When the rope has been reeled on, the machine is fixed at an angle of 45 degrees, and the rope flies off without impediment; and three or four lines may be wound on the same reel, separated by splints. Mr Wheatley recommends having two reels to each mortar. (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 21.)

† On coasts where the shoals lie beyond the range of the mortar, Captain Manby recommends laying down anchors with a slack rope and buoy, that a line may be cast over it, with a barbed shot; and, being thus drawn in, and made fast, may serve to guide the boat through the breakers.

plan adopted by Mr Wheatley.*—(*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 20); and described in the following letter of Lieutenant C. Woodger to Captain Manby, an extract of which is given in the Papers, 1816, p. 29, and the whole may be found in Captain Manby's 'Appeal to the Society of Arts,' p. 37.

'Signal Station, Yarmouth, March 12th, 1814.

'SIR,—I here send you a statement of the happy success of the means that you have brought to such perfection in saving shipwrecked mariners. On the 20th of January last, at about half past six, a. m., I was informed that a vessel was on shore at South Ham, in Corton Bay, which place I immediately proceeded to, with the mortar under my charge, about three miles from my station, it then blowing very hard from N. N. E., dead on the shore, with drifting snow. At the time I got to the place it was near high water, and the sea was breaking some height up the cliff, which made it impossible for any boat to render the distressed vessel any assistance. At this time her main and mizen masts were gone, and her boats and spars were all washed off her decks, and her rudder unshipped, and in her rising and falling, the head of the rudder was ripping her stern and decks up all to pieces; and the sea was breaking violently quite over the vessel, and there was every appearance of her soon going to pieces. If she had parted, there were not the least hopes of the crew being saved; but by the means I made use of I had the satisfaction, on firing the second shot from the top of the cliff, of throwing a line over

* If the danger is very imminent, the crew must reeve the line through a tail or snatch-block; and, having hauled on board line enough to reach the shore again, must send the end back by a bow line knot. The men may then, one after another, get into a knot made on the bight of the loomest line, and thus be hauled ashore. They must take care that the knot is fixed on the chest, that they may not be drowned in passing through the water. If the masts are in no danger of giving way, they should reeve the line through a tail block in the tops, and fasten, just above it, a three-inch rope, which may be kept taught by the men on shore moving with the motion of the vessel. Along this stout rope runs a top block, to the lower part of which the small line should be made fast, thus acting as a traveller. The top block should be furnished with a hook and strap, through which a man may place his leg, and another may sit on his knee, and they may thus be brought on shore without going into the water; and in the same way persons may be brought to the top of a cliff; only, in this case, the snatch-block, with the travelling line, must be on the land. The men must not put their hands on the large rope before the block, or they will get pinched. Those who work the ropes should stand several yards asunder, and take care that the lines do not cross each other.—(*See Mr Wheatley's Evidence, Report, 1823.*)

' the vessel (I suppose the vessel was full 230 yards from the cliff),
 ' to which line, on signs being made to the people to haul a suffi-
 ' cient quantity on board for the bight to return to the shore, they
 ' then made a hawser fast that was fortunately lying abaft. As
 ' soon as the people on the cliff had hauled the said hawser on
 ' shore, and taught from the vessel, I cut a piece of the hawser off,
 ' and made a grummet on the hawser with it, sufficiently large for
 ' a man to sit in, to which I made the bight of the line fast. On
 ' waving to the people on board, they hauled the grummet along the
 ' hawser to the vessel, and one man got into it at a time, and was
 ' hauled on shore hanging on the hawser, and the grummet was
 ' hauled to the vessel again; by which method the whole crew, con-
 ' sisting of five men and two boys, were saved. And it is my opi-
 ' nion, that the mortar is the only means that can give immediate
 ' relief to shipwrecked mariners. CHARLES WOODGER, *Lieut. R.N.*'

As it is of the greatest importance that no time should be lost in getting the men on shore when communication with a wreck has once been effected, it is greatly to be wished that a set of instructions, directing the crews how to avail themselves of the assistance afforded, may soon be published, according to the recommendation of the Committee. The following letter will show how much they are wanted.

' Winterton, 3d February, 1823.

' SIR,—Agreeably to the wish you expressed when you did me
 ' the honour of calling, I relate the circumstance of saving the crew
 ' of the Supply of Sunderland. The second shot went over her
 ' main top-gallant stay; a man immediately went aloft, but not
 ' having sufficient strength to haul the shot up to him, he cut the
 ' line, made the end fast round his middle, and jumped over board.
 ' As soon as we had got him on shore, we fired again, and threw
 ' the line across her jib stay, which they succeeded in getting. I
 ' then sent them astail-block with a two-inch rope in it, and got the
 ' end of the three-inch rope alongside; but finding they could not
 ' get it on board, and being fearful of delay, I directed it to be haul-
 ' ed on shore again, and making a bow-line knot on the whip, slung
 ' one of my own crew to show them how to act, by which means
 ' they were saved. The want of knowledge they displayed when they
 ' received the line, proves how necessary it is that merchant vessels
 ' should be supplied with instructions how to proceed in cases of ship-
 ' wreck; for when I spoke to them of the three-inch rope, they re-
 ' plied, that had they got it on board, they should not have known
 ' what to have done with it.—I am, &c.

' To Captain Manby.

R. B. MATTHEWS, R. N.'

' In the same way, Lieutenant Woodger brought the crew of the brig *Leipsic*, wrecked on Yarmouth Bar, 7th of December, 1815, safely to the Pier, having sent them directions on a tally. (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 26.)

Another recommendation of the Committee is, that a bounty be given for each person saved. It is indeed extraordinary, that, while 15*l.* is given on the apprehension of a smuggler, and 5*l.* on the capture of a prisoner, no reward should be held out for the rescue of a British sailor. Captain Manby proposes that 5*l.* should be given for every life saved in cases of difficulty (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 14.); which sum Mr Wheatley would limit to those saved by means of a boat, and proposes 3*l.* for each man saved by the apparatus alone. It is impossible to doubt, that private subscriptions will also be raised for rewarding instances of peculiar heroism. There is reason to believe that many lives have been lost, from the want of encouragement to exertion. It may, indeed, be said, that we should not hold forth sordid motives for the performance of acts of mercy and of duty. We answer, that we must take men as they are; that in these cases our instruments are rough ones; and that, though we have found amongst our fishermen noble instances of disinterested self-exposure for the rescue of others, it is not the class in which we must look for acute sensibility to the misery of their fellow-creatures. Some of them too may have been accustomed not to deprecate the chance of plunder from a wreck. Besides, if we would inspirit our people, we must show them that we are ourselves in earnest. It will not do to exclaim against the selfish hard-heartedness of a sailor who hesitates to expose himself to a tempestuous sea, and to hazard his life for the preservation of others; when, for the very same object, we refuse to make the smallest sacrifices of our money, or of our personal convenience. A fund should also be provided for the assistance of the rescued, and encouragement given to the people of the coast to bring early notice of a vessel in distress.

A regular establishment * of watchers along the coast would be the most effectual means of securing early information; and it is deeply to be lamented that such a plan did not exist on the Norfolk coast at the time of the melancholy loss of the *Ranger* cutter, last October. In stormy weather, might not Life-boats,

* There is an excellent institution for the relief of vessels in distress at Bamborough Castle, founded by Lord Crew, formerly Bishop of Durham. Amongst other provisions, 'in a storm, two men on horseback are sent out to patrol along the coast from sun-set to sun-rise, that, in case of an accident, one may remain by the ship, and the other return to alarm the Castle.'—(*New Seaman's Guide and Coaster's Companion*, p. 132.)

furnished with Mortars, be sent to ply round the rocks and shoals; at a distance from the land, without unnecessarily venturing among the breakers? Some such plan seems desirable for the Shambles rocks off Portland, where many vessels appear to have been wrecked. From an account of the loss of the *Earl of Abergavenny* East-Indiaman, written by G. A. Burgoyne, Esq. one of the few survivors, it appears that many might have been saved, had the catastrophe been known in Weymouth some hours sooner than it was. But it is hoped, that gentlemen residing near the coast may now be induced to turn their attention towards providing against the peculiar dangers of their shores, and to employ their ingenuity in overcoming local obstructions. Enough has been effected to prove the benefit of attention to the subject; but much might yet be done for the security of our shipping. Must Portland and its race ever remain a Scylla and Charybdis to the fleets of Britain? It is said that a winter seldom passes without whole crews being lost in the West Bay, which is a particularly dangerous part of the Portland coast. The Chesil Beach, which bounds this bay, is a remarkable bank of pebbles, on which, in gales from S. to N.W., the sea breaks with tremendous fury, accompanied with an undertow which carries every thing back, and occasions an extreme difficulty of saving any lives from wrecks in this situation. It may seem presumptuous in those who have little knowledge of the spot, and are unable perhaps to estimate its peculiar difficulties, to suggest any plan for alleviating the horrors of such shipwrecks. But it is earnestly to be wished that the subject may be considered by the persons best qualified to undertake it; and we rejoice to learn, that the able chief officer of the Portland station, Lieutenant Spark, is of opinion, that, in some cases at least, a mortar may be serviceable. The surge, it seems, is so heavy, that ships of burthen have usually gone to pieces with the third sea; but it has also been stated, that vessels of 200 or 300 tons do not strike till they are within their own length of the higher curb of the beach. Would it not therefore be possible to send a line to vessels before they get into this situation, and in time to save the men? for, however quickly they may be driven on, it is probable that they must be some minutes within range of the mortar before they strike on the beach. Might it not also be expedient to have three or four mortars stationed along the pebble bank? as it seems, that nothing but the utmost promptitude can afford any chance of success, and the loose shingles would greatly retard their conveyance from point to point. That the mortar might, in some instances, have been of service in this

destructive bay, appears certain. The *Alexander*, returning from Bombay, was wrecked on the night of the 26th of March 1815, and all her crew and passengers (except five Lascars), to the number of 400 persons, perished! Some of them were long seen struggling in the waves, and heard shrieking for assistance: surely assistance could have been rendered, had Captain Manby's apparatus been at hand.

It has been objected to this system, that the prospect it affords of safety, may encourage crews to run ashore and abandon their vessels, and may thus lead to an unjustifiable sacrifice of property. To this surmise may be opposed the fact, that the frequency of shipwrecks has not increased of late years, on the Norfolk coast, where the establishment of the apparatus is best known; though it is also true, that ships in danger, coming from the North, have often made for Mundesley, on purpose to be wrecked under the eye of Mr Wheatley.

On the other hand, it appears that the knowledge of the mortars has induced Captains of vessels in Yarmouth roads to depend more on their anchors than formerly. Mr Wheatley has heard many masters and seamen say, that the conviction that, if they should go on shore, assistance could be given them, has led them to ride out a gale, when they should otherwise have run for the shore at high water, as the only chance of saving their lives. (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 22.) It has been proposed, that vessels should carry their own guns; but how could they be fired when the ship is rolling and the sea washing over her decks? Rockets * also have been invented, for the purpose of carrying the line on shore; but they must be more liable to be affected by the force of the wind than a cannon ball. It is also well known that sailors have a dislike to taking on board any provision for shipwreck; perhaps the prejudice may have its use, and it does seem rather the part of the landmen to provide against the dangers of their coasts.

Of the 220 persons saved by Captain Manby's plan, on the coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, 38 were subjects of Holland, 17 of Denmark, 13 of Sweden, and 152 subjects of Great Britain. A system which has in view the benefit of all nations, may soon, we would fain hope, be practised on other shores than our own; but we cannot be surprised that it is so little known

* Rockets might be used to convey lines from a ship at a distance from land, within reach of the barbed shot. So also might casks with a line attached to them, which will float to leeward of the vessel, and sometimes the currents may bring them near the shore.

abroad, whilst it has been so grievously neglected in the country of its invention. Even in the limited distribution of mortars in 1815, it does not appear that any provision whatever was made for the coasts of Scotland or Ireland, though (as the Committee, 1814, observe) 'If it be thought right to adopt the plan in this part of the United Empire, it must be at least equally desirable that Ireland should have the benefit of it.' In fact, its operations have been nearly confined to a small portion of the eastern coast of England, though there have been instances of its success on other parts of the coast. The reader may be referred to the account of the rescue of the crew of the Sally at Sidmouth, June 26th, 1822, by Lieutenant Culmer, (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 12), and to that of the crew of the Willem of Amsterdam, at Ilfracombe, December 21st, 1821, an interesting account of which was written by a lady, one of the passengers, and translated by the Rev. R. Frizell.* But many, indeed, we fear, are the stories that might be collected of cases to which this mode of relief was applicable, and not afforded.† Surely those who have it in their power to obviate such disasters, will feel themselves bound no longer to rest in indolence and apathy, when the lives of their fellow-creatures are at stake, remembering, that if they withhold the means of assistance, it is to them, and not to the winds and waters, that their fellow-creatures owe an untimely fate.

On a general review of the papers before us, this much is clear:—Captain Manby's plan has been tried—it has proved eminently beneficial—and there we have stopped. We see that the experiment has succeeded, and we act as if it had failed. It has been confined almost to the coasts of Norfolk and Suffolk: there it has saved upwards of 200 lives. Throughout the greater part of the kingdom, on the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, it has never been put in practice; and the consequence has been, that thousands of men have perished,

* A pamphlet printed in Ilfracombe, 1822.

† Mr Curwen made the following statement before the late Committee:—'About two years ago, a Liverpool packet missed the harbour of Whitehaven, and came into the bay at the back of the piers on the north wall. She was within sixty or eighty yards of the shore. There was such a violent surf, that it was found impracticable to force the life-boat off, and between thirty or forty persons perished, who were so near, that people could hear and converse with them; and there could not have been the smallest doubt, that, with the use of Captain Manby's apparatus, a communication might have been effected, and every life might have been saved.' (*Min. of Ev.* 1823, p. 16.)

who might have been preserved. We would trust that, before another winter, the Government will take measures to divest all our shores of their worst terrors; but we may be certain that much scope will still be left for the exercise of individual zeal in the cause; and most earnestly is it to be desired, that the co-operation of the magistrates and gentlemen residing on the coasts, may not be wanting to give energy and effect to the scheme.

ART. IV. *The St James's Chronicle—The Morning Chronicle—The Times—The New Times—The Courier, &c.—Cobbett's Weekly Journal—The Examiner—The Observer—The Gentleman's Magazine—The New Monthly Magazine—The London, &c. &c.*

WE often hear it asked, *Whether Periodical Criticism is, upon the whole, beneficial to the cause of literature?* And this question is usually followed up by another, which is thought to settle the first, *Whether Shakespeare could have written as he did, had he lived in the present day?* We shall not attempt to answer either of these questions: But we will be bold to say, that we have at least one author at present, whose productions spring up free and numberless, in the very hotbed of criticism—a large and living refutation of the chilling and blighting effects of such a neighbourhood. ‘But would not the author of *Waverley* himself,’ resumes our critical querist, ‘have written better, if he had not had the fear of the periodical press before his eyes?’ We answer, that he has no fear of the periodical press; and that we do not see how, in any circumstances, he could have written better than he does. ‘But a single exception does not disprove the rule.’ But he is not a single exception. Is there not Lord Byron? Are there not many more?—only that we are too near them to scan the loftiness of their pretensions, or to guess at their unknown duration. Genius carries on an unequal strife with Fame; nor will our bare word (if we durst presume to give it) make the balance even. Time alone can show who are the authors of mortal or immortal mould; and it is the height of wilful impertinence to anticipate its award, and assume, because certain living authors are new, that they never can become old.

Waving, however, any answer to these ingenious questions, we will content ourselves with announcing a truism on the subject, which, like many other truisms, is pregnant with deep thought,—*viz. That periodical criticism is favourable—to perio-*

dical criticism. It contributes to its own improvement—and its cultivation proves not only that it suits the spirit of the times, but advances it. It certainly never flourished more than at present. It never struck its roots so deep, nor spread its branches so widely and luxuriantly. Is not the proposal of this very question a proof of its progressive refinement? And what, it may be asked, can be desired more than to have the perfection of one thing at any one time? If literature in our day has taken this decided turn into a critical channel, is it not a presumptive proof that it ought to do so? Most things find their own level; and so does the mind of man. If there is a preponderance of criticism at any one period, this can only be because there are subjects, and because it is the time for it. We complain that this is a Critical age; and that no great works of Genius appear, because so much is said and written about them; while we ought to reverse the argument, and say, that it is because so many works of genius *have appeared*, that they have left us little or nothing to do, but to think and talk about them—that if we did not do that, we should do nothing so good—and if we do this well, we cannot be said to do amiss!

It has been stated as a kind of anomaly in the history of the Fine Arts, that periods of the highest civilization are not usually distinguished by the greatest works of original genius. But, instead of a remote or doubtful deduction, this, if closely examined, will be found a self-evident proposition. Take the case, for example, of ancient Greece. The time of its greatest splendour, was when its first statues, pictures, temples, tragedies, had been produced, when they existed in the utmost profusion, and the taste for them had become habitual and universal. But the time of the greatest Genius was undoubtedly the time that produced them,—which was necessarily antecedent to the other: So that if we were to wait till the era of the most general refinement, for the production of the highest models of excellence, we should never arrive at them at all; since it is these very models themselves, that, by being generally studied, and diffused through social life, give birth to the last degrees of taste and civilization. When the edifice is raised and finished in all its parts, we have nothing to do but to admire it; and invention gives place to judicious applause, or, according to the temper of the observers, to petty cavils. While the niches are empty, every nerve is strained, every faculty is called into play, to supply them with the masterpieces of skill or fancy: when they are full, the mind reposes on what has been done, or amuses itself by comparing one excellence with another. Hence a masculine boldness and creative vigour is

the character of one age, a fastidious and effeminate delicacy that of a succeeding one. This seems to be the order of nature: and why should we repine at it? Why insist on combining all sorts of advantages (even the most opposite) forcibly together; or refuse to cultivate those that we possess, because there are others that we think more highly of, but which are placed out of our reach? 'We are nothing, if not critical.' Be it so: but then let us be critical, or we shall be nothing.

The demand for works of original genius, the craving after them, the capacity for inventing them, naturally decay, when we have models of almost every species of excellence already produced to our hands. When this is the case, why call out for more? When art is a blank, then we want genius, enthusiasm, and industry to fill it up: when it is teeming with beauty and strength, then we want an eye to gaze at it, hands to point out its striking features, leisure to luxuriate in, and be enamoured of, its divine spirit. When we have Shakespeare, we do not want more Shakespeares: one Milton, one Pope or Dryden, is enough. Have we not plenty of Raphael's, of Rubens's, of Rembrandt's pictures in the world? *Terra plena nostri laboris*, is almost literally true of them. Who has seen all the fine pictures, or read all the fine poetry, that already exists?—and yet, till we have done this, what do we want with more? It is like leaving our own native country unexplored, to travel into foreign lands. Do we not neglect the standard works to hunt after mere novelty? This is not wisdom, but affectation or caprice. Learning becomes, by degrees, an undigested heap, without pleasure or use. We do not see the absolute necessity why another work should be written, or another picture painted, till those that we already have are becoming worm-eaten, or mouldering into decay. We can hardly expect a new harvest till the old crop is off the ground. If we insist on absolute originality in living writers or artists, we should begin by destroying the works of their predecessors. We want another Ozymund to burn and spare not—and then the work of extermination and the work of regeneration would go on kindly together. Are we to learn all that is already known, and, at the same time, to invent more? This would indeed be the 'large discourse of reason looking before and after.' Who is there that can boast of having read all the books that have been written, and that are worth reading? Who is there that can read all those with which the modern press teems, and which, did they not daily disappear and turn to dust, the world would not be able to contain them? Are we to blame for despatching the most worthless of these from

time to time, or for abridging the process of getting at the marrow of others, and thus leaving the learned at leisure to contemplate the time-hallowed relics, as well as the ephemeral productions, of literature?

To instance in our own language only, is there not many a sterling old author that lies neglected on solitary, unexplored shelves, or tottering bookstalls, unknown to, or passed over by, the idle and the diligent, the republication of which would be the greatest service that could be performed by the modern man of letters? To master the old English Dramatic Writers, the most esteemed novelists, the good old comedies and periodical works alone, would occupy the leisure of a life devoted to taste and study. If we look at the rise and progress, the maturity and decay, of each of these classes of excellence, we shall find that they were limited in duration, and successive. The deep rich tragic vein of Shakespeare, Webster, Ford, Decker, Marlow, Beaumont and Fletcher, was discovered and worked out in the time of Elizabeth and the two first Stuarts. All that the heart of man could feel, all that the wit of man could express on the most striking and interesting occasions, had been exhausted by half a dozen great writers, who left little to their successors but pompous turgidity or smooth commonplace,—the art of swelling trifles into importance, or taming rough boldness into insipidity. But Comedy rose as Tragedy fell; and, in the age of Charles II. and Queen Anne, Congreve, Wycherley and Vanburgh, were contemporary with Dryden, Lee and Rowe. Otway, it is true, belonged to the same period, a straggler from the veteran corps of tragic writers;—as, in a range of lofty mountains, we generally see one green hill thrown to a distance from the rest, and breaking the abrupt declivity into the level plain. But at each of the periods here spoken of, the Tragic or the Comic Muse was attended by a group of writers such as we can scarcely hope to see again, and such as we have no right to complain of seeing unrivalled, while *they* are themselves suffered to remain undisturbed in old collections and odd volumes. These probed the follies, as those unveiled the passions, of men: depicted jealousy, rage, ambition, love, madness, affectation, ignorance, conceit, in their most striking forms and picturesque contrasts: took possession of the strong-holds, the vantage points of vice or vanity: filled the Stage with the mask of living manners, or ‘the pomp of elder days:’ shook it with laughter, or drowned it with tears—poured out the wine of life, the living spirit of the drama, and left the lees to others. Little could afterwards be made of the subject, except by resorting to

inferior branches of it, or to a second-hand imitation. No doubt, nature is exceedingly various; but the capital eminences, the choicest points of view, are limited; and when these have been once seized upon, we must either follow in the steps of others, or turn aside to humbler and less practicable subjects. When the highest places have been occupied, when the happiest strokes have been anticipated, the ambition of the poet flags: without the stimulus of novelty, the rapidity or eagerness of his blows ceases; and as soon as he can avail himself of commonplace and conventional artifices, he shrinks from the task of original invention. Or, if he is bent on trying his native strength, and adding to the stock of what has been effected by others, it must be by striking into a new path, and cultivating some neglected plot of ground. So, the Periodical Essayists, Steele and Addison, succeeded to our great Comic Writers, and the Novelists, Fielding, Sterne, Smollett, to these; and each left works superior to any thing of the kind before, and unrivalled in their way by any thing since. Thus genius, like the sun, seems not to rise higher and higher, but from its first dawn to ascend to its meridian, and then decline; and art, like life, may be said to have its stated periods of infancy, manhood, and old age. Alas! the miracles of art stand often like proud monuments in the waste of time. The age of Leo the Tenth is like a rock rising out of the abyss,—with nothing before it, with nothing behind it! As art rose high then, so did it sink low afterwards: and the Vatican overlooks modern Italian art, stagnant, puny, steril, unwholesome, ague-struck, as Rome itself overlooks the marshes of the Campagna. What then? Does not the Vatican remain, the wonder of succeeding ages and surrounding nations? And when it yields (as yield it must) to time's destructive rage, and its glories crumble into dust, a new Vatican will arise, and other Raphaels and Michael Angelos will breathe the inspiration of genius upon its walls! As fires kindled in the night send their light to a vast distance, so Taste, an emanation from Genius, lingers long after it; and when its mild radiance is extinguished, then comes night and barbarism. Modern art, which took its rise in Italy, was transplanted indeed elsewhere, and flourished in Holland, Spain, and Flanders—it never took root in France, nor has it yet done so in England—but the soil, where it first sprung up, became effete soon after, and has produced scarcely any thing worth naming since.

Not only are literature and art circumscribed by the limits of nature or the mind of man, but each age or nation has a standard of its own, which cannot be trespassed upon with impuni-

ty. Tragedy was at its height in France, when it was on the decline with us; but then it was in a totally different style of composition, which could never be successfully naturalized in this country. Popularity can only be insured by the sympathy of the audience with any given mode of representing nature. The English genius excludes sententious and sentimental declamations on the passions; and Shakespeare, were he alive, would be 'cabin'd, cribbed, confined,' to say the least, on that very stage where his plays still flourish, by the change of feeling and circumstances. He would not have scope for his fancy: the passion would often seem groundless and overwrought. To produce any thing new and striking at present, it is necessary to shift the scene altogether, to take new subjects, an entire new set of *Dramatis Personæ*,—to pitch the interest in the Heart of Mid-Lothian, or suspend it in air with the Children of the Mist. We see what Sir Walter Scott has done in this way, by turning up again to the day the rich accumulated mould of ancient manners and wild unexplored scenery of his native land; and we already see what some of his imitators have done. In a word, literature is confined not only within certain *natural*, but also within *local* and *temporary* limits, which necessarily have fewer available topics; and when these are exhausted, it becomes a *caput mortuum*, a shadow of itself. Nothing is easier, for instance, than to show how, from the alteration of manners, the brilliant dialogue of the older comedy has gradually disappeared from the stage. The style of our common conversation has undergone a total change from the personal and *piquant* to the critical and didactic; and, instead of aiming at elegant raillery or pointed repartee, the most polished circles now discuss general topics, or analyze abstruse problems. Wit, unless it is exercised on an indiscriminate subject, is considered as an impertinence in civil life: yet we complain that the stage is dull and prosaic.

Farther, the Fine Arts, by their spread, interfere with one another, and hinder the growth of originality. * All the greatest things are done by the division of labour—by the intense concentration of a number of minds, each on a single and chosen object. But by the progress of cultivation, different arts and exercises stretch out their arms to impede, not to assist one another. Politics blend with poetry, painting with literature; fashion and elegance must be combined with learning and study: and thus the mind gets a smattering of every thing, and a mastery in none. The mixing of acquirements, like the *mixing of liquors*, is no doubt a bad thing, and *muddles* the brain; but in a certain stage of society, it is in some degree unavoidable.

Rembrandt lived retired in his cell of gorgeous light and shade. Night and Day waited upon him by turns, or together: his eye gazed on the dazzling gloom, nor did he ask for any other object. He existed wholly in this part of his art, which he has stamped on his canvas with such vast and wondrous power. He was not distracted or diverted from his favourite study by other things, by penning a Sonnet, or reading the Morning's Paper. Had he lived in our time, or in a state of manners like ours, he would have been a hundred other things, but not Rembrandt—a polite scholar, an imitator probably of the antique, a pleasing versifier, 'a chemist, statesman, fiddler, and 'buffoon,'—every thing but what he was, the great master of light and shade! Michael Angelo, again, had diversity of genius enough, and grasped more arts than one with hallowed hands. Yet did he not use to say, that 'Painting was jealous, 'and required the whole man to herself?' How many modern accomplishments would it take to make a Michael Angelo? Yet perhaps the flutter of idle pretensions, the glitter of fashion, the cant of criticism, with the sense of his own deficiencies in frivolous pursuits, might have dismayed the dauntless Youth who, with a blow of his chisel, repaired the Meleager; who afterwards carved the Moses, painted the Prophets and Sybils, reared the dome of St Peter's, and fortified his native city against a foreign foe! The little might have turned aside, in his triple career of renown, him whom the great could not intimidate.

One effect of the endowment of Institutions for the Fine Arts is, to make the union of the accidents of fortune and fashion, that is, of the extrinsic and meretricious, indispensable to the artist. He is violently taken out of his own sphere, and thrust into one for which he is qualified neither by nature nor habit. He must be able to make speeches to assembled multitudes, to hold conversation with Princes. He climbs to the highest honours of his profession by arts which have nothing to do with it—by frivolous or servile means. He must have the ear of committees, the countenance of the great. He takes precedence as a matter of etiquette or costume. He rises, as he would at college or at court. The chair of a Royal Academy for the Fine Arts must be filled by a gentleman and scholar. So Sir Thomas Lawrence (*absit invidia*) is chosen President, not more because he is the best portrait-painter in existence, than because he is one of the finest gentlemen of the day. This is confounding the essential differences of things, and weakening the solid superstructure of art at its foundations.—A scholar was formerly another name for a sloven, an artist was known.

only by his works. Now, a professional man, who should come into the world, relying on his genius or learning for his success, without other advantages, would be looked upon as a pedant, a barbarian, or a poor creature. 'Though he should have all knowledge, and could speak with the tongues of angels, yet, without *affectation*, he would be nothing.' He who is not acquainted with the topic, who is not fashioned in the mode of the day, is no better than a brute. We will not have the arts and sciences 'relegated to obscure cloisters and villages: no, we will have them to lift up their sparkling front in courts and palaces,'—in drawing-rooms and booksellers' shops. 'The toe of the scholar must tread so close on the heel of the courtier, that it galls his kibe.'

This is also a consequence of the approximation and amalgamation of different ranks and pretensions from the more general diffusion of knowledge. Each takes something of the colour, or borrows some of the advantages, of its neighbour. A reflected light is thrown on all parts of society. The polite affect literature: the literary affect to be polite. Such a state of things, no doubt, produces a great deal of mock-patronage and mock-gentility. What then? It cannot be prevented: and is it not better to make the most of this florid and composite style of manners, than to proscribe and stigmatize it altogether, or insist on going back to the simple Doric or pure Gothic—to barbaric wealth or cynical knowledge? 'Take the good the Gods provide ye'—is our motto, and our advice. The impulse that sways the human mind cannot be created by a *fiat* of captious discontent: it floats on the tide of mighty CIRCUMSTANCE. By resisting this natural bias, and peevishly struggling against the stream, we shall only lose the favourable opportunities we possess, both for enjoyment and for use. It is not sufficient to say, 'Let there be Shakespeares, and there were Shakespeares:'—but we have writers in great numbers, respectable in their way, and suited to the mediocrity of the age we live in: And, by cultivating sound principles of taste and criticism, we can still point out the beauties of the old authors, and improve the style of the new. There is a change in the world, and we must conform to it. Instead of striving to revive the spirit of old English literature, which is impossible, unless we could restore the same state of things, and push the world back two centuries in its course, let us add the last polish and fine finish to the modern *Belles-Lettres*. Instead of imitating the poets or prose-writers of the age of Elizabeth, let us admire them at a distance. Let us remember, that there is a great gulf between them and us—the gulf of ever-rolling years. Let them be

something sacred, and venerable to the imagination : But let us be contented to serve as priests at the shrine of ancient genius, and not attempt to mount the pedestal ourselves, or disturb the sanctuary with our unwarranted pretensions.

This is the course dictated no less by modesty than wisdom. Half the cant of criticism (on the other side of the question) is envy of the moderns, rather than admiration of the ancients. It is not that we really wish our contemporaries to rival their predecessors in grandeur, in force and depth ; but that we wish them to fall short of themselves in elegance, in taste, in ingenuity, and facility. The exclusive outcry in favour of ancient models, is a *diversion* to the exercise of modern talents, and a misdirection to the age. If we cannot produce the great and lasting works of former times, we may at least improve our knowledge of the principles on which they were raised, and of the distinguishing characteristics of each. If we have nothing to show equal to some of these, let us make it up (to the best of our power) by a taste susceptible of the beauties of all. If we do not succeed in solid folio, let us excel in light duodecimo. If we are superficial, let us be brilliant. If we cannot be profound, let us at least be popular.

Why should we dismiss *the reading public* with contempt, when we have so little chance with the next generation ? Literature formerly was a sweet Heremitess, who fed on the pure breath of Fame, in silence and in solitude ; far from the madding strife, in sylvan shade or cloistered hall, she trimmed her lamp or turned her hourglass, pale with studious care, and aiming only to ‘ make the age to come her own ! ’ She gave her life to the perfecting some darling work, and bequeathed it, dying, to posterity ! Vain hope, perhaps ; but the hope itself was fruition—calm, serene, blissful, unearthly ! Modern literature, on the contrary, is a gay Coquette, fluttering, fickle, vain ; followed by a train of flatterers ; besieged by a crowd of pretenders ; courted, she courts again ; receives delicious praise, and dispenses it ; is impatient for applause ; pants for the breath of popularity ; renounces eternal fame for a newspaper puff ; trifles with all sorts of arts and sciences ; coquettes with fifty accomplishments—*mille ornatus habet, mille decenter* ; is the subject of polite conversation ; the darling of private parties ; the go-between in politics ; the directress of fashion ; the polisher of manners ; and, like her winged prototype in Spenser,

‘ Now this now that, she tasteth tenderly, ’

glitters, flutters, buzzes, spawns, dies,—and is forgotten ! But this very variety and superficial polish show the extent and

height to which knowledge has been accumulated, and the general interest taken in letters.

To dig to the bottom of a subject through so many generations of authors, is now impossible: the concrete mass is too voluminous and vast to be contained in any single head; and therefore we must have essences and samples as substitutes for it. We have collected a superabundance of raw materials: the grand *desideratum* now is, to fashion and render them portable. Knowledge is no longer confined to the few: the object therefore is, to make it accessible and attractive to the many. The *Monachism* of literature is at an end; the cells of learning are thrown open, and let in the light of universal day. We can no longer be churls of knowledge, ascetics in pretension. We must yield to the spirit of change (whether for the better or worse); and 'to beguile the time, look like the time.' A modern author may (without much imputation of his wisdom) declare for a short life and a merry one. He may be a little gay, thoughtless, and dissipated. Literary immortality is now let on short leases, and he must be contented to succeed by rotation. A scholar of the olden time had resources, had consolations to support him under many privations and disadvantages. A light (that light which penetrates the most clouded skies) cheered him in his lonely cell, in the most obscure retirement: and, with the eye of faith, he could see the meanness of his garb exchanged for the wings of the Shining Ones, and the wedding-garment of the Spouse. Again, he lived only in the contemplation of old books and old events; and the remote and future became habitually present to his imagination, like the past. He was removed from low, petty vanity, by the nature of his studies, and could wait patiently for his reward till after death. We exist in the bustle of the world, and cannot escape from the notice of our contemporaries. We must please to live, and therefore should live to please. We must look to the public for support. Instead of solemn testimonies from the learned, we require the smiles of the fair and the polite. If princes scowl upon us, the broad shining face of the people may turn to us with a favourable aspect. Is not this life (too) sweet? Would we change it for the former if we could? But the great point is, that *we cannot!* Therefore, let Reviews flourish—let Magazines increase and multiply—let the Daily and Weekly Newspapers live for ever! We are optimists in literature, and hold, with certain limitations, that, in this respect, whatever is, is right!

It has been urged as one fatal objection against periodical criticism, that it is too often made the engine of party-spirit and personal invective. This is an abuse of it greatly to be la-

mented; but, in fact, it only shows the extent and importance of this branch of literature, so that it has become the organ of every thing else, however alien to it. The current of political and individual obloquy has run into this channel, because it has absorbed every topic. The bias to miscellaneous discussion and criticism is so great, that it is necessary to insert politics in a sort of sandwich of literature, in order to make them at all palatable to the ordinary taste. The war of political pamphlets, of virulent pasquinades, has ceased, and the ghosts of Junius and Cato, of Gracchus and Cincinnatus, no longer 'squeak and gibber' in our modern streets, or torment the air with a hubbub of hoarse noises. A Whig or Tory *tirade* on a political question, the abuse of a public character, now stands side by side in a fashionable Review, with a disquisition on ancient coins, or is introduced right in the middle of an analysis of the principles of taste. This is a violation, no doubt, of the rules of decorum and order, and might well be dispensed with: but the stock of malice and prejudice in the world is much the same, though it has found a more classical and agreeable vehicle to vent itself. Mere politics, mere personal altercation, will not go down without an infusion of the Belles-Lettres and the Fine Arts. This makes decidedly either for the refinement or the frivolity of our taste. It is found necessary to poison or to sour the public mind, by going to the well-head of polite literature and periodical criticism,—which shows plainly how many drink at that fountain, and will drink at no other. As a farther example of this rage for conveying information in an easy and portable form, we believe that booksellers will often refuse to purchase in a volume, what they will give a handsome price for, if divided piecemeal, and fitted for occasional insertion in a newspaper or magazine; so that the only authors who, as a class, are not starving, are periodical essayists, as almost the only writers who can keep their reputation above water are anonymous critics. But we have enlarged sufficiently on the general question, and shall now proceed to a more particular account of the state of the Periodical Press. We consider this Article, however, as an exception to our general rules of criticizing, and protest against its being turned into a precedent; for if our several contemporaries were to criticize one author as a constant habit, there would be no end of the repeated reflections and continually lessening perspective of cavils and objections, which would resemble nothing in nature but the *Caffée des Mille Colonnes*!

The staple literature of the Periodical Press may, we presume, be fairly divided into Newspapers, Magazines, and Re-

views; and of each of these, if we have courage to go through with it, we shall say a word or two in their order.

THE ST JAMES'S CHRONICLE is, we have understood, the oldest existing paper in London. We are not quite sure whether it was in this or in another three-times-a-week paper (the *Englishman* *) that we first met with some extracts from Mr Burke's Letter to a Noble Lord in the year 1796, and on the instant became converts to his familiar, inimitable, powerful prose-style. The richness of Burke showed, indeed, more magnificent, contrasted with the meagreness of the ordinary style of the paper into which his invective was thrown. Let any one, indeed, who may be disposed to disparage modern intellect and modern letters, look over a file of old newspapers (only thirty or forty years back), or into those that, by prescription, keep up the old-fashioned style in accommodation to the habitual dulness of their readers, and compare the poverty, the meanness, the want of style and matter in their original paragraphs, with the amplitude, the strength, the point and terseness which characterize the leading journals of the day, and he will perhaps qualify the harshness of his censure. We have not a Burke, indeed—we have not even a Junius; but we have a host of writers, working for their bread on the spur of the occasion, and whose names even are not known, formed upon the model of the best writers who have gone before them, and reflecting many of their graces.

Let any one (for instance) compare the *St James's Chronicle*, which is on the model of the old school, with the *MORNING CHRONICLE*, which is, or was at least, at the head of the new. This paper we have been long used to think the best, both for amusement and instruction, that issued from the daily press. It is full, but not crowded; and we have breathing-spaces and openings left to pause upon each subject. We have plenty and variety. The reader of a morning paper ought not to be crammed to satiety. He ought to rise from the perusal light

* The Editor of the *Englishman* for many years was a Mr Radcliffe. He had been formerly attached to some of our embassies into Italy, where his lady accompanied him; and here she imbibed that taste for picturesque scenery, and the obscure and wild superstitions of mouldering castles, of which she has made so beautiful a use in her Romances. The fair authoress kept herself almost as much *in-cognito* as the Author of *Waverley*; nothing was known of her but her name in the title page. She never appeared in public, nor mingled in private society, but kept herself apart, like the sweet bird that sings its solitary notes, shrowded and unseen.

and refreshed. Attention is paid to every topic, but none is overdone. There is a liberality and decorum. Every class of readers is accommodated with its favourite articles, served up with taste, and without sparing for the sharpest sauces.* A copy of verses is supplied by one of the popular poets of the day; a prose essay appears in another page, which, had it been written two hundred years ago, might still have been read with admiration; a correction of a disputed reading, in a classical author, is contributed by a learned correspondent. The politician may look profound over a grave dissertation on a point of constitutional history; a lady may smile at a rebus or a charade. Here, Pitt and Fox, Burke and Sheridan, maintained their nightly combats over again; here Porson criticized, and Jekyll punned. An appearance of conscious dignity is kept up, even in the Advertisements, where a principle of proportion and separate grouping is observed; the announcement of a new work is kept distinct from the hiring of a servant of all-work, or the sailing of a steam-yacht.

The late Mr Perry, who raised the *Morning Chronicle* into its present consequence, held the office of Editor for nearly forty years; and he held firm to his party and his principles all that time,—a long term for political honesty and consistency to last! He was a man of strong natural sense, some acquired knowledge, a quick tact; prudent, plausible, and with great heartiness and warmth of feeling. This last quality was perhaps of more use to him than any other, in the sphere in which he moved. His cordial voice and sanguine mode of address made friends, whom his sincerity and gratitude insured. An overflow of animal spirits, sooner than any thing else, floats a man into the tide of success. Nothing cuts off sympathy so

* Many of these articles (particularly the Theatrical Criticisms) are unavoidably written over night, just as the paper is going to the press, without correction or previous preparation. Yet they will often stand a comparison with more laboured compositions. It is curious, that what is done at so short a notice should bear so few marks of haste. In fact, there is a kind of *extempore* writing, as well as *extempore* speaking. Both are the effect of necessity and habit. If a man has but words and ideas in his head, he can express himself in a longer or a shorter time (with a little practice), just as he has a motive for doing it. Where there is the necessary stimulus for making the effort, what is given from a first impression, what is struck off at a blow, is in many respects better than what is produced on reflection, and at several heats.

much as the obvious suppression of the kindly impulses of our nature. He who takes another slightly by the hand, will not stick to him long, nor in difficulties. Others perceive this, and anticipate the defection, or the hostile blow. Among the ways and means of success in life, if good sense is the first, good nature is the second. If we wish others to be attached to us, we must not seem averse or indifferent to them. Perry was more vain than proud. This made him fond of the society of lords, and them of his. His shining countenance reflected the honour done him, and the alacrity of his address prevented any sense of awkwardness or inequality of pretensions. He was a little of a coxcomb, and we do not think he was a bit the worse for it. A man who does not think well of himself, generally thinks ill of others; nor do they fail to return the compliment. Towards the last, he, to be sure, received visitors in his library at home, something in the style of the Marquis Marialva in *Gil Blas*. He affected the scholar. On occasion of the death of Porson, he observed, that ‘*Epithalamia* were thrown into his coffin;’ of which there was an awkward correction next day,—‘For *Epithalamia* read *Epithalamia*!’ The worst of it was, that a certain consciousness of merit, with a little overweening pretension, sometimes interfered with the conduct of the paper. Mr Perry was not like a contemporary editor, who never writes a sentence himself, and assigns, as a reason for it, that ‘he has too many interests to manage as it is, without the addition of his own literary vanity.’ The Editor of the *Morning Chronicle* wrote up his own paper; and he had an ambition to have it thought, that every good thing in it, unless it came from a lord, or an acknowledged wit, was his own. If he paid for the article itself, he thought he paid for the credit of it also. This sometimes brought him into awkward situations. He wished to be head and chief of his own paper, and would not have any thing behind the editor’s desk, greater than the desk itself. He was frequently remiss himself, and was not sanguine that others should make up the deficiency. He possessed a most tenacious memory, and often, in the hottest periods of Parliamentary warfare, carried off half a Debate on his own shoulders. The very first time he was intrusted with the task of reporting speeches in the House of Commons, a singular lapse of memory occurred to him. Soon after he had taken his seat in the Gallery, some accident put him out, and he remained the whole night stupified and disconcerted. When the House broke up, he returned to the office of the paper for which he was engaged, in despair, and profess-

ing total inability to give a single word of it. But he was prevailed upon to sit down at the writing-desk. The sluices of memory, which were not empty, but choked up, began to open, and they poured on, till he had nearly filled the paper with a *verbatim* account of the speech of a Lord Nugent, when his employer, finding his mistake, told him this would never do, but he must begin over again, and merely give a general and *historical* account of what had passed. Perry snapped his fingers at this release from his terrors; and it has been observed, that the *historical* mode of giving a Debate was his delight ever afterwards. From the time of Woodfall, the Morning Chronicle was distinguished by its superior excellence in reporting the proceedings of Parliament. Woodfall himself often filled the whole paper without any assistance. This, besides the arduousness of the undertaking, necessarily occasioned delay. At present, several Reporters take the different speeches in succession—(each remaining an hour at a time)—go immediately, and transcribe their notes for the press; and, by this means, all the only part of a debate is actually printed before the last speaker has risen upon his legs. The public read the next day at breakfast-time (perhaps), what would make a hundred octavo pages, every word of which has been spoken, written out, and printed within the last twelve or fourteen hours!

THE TIMES NEWSPAPER is, we suppose, entitled to the character it gives itself, of being the 'Leading Journal of Europe,' and is perhaps the greatest engine of temporary opinion in the world. Still it is not to our taste—either in matter or manner. It is elaborate, but heavy; full, but not readable: it is stuffed up with official documents, with matter-of-fact details. It seems intended to be deposited in the office of the Keeper of the Records, and might be imagined to be composed as well as printed with a steam-engine. It is pompous, dogmatical, and full of pretensions, but neither light, various, nor agreeable. It sells more, and contains more, than any other paper; and when you have said this, you have said all. It presents a most formidable front to the inexperienced reader. It makes a toil of a pleasure. It is said to be calculated for persons in business, and yet it is the business of a whole morning to get through it. Bating voluminous details of what had better be omitted, the same things are better done in the Chronicle. To say nothing of poetry (which may be thought too frivolous and attenuated for the atmosphere of the city), the prose is inferior. No equally sterling articles can be referred to in it, either for argument or wit. More, in short, is effected in the Morning

Chronicle, without the formality and without the effort. The Times is not a *classical* paper. It is a commercial paper, a paper of business, and it is conducted on principles of trade and business. It floats with the tide: it sails with the stream. It has no other principle, as we take it. It is not ministerial; it is not patriotic; but it is *civic*. It is the lungs of the British metropolis; the mouthpiece, oracle, and echo of the Stock Exchange; the representative of the mercantile interest. One would think so much gravity of style might be accompanied with more steadiness and weight of opinion. But the TIMES conforms to the changes of the time. It bears down upon a question, like a first-rate man of war, with streamers flying and all hands on deck; but if the first broadside does not answer, turns short upon it, like a triremed galley, firing off a few paltry squibs to cover its retreat. It takes up no falling cause; fights no up-hill battle; advocates no great principle; holds out a helping hand to no oppressed or obscure individual. It is 'ever strong upon the stronger side.' Its style is magniloquent; its spirit is not magnanimous. It is valiant, swaggering, insolent, with a hundred thousand readers at its heels; but the instant the rascal rout turn round with the 'whiff and wind' of some fell circumstance, the Times, the renegade, inconstant Times, turns with them! Let the mob shout, let the city roar, and the voice of the Times is heard above them all, with outrageous deafening clamour; but let the vulgar hubbub cease, and no whisper, no echo of it is ever after heard of in the Times. Like Bully Bottom in the play, it then 'aggravates its voice so, as if it were a singing dove, as if it were any nightingale.' Its coarse ribaldry is turned to a harmless jest; its swelling rhodomontade sinks to a vapid commonplace; and the editor amuses himself in the interval, before another great explosion, by collecting and publishing from time to time, Affidavits of the numbers of his paper sold in the last stormy period of the press.

The Times rose into notice through its diligence and promptitude in furnishing Continental intelligence, at a time when foreign news was the most interesting commodity in the market; but at present it engrosses every other department. It grew obscene and furious during the revolutionary war; and the nicknames which Mr Walter bestowed on the French Ruler were the counters with which he made his fortune. When the game of war and madness was over, and the proprietor wished to pocket his dear-bought gains quietly, he happened to have a writer in his employ who wanted to roar on, as if any thing more was to be got by his continued war-hoop, and who scandalized the whole body of disinterested Jews, contractors, and stock-

jobbers, by the din and smithery with which, in the piping time of peace, he was for rivetting on the chains of foreign nations. It was found, or thought at least, that this could not go on. The tide of gold no longer flowed up the river, and the tide of Billingsgate and blood could no longer flow down it, with any pretence to decency, morality, or religion. There is a cant of patriotism in the city: there is a cant of humanity among hackneyed politicians. The *writer* of the LEADING ARTICLE, it is true, was a fanatic; but the *proprietor* of the LEADING JOURNAL was neither a martyr nor confessor. The principles gave way to the policy of the paper; and this was the origin of the NEW TIMES.

This new Morning paper is one which every Tory ought to encourage. If the friend of the people cannot *away with* it, the friend of power ought not to be without it. Nay, it may be of use to the liberal or the waverer; for it goes all lengths, boggles at no consequences, and unmasks the features of despotism fearlessly and shamelessly, without remorse and without pity. The Editor deals in no half measures, in no half principles; but is a thorough-paced stickler for the modernized doctrines of passive obedience and non-resistance. Dr Sacheverel, in his day, could not go beyond him. He is no flincher, no trimmer; he 'champions *Legitimacy* to the outrance.' There is something in this spirit, that if it exposes the possessor to hatred, exempts him from contempt. The present Editor of the New, and late Editor of the Old Times, whatever we may think of his opinions, must be acknowledged to be staunch, determined, and consistent in maintaining them. He is a violent partisan, blind to the blots in his own cause; and, by this means, he often opens the eyes of others to them. He has no evasion, no disguises. Let him take up a wrong argument (which he does on principle) and no one can beat him in pushing it to the *reductio ad absurdum*: let him engage in a bad cause (which he does by instinct) and no consideration of prudence or compassion will make him turn back. He is a logician, and will not bate one ace of his argument. He goes the utmost length of the spirit, as well as the principles, of his party. If we like the spirit of despotism, we see it exemplified in his views and sentiments: if we like the principles, we find them in full perfection, and without any cowardly drawback in his reasonings. He is the true organ of the *Ultras*, at home or abroad. It is the creed, we believe, of all legitimate princes, that the world was made for them; and this sentiment is stamped, fixed, seared in inverted but indelible characters, on the mind of the Editor of the New Times,

who, we believe, would march to a stake, in testimony of the opinion that he and all mankind ought to be held as slaves, in fee and perpetuity, by half a dozen lawful rulers of the species. He lays it down, for instance, in so many words, that 'Louis XVIII. has the same undoubted right (in kind and in degree) to the throne of France, that Mr Coke has to his estate of Holkham in Norfolk:' and from this declaration he never swerves, not even in thought. Other writers may argue upon the assumption of this principle, or now and then, in a moment of unexpected triumph, avow it; but he alone has the glory and the shame of making it the acknowledged, undisguised basis of all his reasoning. He is fascinated, in short, with the abstract image of royalty; he has swallowed love-powders from despotism; he is drunk with the spirit of servility; mad with the hatred of liberty; flagrant, obscene in the exposure of the shameful parts of his cause; and his devotion to power amounts to a prostration of all his faculties. 'It is strange, as well as lamentable, to see this misguided enthusiasm, this preposterous pertinacity in wilful degradation. Yet it is not without its use. Its honesty warns us of the consequences we have to dread; as its consistency ensures us some compensation in some part or other of the system. There is no pure evil, but hypocrisy. Every principle (almost) if consistently followed up, leads to some good, by some reaction on itself. It is only by tergiversation, by tricking, by being false to all opinion, and picking out the bad of every cause to suit it to our own interest, that we get a vile compost of intolerable and opposite abuses. Thus, we should say that superstition, while it was real, with all its evils, had its redeeming points, in the faith and zeal of those who were actuated by it, into whatever excesses they might be hurried: but we object entirely to modern fanaticism, which is the patchwork product of a perverted intellect, with all the absurdity and all the mischief, without one particle of sincerity, to justify it. Despotism even has its advantages; but we see no good in modern despotism, which has lost its reverence, and retains only the odiousness of power. The STATE DOCTOR of the NEW TIMES is, however, a perfect *Preux Chevalier*, compared with some of his hireling contemporaries: another Peter the Hermit, to preach an everlasting crusade against Jacobins and Levellers, and to rekindle another Holy War in favour of *Divine Right*. There is a dramatic interest in the fury of his exclamations, which induces us to make some allowance for the barbarism of his creed. He is less mischievous than when he wrote in the OLD TIMES, which trimmed between power and popularity, and oiled the wheels of Despotism with the cant of Liberty.

He does not now fawn on public opinion, but sets it at defiance, both in theory and practice. He does not mix up the grossness of faction with the refinements of sophistry. He does not uphold the principles, and insult the persons, of the aristocracy. No one was more bitter against the late queen, or more able or strenuous in the cause of her enemies; but he maintained a certain respect for her rank and birth. He did not think that every species of outrage and indecency, heaped on the daughter of a prince, the consort of a king, was the most delicate compliment that could be paid to royalty; but conceived, that when we forget what is due to place and title, we make a gap in ceremony and outward decorum, through which all such persons may be assailed with impunity. Perhaps this starched, pedantic preference of principles to persons, may not, after all, be the surest road to court-favour; but we respect any one who is ever liable to a frown from a patron, or to be left in a minority by his own party. There is nothing truly contemptible, but that which is always tacking and veering before the breath of power.

This naturally leads us to the *Courier*; which is a paper of shifts and expedients, of bare assertions, and thoughtless impudence. It denies facts on the word of a minister, and dogmatizes by authority. 'The force of *dulness* can no farther go:'—but its pertness keeps pace with its dulness. It sets up a lively pretension to safe commonplaces and stale jests; and has an alternate gaiety and gravity of manner:—The *matter* is nothing. Compared with the solemn quackery of the *Old* or *New Times*, the ingenious editor is the Merry-Andrew of the political show. The *Courier* is intended for country readers, the clergy and gentry, who do not like to be disturbed with a *reason* for any thing, but with whom the self-complacent shallowness of the editor passes for a self-evident proof that every thing is as it should be. It is a paper that those who run may read. It asks no thought: it creates no uncasiness. In it the last quarter's assessed taxes are always made good: the harvest is abundant; trade reviving; the Constitution unimpaired; the minister immaculate, and the Monarch the finest gentleman in his dominions. The writer has no idea beyond a certain set of cant phrases, which he repeats by rote, and never puzzles any one by the smallest glimpse of meaning in what he says. This lacquey to the Treasury, in short, puts one in mind of those impudent valets at the doors of great houses—sleek, saucy, empty, and vulgar—who give short answers, and laugh into the faces of those who come with complaints and grievances to their masters—think their employers great men, and themselves clever fellows—eat, drink, sleep, and let the world *slide*!

The **SUN** is a paper that *appears* daily, but never *shines*. The editor, who is an agreeable man, has a sinecure of it; and the public trouble their heads just as little about it as he does.

The **TRAVELLER** is not a new, but a newly-conducted evening paper; which, if it has not much wit or brilliancy, is distinguished by sound judgment, careful information, and constitutional principles.

We really cannot presume to scan the transcendent merits of the **MORNING POST** and **FASHIONABLE WORLD**—and, in short, the other daily papers must excuse us for saying nothing about them.

Of the **WEEKLY JOURNALISTS**, Cobbett stands first in power and popularity. Certainly he has earned the latter: would that he abused the former less! We once tried to cast this Antæus to the ground; but the earth-born rose again, and still staggers on, blind or one-eyed, to his remorseless, restless purpose,—sometimes running upon posts and pitfalls—sometimes shaking a country to its centre. It is best to say little about him, and keep out of his way; for he crushes, by his ponderous weight, whomsoever he falls upon; and, what is worse, drags to cureless ruin whatever cause he lays his hands upon to support.

The **EXAMINER** stands next to Cobbett in talent; and is much before him in moderation and steadiness of principle. It has also a much greater variety both of fact and subject. Indeed, an agreeable rambling scope and freedom of discussion is so much in the author's way, that the reader is at a loss under what department of the paper to look for any particular topic. A literary criticism, perhaps, insinuates itself under the head of the Political Examiner; and the theatrical critic, or lover of the *Finé Arts*, is stultified by a *tirade* against the Bourbons. If the dishes are there, it does not much signify in what order they are placed. With the exception of a little egotism and *twaddle*, and flippancy and dogmatism about religion or morals, and mawkishness about firesides and furious Buonapartism, and a vein of sickly sonnet-writing, we suspect the Examiner must be allowed (whether we look to the design or execution of the general run of articles in it) to be the ablest and most respectable of the publications that issue from the weekly press.

The **NEWS** is also an excellent paper—interspersed with historical and classical knowledge, written in a good taste, and with an excellent spirit. Its circulation is next, we believe, to that of the **OBSERVER**, which has twice as many murders, assaults, robberies, fires, accidents, offences, as any other paper, and sells proportionably. Shadows affright the town as well as

substances, and ill news fly fast. We apprehend these are the chief of the weekly journals. There are others that have become notorious for qualities that ought to have consigned them long ago to the hands of the common hangman; and some that, by their tameness and indecision, have been struggling into existence ever since their commencement. There is ability, but want of direction, in several of the last.

As to the Weekly Literary Journals, Gazettes, &c. they are a truly insignificant race—a sort of flimsy announcements of favoured publications—insects in letters, that are swallowed up in the larger blaze of full-orbed criticism, and where

‘Coming *Reviews* cast their shadows before!’

We cannot condescend to enumerate them. Before we quit this part of our subject, we must add, that Scotland boasts but one original newspaper, the SCOTSMAN, and that newspaper but one subject—Political Economy.—The Editor, however, may be said to be king of it!

Of the *Magazines*, which are a sort of *cater-cousins* to ourselves, we would wish to speak with tenderness and respect. There is the Gentleman’s Magazine, at one extremity of the series, and Mr Blackwood’s at the other—and between these there is the European, which is all abroad,—and the Lady’s, which is all at home,—and the London, and the Monthly, and the New Monthly—nay, hold; for if all their names were to be written down, one Article or one Number would hardly contain them—so many of them are there, and such antipathy do they hold to each other! For the GENTLEMAN’S MAGAZINE we profess an affection. We like the name, we like the title of the Editor, (Mr Sylvanus Urban—what a rustic civility is there in it!)—we like the frontispiece of St John’s Gate—a well-preserved piece of useless antiquity, an emblem of the work—we like the table of contents, which promises no more than it performs. There we are sure of finding the last lingering remains of a former age, with the embryo productions of the new—some nine days’ wonder, some forlorn *Hic jacet*—all that is forgotten, or soon to be so—an alligator stuffed, a mermaid, an Egyptian mummy—South-sea inventions, or the last improvement on the spinning-jenny—an epitaph in Pancras Church-yard, the head of Memnon, Lord Byron’s Farewell, a Charade by a Young Lady, and Dr Johnson’s dispute with Osborn the bookseller! Oh! happy mixture of indolence and study, of order and disorder! Who, with the Gentleman’s Magazine held carelessly in his hand, has not passed minutes, hours, days, in *lackadaisical* triumph over ennui! Who has not taken it up on parlour window-seats?

Who has not ran it slightly through in reading-rooms? If it has its faults, they are those of an agreeable old age; and we could almost wish some ill to those who can say any harm of it.

The MONTHLY MAGAZINE was originally an improvement on the Gentleman's, and the model on which succeeding ones have been formed. It was a literary Miscellany, variously and ably supported—a sort of repository for the leading topics of conversation of the day; but it has of late degenerated into a register of patents, and an account of the proprietor's philosophy of the universe, in answer to Sir Isaac Newton! Other publications have succeeded to it, and prevailed. Which of these is the best, the LONDON, or the NEW MONTHLY? We are not the Œdipus to solve this riddle; and indeed it might be difficult, for we believe many of the writers are the same in each. But both contain articles, we will be bold to say, in the form of Essays, Theatrical Criticism, *Jour-d'esprit*, which may be considered as the flower and cream of periodical literature. To those who judge of books in the lump, by the cubic contents, the binding, or the letters on the back, and who think that all that is conveyed between blue or yellow or orange-tawny covers, must be vain and light as the leaves that flutter round it, we would remark, that many of these fugitive, un-owned productions, have been collected, and met with no unfavourable reception, in solid octavo or compact duodecimo. Are there not the quaint and grave subtleties of Elia, the extreme paradoxes of the author of Table-talk, the Confessions of an Opium-eater, the copious tales of Traditional Literature, all from one Magazine? We believe, the agreeable lucubrations of Mr Geoffrey Crayon also first ventured to meet the public eye in an obscure publication of the same sort—

With a blush,

Modest as morning, when she coldly eyes

The youthful Phœbus!

To say truth, some such ordeal seems almost necessary as a passport to literary reputation. The public like to taste works in the sample, before they swallow them whole. If in the two leading Magazines just alluded to, we do not meet with any great fund of anecdote, with much dramatic display of character, with the same number of successful experiments in the world of letters as at an earlier period of our history, yet the reader may perhaps think the want of these in a great measure compensated by a better sustained tone of general reflection, of mild sentiment, and liberal taste; which we hold, in spite of some strong exceptions, to be the true characteristics of the age. The fault of the London Magazine is, that it

wants a sufficient unity of direction and purpose. There is no particular bias or governing spirit,—which neutralizes the interest. The articles seem thrown into the letter-box, and to come up like blanks or prizes in the lottery—all is in a confused, unconcocted state, like the materials of a rich plum-pudding before it has been well boiled. On the contrary, there may be said to be too much tampering with the management of the New Monthly, till the taste and spirit evaporate. A thing, by being overdone, stands a chance of being insipid—the fastidious may end in languor—the agreeable may cloy by repetition. The Editor, we are afraid, *pets* it too much,—and it is accordingly more remarkable for delicacy than robustness of constitution, and, by being faultless, loses some of its effect.

Over-refinement, however, cannot be charged as the failing of most of our periodical publications. Some are full of polemical orthodoxy—some of methodistical delirium—some inculcate servility, and others preach up sedition—some creep along in a series of dull truisms and stale moralities—while others, more ‘lively, audible, and full of vent,’ subsist on the great staple of falsehood and personality, and enjoy all the advantages that result from an entire contempt for the restraints of decency, consistency, or candour. There is no pretence, indeed, or concealment of the principles on which such works are conducted: and the reader feels almost as if he were admitted to look in on a club of thorough-going hack authors, in their moments of freedom and exaltation. There is plenty of *slang-wit* going, and some shrewd remark. The pipes and tobacco are laid on the table, with a set-out of oysters and whisky, and bludgeons and sword-sticks in the corner! A profane parody is recited, or a libel on an absent member—and songs are sung in mockery of their former friends and employers. From foul words they get to blows and broken heads; till, drunk with ribaldry, and stunned with noise, they proceed to throw open the windows and abuse the passengers in the street, for their want of religion, morals, and decorum! This is a modern and an enormous abuse, and requires to be corrected.

The illiberality of the Periodical Press is ‘the sin that most easily besets it.’ We have already accounted for this from the rank and importance it has assumed, which have made it a necessary engine in the hands of party. The abuse, however, has grown to a height that renders it desirable that it should be crushed, if it cannot be corrected; for it threatens to overlay, not only criticism and letters, but to root out all common honesty and common sense from works of the greatest excellence, upon large classes of society. All character, all decency, the

plainest matters of fact, or deductions of reason, are made the sport of a nickname, an inuendo, or a bold and direct falsehood. The continuance of this nuisance rests not with the writers, but with the public; it is they that pamper it into the monster it is; and, in order to put an end to the traffic, the best way is to let them see a little what sort of thing it is which they encourage. Both of the extreme parties in the State, the Ultra-Whigs as well as the Ultra-Royalists, have occasionally trespassed on the borders of this enormity: But it is only the worst part of the Ministerial Press that has had the temptation, the hardihood, or the cowardice to make literature the mere tool and creature of party-spirit; and, in the sacredness of the cause in which it was embarked, to disregard entirely the profligacy of the means. It was pious and loyal to substitute abuse for argument, and private scandal for general argument. He who calumniated his neighbour was a friend to his country. If you could not reply to your opponent's objections, you might caricature his person; if you were foiled by his wit or learning, you might recover your advantage by stabbing his character. The cry of 'No Popery,' or 'the Constitution is in danger,' was an answer to all cavils or scruples. Who would hesitate about the weapons he used to repel an attack on all that was dear and valuable in civil institutions? He who drew off the public attention from a popular statement, by alluding to a slip in the private history of an individual, did well: he who embodied a flying rumour as an undoubted fact, for the same laudable end, did better; and he who invented a palpable falsehood, did best of all. He discovered most invention, most zeal, and most boldness; and received the highest reward for the sacrifice of his time, character, and principle. If the jest took, it was gravely supported; if it was found out, it was well intended: To belie a Whig, a Jacobin, a Republican, or a Dissenter, was doing God and the king good service; at any rate, whether true or false, detected or not, the imputation left a stain behind it, and would be ever after coupled with the name of the individual, so as to disable him, and deter others from doing farther mischief. Knowledge, writing, the press was found to be the great engine that governed public opinion; and the scheme therefore was, to make it recoil upon itself, and act in a retrograde direction to its natural one. Prejudice and power had a provocation to this extreme and desperate mode of defence, in their instinctive jealousy of any opposition to their sentiments or will. They felt that reason was against them—and therefore it was necessary that they should be against reason.—they felt, too, that they could extend impunity

to their agents and accomplices, whom they could easily screen from reprisals. Conscious that they were no match for modern philosophers and reformers in abstract reasoning, they paid off their dread of their talents and principles by a proportionable contempt for their persons, for which no epithets could be too mean or hateful. These were therefore poured out in profusion by their satellites. The nicknames, the cant phrases, too, were all in favour of existing institutions and opinions, and were easily devised in a contest where victory, not truth, was the object. The warfare was therefore turned into this channel from the first; and what passion dictated, a cunning and mercenary policy has continued. The Anti-Jacobin was one of the first that gave the alarm, that set up the war-whoop of reckless slander and vulgar abuse. Here is a specimen.

‘ Mr Coleridge having been dishonoured at Cambridge for preaching Deism, has, since that time, left his native country; commenced citizen of the world; left his poor children fatherless, and his wife destitute. *Ex hoc disce omnes*—his friend Southey and others.’

This is the way in which a man of the most exemplary habits and strict morals was included in the same sentence of reprobation with one of greater genius, though perhaps of more irregular conduct; while the imputations in both cases were impudent falsehoods—probably known to be so, or else founded on some idle report, eagerly caught up and maliciously exaggerated. What has been the effect? Why, that these very persons have, in the end, joined that very pack of hunting-tigers that strove to harass them to death, and now halloo longest and loudest in the chase of blood. Nor was the result, after all, so unnatural as it might at first appear. They saw that there was but one royal road to reputation. The new Temple of Fame was built as an outwork to the rotten boroughs, and the warders were busy on the top of it, pouring down scalding lead and horrible filth on all those who approached, and demanded entrance, without well-attested political credentials. ‘The manna’ of court favour ‘was falling;’ and our pilgrims to the land of promise, slowly, reluctantly, but perhaps wisely, got out of the way of it. Who, indeed, was likely to stand, for any length of time, ‘the pelting of this pitiless storm’—the precipitation of nicknames from such a height, the thundering down of huge volumes of dirt and rubbish, the ugly blows at character, the flickering jests on personal defects—with the complacent smiles of the great, and the angry shouts of the mob, to say nothing of the Attorney-General’s informations, filed *ex officio*, and the well-paid depositions of spies and informers?

It was a hard battle to fight. The enemy were well entrenched on the heights of place and power, and skulked behind their ramparts—those whom they assailed were exposed, and on the *pavé*. It was the forlorn hope of genius and independence struggling for fame and bread; and it is no wonder that many of the candidates *turned tail*, and fled from such fearful odds.

The beauty of it is, that there is generally no reparation or means of redress. From the nature of the imputations, it is frequently impossible distinctly to refute them, or to gain a hearing to the refutation. But if the calumniators are detected and exposed, they plead authority and the *King's privilege*! They assume a natural superiority over you, as if, being of a different party, you were of an inferior species, and justly liable to be tortured, worried, and hunted to death, like any other vermin. They have a right to say what they please of you, to invent or propagate any falsehood or misrepresentation that suits their turn. The greater falsehood, the more merit; the more barefaced the imposture, the more pious the fraud. You are a Whig, a reformer—does not that of itself imply all other crimes and misdemeanours? That being once granted, they have a clear right to heap every other outrage, every other indignity, upon you as a matter of course; and you cannot complain of that which is no more than a commutation of punishment. You are an enthusiast in the cause of liberty: does it not follow that you must be a bad poet? You are against Ministers; is it to be supposed that you can write a line of prose without repeated offences against sense and grammar? If it be once admitted that you are an opposition writer of some weight and celebrity, it follows, of course, that the government scribbler should get a *carte blanche* to fill up your character and pretensions, life, parentage, and education. Your mind and morals are, in justice, *deodands* to the Crown, and should be handed over to the court critic to be dissected without mercy, like the body of a condemned malefactor. The disproportion between the fact and the allegation only points the *moral* the more strongly against you; for the odiousness of your conduct, in differing with men in office and their sycophants, is such, that no colours can be black enough to paint it; and if you are not really guilty of all the petty vices and absurdities imputed to you, it is plain that you ought to be so, to answer to their theory, and as a *fiction* in loyalty, for the credit of church and state. You are a bad subject, they pretend: that you are a bad writer and bad man, is a self-evident consequence that will be at once admitted by all the respectable and well-disposed part of the community. You are entitled, in short,

neither to justice nor mercy: and he who *volunteers* to deprive you of a livelihood or your good name by any means, however atrocious or dastardly, is entitled to the thanks of his own country.

One of their most common expedients is, to strew their victim over and over with epithets of abuse, and to trust to the habitual association between words and things for the effect of their application. There was an instance of this, some little time ago, in a well known paper, with which we shall exemplify our doctrine. It was in reference to the assault made on Sir Hudson Lowe by young Las Casas.

‘A French lad, of the name of Las Casas, the son of one of Buonaparte’s Counts, waylaid Sir Hudson Lowe in the street on Tuesday, and struck him, because Sir Hudson did his duty properly, as an English Governor, at St Helena; and as keeper of the *miscreant* of whom he had the charge. The Chronicle put forth yesterday a letter without an address, said to be from the boy himself, signed Baron —, something. In this he confesses the assault, which, in default of other witnesses, will substantiate the fact, and consign him, *as soon as the thief-takers can catch him*, no doubt to the pleasing recreation of the tread-mill for a given time.’

We pass over the terms ‘*miscreant*,’—‘*fellow*,’ &c.; but there is a refinement, in one part of this paragraph, worth notice. It is said, as if casually, that the ‘*thief-takers* were after him.’ What! had he been accused of picking pockets, or shop-lifting, or petty larceny? No; but though the fact was known to be quite different, the feeling, it was thought, would be the same. His offence would be transferred, by the operation of this choice expression, to the class of misdemeanors which thief-takers are employed to look after; and thus young Las Casas, for resenting the unworthy treatment of his father and old master, has an indirect imputation fastened on him, by which he is confounded in the imagination with felons and housebreakers, and other persons for whom the ‘*tread-mill*’ is a suitable punishment! Such is the force of words—the power of prejudice—and the means of poisoning public opinion.

Take another illustration in a native instance. A man of classical taste and attainments appears to be editor of an Opposition Journal. He publishes (it is the fault of his stars) an elegant and pathetic poem. The first announcement of the work, in a Ministerial publication, sets out with a statement, that the author has lately been relieved from Newgate—which gives a felon-like air to the production, and makes it necessary for the fashionable reader to perform a sort of quarantine against it, as if it had the gaol-infection. It is declared by another critic, in the same pay, to be unreadable from its insipidity, and after-

wards, by the same critic, to be highly pernicious and inflammatory—a slight contradiction, but no matter! This, and fifty other inconsistencies, would all go down, provided they were equally malignant and unblushing. The writer may contradict himself as often as he pleases: if he only speaks *against* the work, his criticism is sound and orthodox. Nor is it only obnoxious writers on politics themselves, but all their friends and acquaintance, or those whom they casually notice, that come under this sweeping anathema. It is proper to make a clear stage. The friends of Cæsar must not be suspected of an amicable intercourse with patriotic and incendiary writers. A young poet comes forward: an early and favourable notice appears of some boyish verses of his in the Examiner, independently of all political opinion. That alone decides his fate; and from that moment he is set upon, pulled in pieces, and hunted into his grave by the whole venal crew in full cry after him. It was crime enough that he dared to accept praise from so disreputable a quarter. He should have thrown back his bounty in the face of the donor, and come with his manuscript in his hand, to have poetical justice dealt out to him by the unbiassed author of the Barviad and Mæviad! His tenderness and beauties would then have been exalted with *faint* praise, instead of being mangled and torn to pieces with ruthless, unfeeling rage; his faults would have been gently hinted at, and attributed to youth and inexperience; and his profession, instead of being made the subject of loud ribald jests by vile buffoons, would have been introduced to enhance the merit of his poetry. But a different fate awaited poor Keats! His fine fancy and powerful invention were too obvious to be treated with mere neglect; and as he had not been ushered into the world with the court-stamp upon him, he was to be crushed as a warning to genius how it keeps company with honesty, and as a sure means of inoculating the ingenuous spirit and talent of the country with timely and systematic servility! We sometimes think that writers are alarmed at the praises that even we bestow upon them, lest it should preclude them from the approbation of the authorized sources of fame!

This system thus pursued is intended to amount, and in fact does amount, to a prohibition to authors to write, and to the public to read any works that have not the Government mark upon them. The professed object is to gag the one, and hoodwink the others, and to persuade the world that all talent, taste, elegance, science, liberality and virtue, are confined to a few hack-writers and their employers. One would think the public would resent this gross attempt to impose on their understandings, and encroach on their liberty of pri-

vate judgment. When a gentleman is reading a new work, of which he is beginning to form a favourable opinion, is it to be borne that he should have it snatched out of his hands, and tossed into the dirt by a retainer of the *literary police*? Can he be supposed to pick it up afterwards, either to read himself, or to lend it to a friend, sullied and disfigured as it is? But the truth we fear is, that the public, besides their participation in the same prejudices, are timid, indolent, and easily influenced by a little swaggering and an air of authority. They like to amuse their leisure with reading a new work; and if they have more leisure, have no objection to fill it up with listening to an abuse of the writer. If they approve of candour and equity in the abstract, they do not disapprove of a little scandal and tittle-tattle by the by. They take in a disgusting publication, because it is 'amazing and clever'—that is, full of incredible assertions which make them stare, and of opprobrious epithets applied to high characters, which, by their smartness and incongruity, operate as a lively stimulus to their ordinary state of ennui. This happens on the Sunday morning; and the rest of the week passes in unravelling the imposture, and expressing a very edifying mixture of wonder and indignation at it. Such a paper was detected, not long ago, in the fabrication of a low falsehood against a most respectable gentleman, who was said to have proposed a dinner and rump and dozen, in triumph over the death of Lord Castle-reagh. This was said to have taken place in a public room, so that the exposure of the falsehood was immediate and complete. Not long before, it put a leading question to a popular member for the city, as if some ill-conduct of his had caused his father's death: it was shown that this gentleman's father had died before he was born! Is it to be supposed that the writer knew the facts? We should rather think not. He probably neither knew nor cared any thing about them. It was his vocation to hazard the dark insinuation, and to trust to chance and the malice of mankind for its success. The blow was well meant, though it failed. But was it not a blow to the paper itself? Alas, no; it still blunders on; and the public gape after it, half in fear half in indignation. It slanders a virtuous lady; it insults the misfortunes of a Noble House; it rakes up the infirmities of the dead; it taints (for whatever it touches it contaminates) the unborn. No matter. They or their family had sinned in being Whigs—and there are still men in England, it would appear, who think that this is the way by which differences of opinion should be revenged or prevented.

It used to be the boast of English gentlemen, that their political contentions were conducted in a spirit, not merely of per-

fect fairness, but of mutual courtesy and urbanity; and that, even among the lower orders, quarrels were governed by a law of honour and chivalry, which proscribed all base advantages, and united all the spectators against him by whom *a foul blow* was given or attempted. We trust that this spirit is not yet extinguished among us; and that it will speedily assert itself, by trampling under foot that base system of mean and malignant defamation, by which our Periodical Press has recently been polluted and disgraced. We would avoid naming works that desire nothing so much as notoriety; but it is but too well known, that the work of intimidation and deceit, of cruel personality and audacious fabrication, has been carried on, for several years, in various periodical publications, daily, weekly, monthly, and quarterly,—that it has been urged with unrelenting eagerness in the metropolis, in spite of the public discountenance of the leaders of the party which it disgraces by its pretended support; and been propagated into various parts of the country, for purposes of local annoyance. It is equally well known and understood too, that this savage system of bullying and assassination is no longer pursued from the impulse of angry passions or furious prejudices, but on a cold-blooded mercenary calculation of the profits which idle curiosity, and the vulgar appetite for slander, may enable its authors to derive from it. Where this is to stop, we do not presume to conjecture,—unless the excess leads to the remedy, and the distempered appetite of the public be surfeited, and so die. This is by no means an unlikely, and, we hope, may be a speedy consummation. In the mean time, the extent and extravagance of the abuse has already had the effect, not only of making individual attacks less painful or alarming, but even, in many cases, of pointing out to the judicious the proper objects of their gratitude and respect. For ourselves, at least, we do not hesitate to acknowledge, that, when we find an author savagely and perseveringly attacked by this gang of literary retainers, we immediately feel assured, not only that he is a good writer, but an honest man; and if a statesman is once selected as the butt of outrageous abuse in the same quarter, we consider it as a satisfactory proof that he has lately rendered some signal service to his country, or aimed a deadly blow at corruption. *

We have put ourselves out of breath with this long lecture on the great opprobrium of our periodical literature,—and dare not now go on to the ticklish chapter of *Reviews*. We do not, however, by any means renounce the design; and hope one day to be enabled to resume it, and to astonish our readers with a full and ingenuous account of our own merits and demerits, and those of our rivals.

ART. V. 1. *Annual Reports of the Trustees of the British Museum.* 1822.

2. *Synopsis of the Contents of the British Museum.* 1820.

3. *Description of the Marbles, &c. deposited in the British Museum.* 1821.

OUR object in placing these publications at the head of this article, is not to enter into any examination of their contents; but to call the attention of the public to some circumstances connected with the present state of our great NATIONAL MUSEUM, which appear to demand an early consideration.

This noble Institution may be said to have originated in the bequest of Sir Hans Sloane, who, dying in 1752,* left his immense collections of every kind to the nation, on the condition of paying 20,000*l.* in legacies to different individuals; a sum considerably less than the intrinsic value of the medals, coins, gems, and precious metals of his Museum. This bequest included a library of 50,000 volumes, among which were 3566 volumes of MSS. in different languages; an herbarium of 334 volumes; other objects of natural history, to the number of six-and-thirty or forty thousand, the descriptive catalogue of which filled thirty-eight volumes in folio, and eight in quarto;† and the house at Chiswick, in which the Museum was deposited.

The Harleian Collection of MSS., amounting to 7,600 vo-

* According to Biograph. Brit.; but his friend George Edwards says 1753.

† The following synopsis of Sloane's Collections is given by Edwards from the notes of the owner, a short time before his death.

Library, including books	Corals, sponges, &c.	1,421
of prints and illustrat-	Testacea or shells, &c.	5,843
ed works, MSS. &c. a-	Echini, echinites, &c.	659
bout - - - - 50,000 vols.	Asteriæ trochii, en-	
Medals and coins - 23,000	trochi, &c. -	241
Cameos and intaglios, a-	Crustacea - -	363
bout - - - - 700	Stellæ marinæ, &c. -	173
Seals, &c. - - - 268	Fishes and their parts	1,555
Vessels of agate, jasper, &c.	Birds and their parts,	
Antiquities - - - 1,125	nests, eggs, &c.	1,172
Precious stones, &c. - 2,256	Quadrupeds, &c.	1,886
Other minerals - - 7,686	Vipers, serpents, &c.	521

B b 2

Insects,

lumes, chiefly relating to the history of England, and including, among many other curious documents, 40,000 ancient charters and rolls, being about the same time offered for sale, Parliament voted a sum of 40,000*l.* to be raised by lottery, and vested in Trustees, for the establishment of a National Museum. Of this money, 20,000*l.* were paid to the legatees of Sir Hans Sloane; 10,000*l.* were given for the Harleian MSS., and 10,000*l.* for Montague-house, as a receptacle for the whole. Sloane's Museum was removed thither with the consent of his trustees. In 1757, George II. presented to the museum the whole of the Royal Library collected by our kings, from the time of Henry VII. to that of William III.; which included the libraries of Archbishop Cranmer, of Henry Fitzallan, Earl of Arundel, and of the celebrated scholar Isaac Causabon: And, in 1759, the British Museum was opened to the public.

The Collection embraces three grand departments—a library of printed works and MSS.—a collection of antiquities of every description—and collections in every branch of natural history.

I. The value of the library has been greatly enhanced by magnificent donations, and by immense Parliamentary purchases. Among the great benefactors to this department, we ought to mention, in the first place, his late Majesty George III., who presented to it upwards of 50,000 scarce tracts; and its value was greatly augmented by the bequests of Thomas Tyrwhit, Esq.—of Sir Richard Musgrave—of the Reverend Mr Cracherode—and, above all, by that of Major Arthur Edwards, who left to it his noble library, and 7000*l.* as a fund for the purchase of books. Parliament has, at different times, granted specific sums, for the purchase of various highly valuable collections of books; and, among others, of the Cottonian Library of 861 MS. volumes, of which, however, 54 had been much damaged by a fire in 1731, including Madox's Collections 'on the Exchequer,' in 94 volumes, besides many precious documents connected with our domestic and foreign history about the time of Elizabeth and James. Dr Birch bequeathed 337 volumes of MSS.; and the libra-

Insects, &c. - - -	5,439	Miscellaneous, things natural, &c. - - -	2,098
Vegetables, including seeds, roots, &c. -	12,506	Mathematical instruments - - -	55
Hortus siccus, or volumes of dried plants -	334	Pictures and framed drawings - - -	471
Humana, calculi, and anatomical preparations	756		

* See Memoirs of the Life of George Edwards, London, 1776.

ry was, about the same time, augmented by the acquisition of Halhed's Oriental MSS., in 93 volumes; of which, 14 are in Sanscrit, and the rest chiefly in Persian and Arabic. This department of literature received some valuable additions by Colonel Hamilton's acquisitions in Egypt, and several MSS. presented by later travellers. One of the most important additions to the MSS., was the purchase of the *Landsdowne Collection*, consisting of 1352 volumes; of which, 114 are Lord Burleigh's State Papers, 46 Sir Julius Cæsar's Collections respecting the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., and 108 the Historical Collections of Bishop Kennet. In 1818, Parliament granted 13,500*l.* for the purchase of Dr Burney's library of scarce books and MSS.; which was a noble addition to the Museum. Many years ago, Sir Joseph Banks was the donor of many curious Icelandic MSS.; and this donation was *crowned*, in 1820, by his bequest of his whole prodigious library, unrivalled in some departments of knowledge, especially in what relates to every branch of natural history. By far the greatest and most important accession it has lately received, however, is that which it owes to the truly royal munificence of the present king; viz. the library of 150,000 volumes, and a most valuable series of maps and charts, collected by his father.

These various acquisitions, minor donations, the numerous purchases by the Trustees—and the right of obtaining copies of all British publications, entered at Stationers Hall, have contributed to render the library of the British Museum a vast and noble depositary of every species of literature.

II. The original antiquities of Sloane's collection, with the exception of the coins and medals, do not appear to have been of high value; and until the present century, the additions in this department of the Museum were not numerous. The antiquities which the conquest of Egypt threw into our hands, and the purchase of Mr Townley's collection of marbles in 1805 for 20,000*l.*, may be considered as the first grand additions to this department. This was followed by the purchase of Sir William Hamilton's vases, &c. at an expense of 8,400*l.* It would be injustice here to omit the princely gift of the Barberini vase in 1810, by the late Duke of Portland, who had bought it from Sir William Hamilton for 1000*l.* The riches of the Museum were greatly augmented by the acquisition of the matchless collection of Lord Elgin, for which Parliament voted 35,000*l.* in the year 1816. Our national collection has since been farther enriched by the purchase of the Phigalian frieze, a well preserved series of very spirited high-reliefs, of the pure age of Grecian sculpture. When contemplating these last mentioned

treasures, we could not conceal our mortification at the unfortunate error by which our country was deprived of the possession of the very interesting statues of the Tympana of the Temple of Egina. These marbles seem to have been buried by an earthquake, to which they may be said to owe their fortunate preservation. They were discovered in 1811 by two of our countrymen, Messrs Cockrell and Foster, and two German travellers, who agreed to join in excavating the dilapidated temple of Jupiter Panhellenius. In the course of their excavations, they discovered ten nearly entire statues of the western, and five of the eastern pediment; besides such fragments of the remainder of the two groups, as showed completely the whole design of the first, and much of the latter of these decorations; and also the four small figures which stood on the *acroteria*. These fruits of an arduous and expensive search, were first embarked for Zante, and then, for security, sent to Malta. Their sale was afterwards advertised for a long time in all the capitals of Europe, as to take place at Zante, on a certain day. One of the gentlemen on the establishment of the British Museum was despatched to secure the prize for our country; but by some strange fatality, Mr Taylor Combe stopped at Malta instead of proceeding to Zante; and this most curious collection of marbles, highly interesting, as forming a link between the stiff style of Egyptian, and the refined period of Grecian art, remarkable for the singularity of some parts, and the excellence of most of the details, unique as an instance of an antique group of large size, discovered on the very spot it was originally designed to decorate, was knocked down at 8000*l*. (the upset price) to the agent of the King of Bavaria, the only bidder who appeared at the sale!

It is to be hoped that the Egyptian antiquities sent home by M. Salt and Belzoni, will not be permitted to leave this country, where they have acquired a fresh interest, from the curious discoveries of Dr Young, who appears to hold the key to the sacred characters of Egypt in his hands.

III. The collections of Natural History have been greatly augmented in the Mineral department, by many donations, and several extensive purchases. The specimens of Sloane's cabinet were united with those bequeathed by Mr Cracherode, and with the collection purchased in 1798 from Mr Hatchet. In 1810, the noble mineral cabinet of the honourable Mr Greville, which was first accurately examined, and valued by competent judges at 13,727*l*., was purchased by Parliament for that sum. Besides several minor acquisitions, this department was farther augmented by the purchase of the collections of

Baron Mole and of Baron Beroldingen; and by Lord Grenville's present of Peruvian minerals.

On the management and classification of the Library, the Antiquities, and Minerals, we do not mean at present to enter; because we are satisfied that these are as well conducted as the accommodation in Montague House will permit; and we have had personal experience of the urbanity and attention of the gentlemen to whose care they are committed, in rendering them of utility to the student, and an amusement to the public. We may here also express our approbation of the greater liberality in the mode of admission to the National Museum, which was adopted in the year 1811 or 1812. In this respect, Englishmen now have less occasion to blush for the contrast between the systems pursued in our own country and in France, where the freedom of admission formed one of the greatest pleasures we received on visiting the superb depositaries of science and of art in Paris. The effect of the new regulations adopted by the Trustees of the British Museum has not been lost on the public. In the year ending 25th March 1812, the number of admissions to the British Museum did not exceed 27,499; while in the year ending March 25, 1822, the persons admitted amounted to 91,151,—a result equally proving the foresight of the Trustees, and the increasing taste of the people.

It is to the state of the Zoological department of the Museum that we at present mean chiefly to direct the attention of our readers.

The Zoological additions have not kept pace with the other departments of the British Museum. After the acquisition of Sloane's cabinet, we do not recollect any considerable purchases, with the exception of a collection of birds, some years ago, for which about 500*l.* were given, and what was bought at the sale of Bullock's Museum, when about 400*l.* were laid out in Zoological specimens. The number of specimens, however, ought by this time to be immense. Very valuable presents have been given by private individuals; and Sir Joseph Banks presented the whole of his superb collection of animals, formed during his voyage round the world. From these sources, and the original cabinet of Sloane, a most extensive collection of Zoological specimens ought to have been accumulated. This part of Sloane's collection consisted of 19,275 articles connected with animal life. Of these there were 1886 quadrupeds, 1172 birds and their parts, 1555 fishes and their parts, 5439 insects, and 9221 specimens of the lower animals, including shells, serpents, &c. When to these we add all that has been presented or purchased in the course of more

than half a century, how comes it that a visitor to the Museum can see so little of all these Zoological treasures? Foreigners inquire with eagerness where this department of the British Museum is to be viewed; and, in spite of politeness, are tempted to laugh outright when they are referred to the half dozen quadrupeds that are exhibited on the staircase, and the few specimens of birds, which add little either to the interest or ornament of one of the saloons of Montague House.

The state of decay and ruin in which the Zoological collections of the Museum in general exhibit, and the very little which can be learnt in a visit to it, from the small number exposed to public view, the want of labels or references to most even of these, and the strange names attached to the most familiar animals in some of the cases, where a second *Adam* appears to have been at work, have long excited our surprise and our inquiries; and we are concerned to state, that the result of our investigation reflects no credit on those whose duty it was to have seen that due attention was paid to the preservation of this species of national property. 1st, The Testacea of Sloane, exceeding 5800 in number, augmented by innumerable donations, and the purchase of Colonel Montague's collection of British shells, ought to have formed a noble source of study to the conchologist; but the shells of the British Museum, with the exception of a portion of what Dr Leach was engaged in arranging at the time of his lamented illness, are of as little use for the purposes of general study, as if they were in China. The collection of the genus *Lepas* (cirrhipedes) to which Dr Leach paid great attention, is indeed fine, and is beautifully arranged; but very few of the other shells are labelled; and many private cabinets in London greatly surpass the national collection of Testacea. The British shells of Colonel Montague's collection, are in a separate room, and are complete and well arranged; but the student cannot have access to any part of it, without formal application to trustees and principal keepers; and several days must elapse between the request and the obtaining of the favour.* This sort of property was certainly intended for the public benefit when it was purchased with public money, and not solely for the studies of the keepers of the Museum. If any shells are buried in the vaults of Montague-House, or locked up in private rooms, they are lost to the public; and there is

* This certainly was the state of things less than a year ago; and probably it still remains unchanged.

reason to fear, that a vast number of what were originally deposited in the Museum, are no longer to be found in its repositories, owing to the little attention which has been bestowed on the preservation of objects, which; in themselves, are certainly among the least destructible specimens of natural history. It has happened to one of our friends, who was admitted into the subterranean repositories of Montague House, to observe no less than five specimens of that rare shell *Murex Carinatus*, which is so well figured in the title page of Pennant's fourth volume of British Zoology, lying on the floor, among a heap of other shells which had been thrown aside as rubbish! And yet this shell is no where visible among those that are open to the public.

We may here take the opportunity of stating, that the zoological specimens which have been arranged and named, are of comparatively little utility to the student who visits the Museum for information; for the attached names are generally such as are not to be found in any published system; and the caprice of the nomenclator seems not to have allowed almost any specimen to retain the appellation imposed by his predecessors. The rage for new nomenclature is the epidemic malady of our Continental neighbours. With all due respect for the French naturalists, we cannot admit the propriety or utility of their perpetual endeavours to substitute a nomenclature of their own, for that which has been long received by civilized nations. Naturalists of that country, and their imitators among ourselves, too often dream that they are enlarging the boundaries of science, and establishing for themselves the character of discoverers, when they have invented new names for familiar objects; when, in truth, they are only encumbering science with a needless load of words, calculated to impede the progress of the student of nature. We are far from being hostile to *all* deviations from a received nomenclature or arrangement. Where there is an evident impropriety in descriptive language, or where an arrangement is founded on erroneous principles, or may lead to false conclusions, we always wish to meet the correcting hand of the scientific reformer; but we object to all unnecessary deviations from established nomenclature; especially to all changes which have no ostensible motive, but the silly vanity of proposing new names, or the pompous egotism of dabblers in classification. The adoption of such innovation in a private collection, would be ascribed to bad taste; in a new book they would draw down the wholesome castigation of the reviewer; in a public museum they merit the reprobation of every true friend to science.

If called on to state what nomenclature or classification we should prefer in a national collection of organized nature; we have little hesitation in saying, that we should be inclined to recommend a system, which has for its basis the outline of the illustrious Swede, corrected, modified, and subdivided, according to modern discoveries; because its language is interwoven with the national science of civilized nations, for more than half a century of most important discoveries in this branch of knowledge, and is the most universally received of any which has ever been given to the world. We are, however, far from inculcating a servile adherence to the divisions of the Swedish naturalist; a lingering '*on the steps of the temple where Linnæus had left us,*' as it has been well expressed by one writer. The progress of science demands many alterations of his classification, and some in his nomenclature; but we would warn the young naturalist against indulging in a restless love of change, indiscriminately involving equally the merits and defects of a system which, for convenience, and accurate discrimination of species, has never been excelled, and is superior to all in the philosophic principles of its nomenclature. It should not be forgotten, that Linnæus never considered his system as complete; he gave it as convenient, though imperfect; and we have always considered as one of its excellences, the ease with which it admitted of modifications and subdivisions, when found advantageous, beyond that of any system with which we are acquainted.— But to return to our more immediate subject.

2d, With respect to the Corals, Sponges, and other lower animals of the British Museum, we are not prepared to elucidate the state in which they are. We know, that little in this department is visible to the public; and they may be mouldering or blackening in the crypts of Montagu-house, the tomb or charnel-house of unknown treasures.

3d, The Insects of Sloane's Collection alone amounted to upwards of 4500 specimens. Of these, not *one* remains entire; but the scattered ruins may be found, with the piled up cabinets, in a corner of one of the subterranean passages. When Dr Leach was appointed zoologist to the Museum, he presented to the nation his valuable collection of Insects; and Mr Browne transmitted all those brought home in Captain Flinders's voyage; yet, of these, which we hope have not shared the fate of the other collection, not one is exposed to public view.

4th, The collection of Animals, or parts of Animals, preserved in spirits, which have been deposited in the Museum, was most extensive; and the Fishes, Snakes, and Reptiles, in

particular, were once most numerous and curious. From these, or from the small Quadrupeds preserved in bottles, the public is not permitted to derive any gratification or instruction; and we know, that many of these preparations have been irreparably injured, from the want of attention to supplying the spirit wasted by evaporation. The principal part of these, if still in existence, are buried in the crypts of the Institution, six or seven of which are absolutely crammed with cabinets, piles of shells, and boxes with 'contents unknown,' articles which have not seen the light since they first entered Montague-house, remains of quadrupeds, and bottles * of all sizes, some still containing preserved animals, but many presenting disfigured and noisome remnants of what were once rare and interesting objects of natural history.—All this, too, notwithstanding the sums annually allowed 'for the preservation of the Zoological Collections.'

Besides the purchases which have been made from time to time in this department, innumerable donations have been made to the Museum, by individuals who felt an honest pride in the idea of contributing to the cause of Science, while they were adding to the richness of the National collection. We have reason to know the bitter disappointment which has awaited the donors of extensive collections, when, on a subsequent visit to the British Museum, they were unable to perceive, or even to learn from the keepers, where their donations had been deposited, or if they were then in existence.

5/4. The ornithological department of Sloane's Museum contained 1172 articles. This was augmented some years ago by the purchase of an extensive collection of birds, and by a prodigious number of presents, it is said, both from foreigners and natives, amongst which the magnificent collection of birds, formed by Sir Joseph Banks, during his voyages, stood pre-eminent, for the number of beautiful and unique specimens. Of these various collections, we are informed, by those who have taken much pains to investigate the subject, that there are now but 322 specimens left! and that these, from being crowded together on shelves, in old-fashioned, lofty, unsightly presses, which cannot sufficiently guard them from dust and insects, present a most slovenly spectacle; and, in a few years, for want of care, will probably 'leave not a wreck behind.'

The fate of Sir J. Banks's Collection, appears almost incredible, yet not the less true. Will it easily be believed, that this

* We are concerned to state, that the number of bottles now in the vaults seem to us *surprisingly small*, considering the multitude of such preparations once belonging to the Museum.

noble collection has disappeared from the Museum ! The packages which contained it filled, we are told, a large waggon, when conveyed from the house of the generous donor, to the British Museum. They were there safely deposited in the *mysterious vaults*, and seem, in a great measure, to have been forgotten, as they were wholly lost to the public, until a singular accident called them from their hiding-place.

When the College of Surgeons commenced furnishing their Museum, they obtained an order from the Trustees of the British Museum, for such objects of natural history as could be spared from the latter Collection. Unfortunately, Dr Shaw stumbled on those cases, and they were sent to the Museum of the College. It was afterwards deemed prudent by that Body to confine their collections to subjects of human and comparative anatomy; and a well known collector, having in his possession many skeletons, and other articles suited to the purposes of the College, agreed to exchange them for specimens more adapted to his already magnificent collection; and we are told, that the cases containing Sir J. Banks's Collection, which had remained, it seems, *unopened* at Surgeon's Hall, were, *en masse*, consigned to him, in exchange for his anatomical preparations. He found these cases, admirably secured and pitched over, to contain the greatest rarities, in the most perfect preservation; and thus a private individual became fairly possessed of the largest collection of uncommon and splendid birds which was ever at one time imported into Britain. The mistake was discovered when too late; and the Trustees of the British Museum, anxious to repair, as much as possible, the unlucky accident, authorized Dr Leach to purchase up those very articles, at the subsequent dispersion of the collection above alluded to. The concourse of distinguished foreign naturalists whom the fame of the intended sale attracted to England, made some of the birds fetch most exorbitant prices; and near 400*l.* were expended by Dr Leach, in restoring to the National Museum perhaps but a small part of what had been presented to it, by one of the most munificent patrons of natural history which this country ever produced ! We do not state this transaction as one consistent with our individual knowledge: but it has come to us in a way that leaves little doubt of the fact; and every inquiry we have made has tended to confirm our conviction.

These observations on the neglected state of the Ornithological department of the Museum, do not apply to the British birds, which make a part of the collections lately purchased from the heirs of Colonel Montague for 1000*l.* These are fitted up with taste, and even elegance, in a separate room, and

are provided with labels; but here, again, we recognise the rage for new names in its wildest form. Our old acquaintance the yellow wagtail, that has often delighted our boyish eyes, we were surprised to find metamorphosed into the *yellow bradyte*—an appellation not to be found in any published system of ornithology with which we are acquainted.

The purchases made two or three years ago by Dr Leach, for the Museum, included some extremely rare and splendid trochili, or humming birds, several of which cost three and four guineas a piece; but so little care is taken of these beautiful wonders of the feathered creation, since Dr Leach's resignation, that, on a recent visit to the British Museum, they were observed to be swarming with insects; and a few months more will probably consign them to the grave of Sloane's collections—the vaults of Montague-House. Indeed, we may remark, that except *moths*, *ptini*, and *dermestes*, busily employed amid the splendours of exotic plumage, or roaming through the fur of animals, we do not know that a single insect is visible to the public, of all that have been deposited in the British Museum. The foreign birds exhibited in the Museum now, only amount to 322—and of these not one has its name attached to it, nor is there a single specimen named in the catalogue. If any birds were collected in our late Polar expeditions, not one has yet appeared in the Museum.

6th, The destruction among the quadrupeds is not less complete. Sloane's Museum contained 1886 specimens of *mammalia*; and a vast number of articles of this description have, at different times, been presented to the National Collection. But except what may be preserved in bottles, or falling to pieces in the vaults, all Sloane's quadrupeds have been annihilated. It is well known, that such articles require considerable attention to exclude insects and dust, and that, without this care, they are very perishable. But it is as well known, that with due attention to proper *storing*, when insects first appear, and to impregnating the skins and fur with preparations, of which arsenic, corrosive sublimate and camphor, form the active ingredients, tight glazed cases will preserve such objects unimpaired for ages. The quadrupeds of the British Museum, for want of attention to these precautions, are now reduced to thirteen (exclusive of the smaller species, which may be still decaying in bottles), a few of which ornament the great staircase. Of these, six are named; and one of them recently labelled, '*Felis tigris, jun. tiger-cat, young male, from India,*' really appears to us to be nothing more than a *young bear*! Some of the existing quadrupeds were the gift of Mr Burchill, the Afri-

can traveller; and two, the musk ox and Polar bear, were brought to England by Captain Parry. We do not even find that the skulls of the specimens destroyed by insects have been preserved, though this would have been an important point for comparative anatomy. We hope that they were sent to Surgeons' Hall, with other articles less appropriate. We recollect hearing, some years ago, of a large fire being kindled in the courts of Montague House, into which the rotten or mutilated fragments of various zoological specimens were thrown, and a guard placed over this funeral pile, to prevent any sacrilegious hand from snatching a feather or a bone from destruction.

As a supplement to the devastation which has taken place in the zoological collections of the Museum, we shall offer a few remarks on the state of Sloane's collection of vegetable nature. Of the 12,506 specimens of vegetable substances, including woods, seeds, gums, resins, roots, &c. the condition is not satisfactory; for a small part of them only can be now seen, and these are in a very slovenly state. This immense herbarium filled 334 volumes, including what he himself had collected in the West Indies, and the horti sicci of some distinguished botanists. About fifty or sixty volumes only are now visible, piled up on some lofty shelves, in one of the rooms, on a level with the library; and these are black with the dust of half a century, which has not only defiled their exterior, but has penetrated into their inmost recesses; while the leaves and the plants are equally the prey of worms, undisturbed in their sacrilegious banquets. Such a collection should have been preserved in well closed cases; and how long they may thus be kept unimpaired, can be well understood by those who have witnessed the perfect preservation of the Herbarium of the celebrated Linnæus, in the hands of the distinguished botanist who has enriched his country by the acquisition of this treasure.

Such are the stories which we find in very general circulation among naturalists; and, we fear, from the sources through which they have reached our ears, that they are not exaggerated: though nothing would give us greater pleasure than to find that our information was erroneous.

The state of the Library attached to the collections of Natural History, is most wretched. Scarcely a book is there to be found, which has been published for the last fifty years; and in its present state, it may be said to be almost useless to the student. In short, the whole Zoological and Botanical department of the Museum is disgraceful to the nation, and very discreditable to the Trustees, to whose charge it has been consigned.

These Trustees are forty-one in number. Of these, twenty are

trustees from holding certain public offices of honour or emolument; * six are the representatives of the families of Sloane, Cotton, and Harley; and fifteen are chosen by the preceding twenty-six. It is quite obvious, that the election of the fifteen may be said to rest with the first class: and as it consists almost wholly of the ministry for the time being, the King's ministers are in no small degree responsible for the manner in which the Museum is conducted. It is however proper to state, that the numerous other avocations of the majority of the *ex officio* trustees, affords them but little leisure to attend to the internal management of the British Museum. Report states, that either from apathy, or consciousness of want of power to introduce salutary regulations, the family trustees take little part in the management: and that the whole *patronage* and government of the British Museum devolves on two or three of the first class of Trustees. Common fame assigns the *patronage of the appointment of officers* to the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Speaker of the House of Commons. Should this be the fact, the present Archbishop may be regarded as the Regent of the Museum: for Lord Eldon is too much involved in the arduous duties of his station, to have any time to spare to the minor concerns of the Museum; and the Speaker at this moment, the son of the Archbishop, has probably as little leisure as inclination to oppose the wishes of his father. It is therefore chiefly to the ecclesiastical head of the Anglican Church, that the public will look for the preservation of so much valuable national property; and we are not without hope, that, in appealing to him, we shall not in vain call his attention to the present lamentable state of the Zoological department of the Museum.

At no period since the opening of the Museum to the pub-

* These are—

Archbishop of Canterbury.
 Lord Chancellor.
 Bishop of London.
 Lord President of the Council.
 First Lord of the Treasury.
 Lord Privy Seal.
 First Lord of the Admiralty.
 Lord Steward.
 Lord Chamberlain.
 2 Principal Secretaries of State.
 Speaker of the House of Commons.

Chancellor of the Exchequer.
 Lord Chief Justice of the King's Bench.
 Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.
 Master of the Rolls.
 Attorney-General.
 Solicitor-General.
 President of the Royal Society.
 President of the College of Physicians.

lic, has there been sufficient attention paid to the preservation of the zoological specimens: and the almost total disappearance of the animals of Sloane's Collection, and of the immense number of donations of this sort from private individuals, is highly disgraceful to those to whose charge this department was committed. We are not prepared to state at what period the work of destruction began to make rapid strides: but we are certain that, before it came under the superintendence of Dr Leach, much irreparable mischief was done. When that gentleman came into office, in 1813, his zeal and talents prompted him to attempt all that the efforts of one man could perform in this Augean stable; and his generous donation of his own private collections, sufficiently evinced his wish to improve the National Museum. Unfortunately, the ruin of innumerable specimens was already completed; and, latterly, he was infected with the rage for new names. These circumstances rendered his labours less valuable than they would otherwise have been, to the public; and his health has compelled him to resign the situation, while the various contents of the vaults are still very imperfectly explored. It is but justice to this gentleman to state, that, while health permitted, he was assiduously employed in arranging a series of Entomological cabinets, which he left in a good state of preservation; and he had made considerable progress in the classification of the shells in the Museum. The arrangement of the British Zoological Collection is likewise due to him. It is about four years since Dr Leach was occupied in the Museum: and all that appears to have been done since his retirement from its duties, is the restoration of some of the British birds to their old appellations. With the highest respect for the acquirements of his successor, we cannot approve of his appointment to that department, in which he had certainly little previous experience, and of which, we are told, he has even professed his entire ignorance. No talents and no industry, without long previous study, and practical application, can qualify a man for the charge of the Zoological Collection in the British Museum. His duty is not (in the present state of things) to be confined to comparing the articles with a catalogue. He ought to be an experienced zoologist, capable not only of arranging, but describing the various articles, and of ascertaining how far they are still susceptible of being serviceable, where decay has already commenced; and, when new specimens are obtained, he ought to be able to ascertain whether they be nondescript, or otherwise deserving of the attention of the learned. To much practical knowledge of zoology, he should unite great zeal for the science, and intensity of application for years

to come, before our National Collection can be rendered respectable. In its present state, it is an object of disgust and lamentation to native naturalists, and of ridicule and contempt to foreigners. We have heard hints of a permanent provision for an *extra* Librarian being the cause of the removal of Mr Children, from the antiquarian to the zoological department: But we are unwilling to credit this; and it can scarcely be supposed to be owing to an indisposition on the part of Parliament to supply the *necessary* funds for so essential a part of the Museum, when we reflect on the liberal annual votes for its *general support*. We have examined the printed Parliamentary papers, connected with this subject, for the last twenty-three years (being all at present within our reach); and the following Table shows the sums granted annually 'to the Trustees of the British Museum, to enable them to fulfil their trust,' since the year 1798; and these, it will be seen, do not include sums voted to them for different specific purposes, but merely for the general support of the Institution.

TABLE of PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS to the BRITISH MUSEUM, in 23 Years.

In the year 1799 L.2,000	0	0	*	In the year 1808 L.6,790	0	10
1800 3,000	0	0		1809 7,639	17	2
1801 3,000	0	0		1810 7,132	0	6
1802 6,000	0	0		1811 7,999	19	8
1803 3,000	0	0		1812 7,405	12	11
1804 11,000	0	0	(a)	1813 7,197	19	1 (c)
1805 11,000	0	0	(b)	1814 8,231	11	4
1806 19,000	0	0	(c)	1815 7,066	4	10 (f)
1807 5,556	5	0	(d)			

* In this year Parliament also purchased Dr Hunter's collection for 15,000*l.*, and gave it to the College of Surgeons in London. Subsequent grants have been made to that Body, at different times, for building a hall, lecture-rooms, &c.

(a) In two separate grants.

(b) In two separate grants: besides which, Parliament purchased the Townley collection of marbles for the Museum, at an expense of 20,000*l.*

(c) In two separate grants.

(d) This was for the general purposes of the Museum: besides which, 4925*l.* were voted for the purchase of the Lansdowne MSS.

(e) For general purposes: besides 1000*l.* for the purchase of books.

(f) For general purposes: besides 1000*l.* for purchasing books, and 2000*l.* allowed for printing the *Alexandrian MS. of the Bible*, and 250*l.* allowed for preserving specimens of natural history.

TABLE of PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS to the BRITISH MUSEUM, in 23 Years.

In the year 1816	L.10,253	19	6(g)	In the year 1820	L.10,009	16	10
1817	8,577	16	5	1821	8,479	0	0
1818	8,663	16	8(h)				
1819	10,018	16	8		L.170,922	17	5

To which, if we add the specific grants mentioned in the Notes, amounting to 75,000*l.*, we shall have a sum of no less than 245,000*l.* advanced in that period.

Besides these Parliamentary grants, the British Museum derives a small income from permanent sources. L.30,000 were originally vested in the reduced annuities, by act of Parliament, for its benefit; and 7000*l.* were left as a legacy to the Institution, by Major Arthur Edwards, which became the foundation of what forms a separate account, under title of the Book Fund.

In the accounts given in to Parliament, we find a profit arising from the sale of the Exchequer bills issued for the grants, and some income from the sale of catalogues. The receipt of the Parliamentary grants has of late years been saddled with the expense of Treasury stamps, &c. which, however, only has amounted to between 2*l.* and. 3*l.* To complete this sketch of the pecuniary concerns of the Museum, we shall annex a copy of the account rendered to Parliament by the Trustees, during the last Session.

BRITISH MUSEUM, FOR THE YEAR ENDING 25TH MARCH, 1822.

Receipts.

Balance from the last year	-	-	-	L.1,089	14	3
Dividend on 30,000 <i>l.</i> reduced annuities	-	-	-	900	0	0
Parliamentary grant	-	-	-	8,479	0	0
Profit on Exchequer bills	-	-	-	67	13	4
Cash received for catalogues	-	-	-	337	16	10
				L.10,874	4	5

Payments.

Officers salaries	-	-	-	L.2360	0	0
Ditto for extra services	-	-	-	1210	0	0
Carry over	-	-	-	L.3570	0	0

(g) For general purposes: besides 35,000*l.* voted for the Elgin marbles, 800*l.* for removing them to the Museum, and 1700*l.* for a temporary building for their reception.

(h) For general purposes: besides which, Parliament purchased the valuable library of Dr Burney for 13,500*l.*

	Brought over	-	L.3570	0	0
Wages and board-wages of attendants and servants			1747	10	6
Rent and taxes	-	-	637	11	6
Bookbinding	-	-	453	7	6
Stationary	-	-	144	10	6
Coals	-	-	308	0	0
Candles and lamplighting	-	-	113	12	9
Incidentals for domestic use	-	-	166	8	5
Linen draper	-	-	13	9	0
Clearing goods at the Customhouse and cartage			101	18	9
Fitting up shelves and other repairs, not paid for by the Board of Works	-	-	372	18	0
Purchase of Minerals	-	-	137	8	0
Improving and preserving the zoological collection			274	19	6
Coins purchased	-	-	2	10	6
Printing and engraving drawings of catalogues			363	11	0
Purchase of MSS.	-	-	69	14	0
----- of books	-	-	216	2	0
Printing of Alexandrian MS.*	-	-	1000	11	3
Making an inventory of Sir Joseph Banks's library			63	0	0
Treasury stamps, &c., on the Parliamentary grant			2	2	6
			<hr/>		
			L.9758	5	8

In this account, we find the heads of the general expenditure; and it appears, that the liberality of Parliament in the last year, leaves a surplus in the Trustees = 1119*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*: hence, it cannot be alleged that the neglected state of the Zoological department is owing to the *stinginess* of Parliament. The Parliamentary grants for the support of the Museum have, in the last twenty-three years, amounted, as we have seen, to near 250,000*l.*; or have annually averaged, in that period, above 10,000*l.*; and we can scarcely think that the Parliament, which has hitherto been so liberal, would hesitate to provide any trifling addition which might be requisite to pay a qualified keeper of the Zoological collections, provided it were satisfactorily shown that there were no supernumeraries, and no needless expenditure in the other departments. Were the Trustees to represent the lamentable decay and ruin impending over the yet remaining

* Printing this most ancient existing MS. of the Bible, has already cost 7678*l.* 2*s.* 6*d.*; of which sum, according to the last general account, 287*l.* 16*s.* remain unpaid: the remaining 714*l.* 4*s.* (of the last grant of 1000*l.*) will be expended in printing the *Prolegomena*; and it is calculated that 436*l.* more will complete this great undertaking.

Zoological specimens, we certainly think that the greatest sticklers for retrenchment and economy in the expenditure of public money, would be induced to grant what is absolutely necessary to prevent their total destruction. Much might be done, we are persuaded, by a due economy in the other branches of the Establishment. At all events, it seems unreasonable to complain of want of Parliamentary support, while the Trustees, for several years, have had a surplus in their hands, to be carried forward from one account to that of the succeeding year.

If those objects are not reckoned worthy of preservation, there seems a strange inconsistency in expending considerable sums in purchasing them; and it would be better at once to declare, that it is not intended to collect Zoological specimens, than to hold out the lure of a public dépôt for such objects, to tempt the generosity of private contributors, and then to abandon their donations, as well as the national purchases, to certain destruction. If no more care is to be bestowed on these collections, to what purpose are 200*l.* or 300*l.* occasionally expended, 'in preserving Zoological specimens, as may be seen in many of the accounts rendered to Parliament?'

It has been offered as some apology for the state of the Zoological department, that Montague-House affords no suitable accommodation for displaying the acquisitions of the Museum. There is, at first sight, some reason in this plea for the little which is exhibited to the public: but would it not be better to appropriate some of the many rooms, now occupied as *dwellings* by the officers of the Museum, for the reception of the collections of Natural History? According to the return made to two orders of the House of Commons, dated February 16th, 1821, there are fifty-nine apartments so occupied within the walls of Montague-House by eight officers. Surely some of these might be spared for displaying the contents of the Museum,* without any great hardship on the officers. We believe, that a suitable remuneration for this deprivation would amount to a very trifling expense; and we know, that this additional accommodation would be more than sufficient to display all the objects of Natural History, now in the vaults of Montague-House, advantageously to the public, for whose amusement and instruction a National Museum is chiefly valuable.

If this plan be objected to, why not at least secure the objects of Natural History, now mouldering in the vaults, or a

* Mr Planta occupied 10 rooms—Mr Ellis, 9—Mr Combe, 9—Mr Baber, 9—Mr König, 7—Mr Maurice, 4—Mr Bean, 4—Dr Leach, 7

prey to insects? After sufficient *stoving*, to kill the vermin and their eggs, they might be put in air-tight cases, where they would remain until happier times, when the nation could afford to provide a suitable building for their classification and public exhibition. We have heard of plans for building more safe and commodious receptacles for all our national collections now in Montague-House. The present times are certainly not favourable to very extensive architectural undertakings of this sort: yet the ruinous state of the present building, the enormous sums frequently required for repairs, and the hazard from fire to which the whole is now exposed, tempt us to wish that something should speedily be done to put the invaluable property contained in the British Museum beyond the risk of a conflagration, that would be of incalculable and irreparable mischief to the cause of literature, science, and the fine arts. The daily and hourly danger of such an evil is enhanced by the dwellings of the officers being under the same roof with the collections; and we shudder to think of the consequences of a neglected fire or light in a pile of such combustible materials. The rebuilding of Montague-House on a more commodious plan, and, what the use of cast-iron renders easy, so as to be fire-proof, would be a great national object; and it might be *gradually accomplished* at no very great annual expense, so as to answer the purposes proposed. There is sufficient space in the garden for proceeding in this manner; and it would be preferable to resolve at once to make every addition part of a permanent fire-proof plan, than to expend nearly as much as this would cost, in propping up the present shattered fabric, which, after all, can never be either a safe or commodious receptacle for our now extensive national collection.

In submitting these observations to the public, our aim has been, to stimulate those who are intrusted with the management of the Museum to extend their inquiries in the alleged grievances which, we are confident, require only to be generally known to insure attention, and, we trust, redress.

That Museum, in which so many valuable collections of natural history have been deposited, ought not to be permitted to remain without competent officers to arrange and preserve the specimens; and we cannot sufficiently reprobate the mistaken economy, which would suffer property of immense value to perish, for the paltry saving of a small salary to some naturalist qualified, by his studies and habits, to discharge the duty of his situation. That several such may be found, we know, because more than one well qualified individual became a

candidate for Dr Leach's situation: but it behoves those who have the power of such appointments, to let themselves be influenced by no motives but the known talents and zeal of the candidates, for so important an office as the superintendence of the Zoological department. The highly respectable gentleman, M. König, who is *nominally* at the head of the department of natural history, in fact attends almost exclusively to the mineralogical collection, the state of which is highly to his credit; but the Zoological department requires the undivided attention of at least one able and experienced naturalist. For a long period, such a person would require to dedicate himself to no other business than the arrangement and preservation of the specimens, and the formation of a scientific catalogue of all the collections committed to his care. These duties would occupy the time of one man for years, in the now neglected state of that department of the Museum, and, to ensure complete success, would require a union of science, skill, zeal and industry, that fall not often to the lot of the same individual.

While calling the attention of the public generally to this subject, we earnestly entreat *all the Trustees* to consider the responsibility which their important trust imposes; and beg leave to remind them, that their tam~~e~~ acquiescence in any measure which they do not approve, will not acquit them of blame 'in the Court of Honour,' though it may satisfy their indolence that they have not participated in the transaction. We call on them as Gentlemen, as Men of Science, and as Englishmen, to rescue our National Museum from the contemptuous sneers of foreign naturalists, and their country from the opprobrium of being the only State in Europe, with the exception of Turkey, in which national encouragement is not afforded to the study of the productions of ANIMATED NATURE.

ART. VI. *Travels in Egypt und the Holy Land.* By WILLIAM RAE WILSON, Esq. 8vo.- pp. 555. Longman, London. 1823.

THIS is the work of an author, pious even to enthusiasm, who appears to have performed his voyage with the view of indulging, upon the spot, those feelings which local associations are calculated to excite in the devout student of the sacred writings, in the neighbourhood of the scenes where the events recorded in them took place. As this was almost exclu-

sively his object, we can the less wonder that he has preserved comparatively few particulars of a more secular description. Some things which he has mentioned, however, deserve attention; and there is one satisfaction in perusing his narrative, that his veracity appears to be beyond all suspicion. Here and there, indeed, we may perceive traces of his being misled by the *ciceroni* of the place taking advantage of his zeal about holy things. He probably lends too ready an ear to the groundless traditions every where current in the East, which fix each spot commemorated in Scripture, even where the objects have ceased to exist; but we have seldom met with a traveller who seemed to be so free from all design of giving a false colouring to what he saw, or what befell him. He has another merit with reference to his own subject; he is thoroughly versed in the Book to illustrate which he travelled and wrote; and if he does not write strikingly, or even correctly, he at least writes without any affectation. It is the fate of critics, when they enter into details, generally to find faults; and as our subsequent remarks will probably be of this cast, we are the more desirous to preface them by these general admissions of Mr Wilson's merits.

He very properly does not stop to describe his journey through France; nor does he dwell upon his voyage in the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Alexandria. As, however, almost every thing furnishes materials for his favourite study, it is impossible not to be struck with one or two slips into which his enthusiasm betrays him during the passage. At Candia he remarks, that cloudy and tempestuous weather prevails between the island and the coast of Greece, in so much that the passage is proverbially dangerous; upon which he observes, that 'the authenticity of Revelation, in his apprehension, derives 'the strongest confirmatory evidence' from what is recorded in the Acts of the Apostles, respecting the storm in which St Paul was wrecked in those parts—forgetting that the same evidence would be as strong confirmatory testimony of the authenticity of Falconar's Shipwreck, or any other work the scene of which may be laid in the same seas. Where no occasion presents itself for quoting Scripture, he generally makes one: Thus, a flight of swallows passes the ship; whereupon he cites Jeremiah, who says, 'The swallows observe the time of their coming;' with a passage in the Psalms, and one in Deuteronomy, prohibiting the worship of images of 'any winged fowl 'that flieth in the air;' which no doubt comprehends the swallow, but does not seem to point very distinctly at that bird. On the coast of Egypt he encounters a storm; and after it has sub-

sided, observes some fishes of enormous size sporting about the ship. This furnishes him with a triumphant argument against those sceptics who 'revile the veracity of the book of Jonah, 'by contending that there are no fish of such magnitude in the 'Mediterranean as that described to have been the *miraculous* 'preserver of the prophet.' So absurd an objection certainly hardly required any answer; for the passage relates to a miracle, and not to a natural event; and therefore the cavil in question is a complete blunder; which we take to be a much more easy reply than the one furnished by Mr Wilson from the fact: for that mode of arguing admits the false principle upon which the objection proceeds.

The author devotes a considerable space to remarks upon Alexandria and Egypt in general: but the information which he affords is not of sufficient novelty or importance to detain us long. His interview with Mahomet Ali, the Pacha, deserves notice from the curious coincidence of one of his remarks with the observations of Buonaparte upon the same subject. His Highness was pleased to ridicule the notion of Lord Amherst 'refusing to conform to the customs of the country, to accomplish those objects he had in view.' It seems, this potentate is a very skilful merchant. He discoursed of trade, but particularly of the corn-trade, as knowingly, says our author, as any one in Mark-Lane; and when seized with a fit of sentiment, somewhat rare, we should think, in the breasts of Bashaws with three tails, upon occasion of the Franks joining very warmly in rejoicings at his arrival, he observed, that much as he believed in their attachment to his person, he never till then knew its extent; and that it had given him 'more pleasure 'than gaining 25,000 piasters by a bargain in grain.' It is but justice to add, that this chief is not only a person of distinguished merit in war, having in person retaken Mecca and Medina from the Wacchabees after a warfare of eight years, and finally reduced that sect, but still more to be praised for his mild and prudent government, his lenity to the Franks, and the excellent police towards them which he has established, and which renders them as safe in his pachalick as in any part of Europe.

* In every quarter of Egypt, travellers may now proceed and prosecute their inquiries with equal safety as in the most civilized countries, to whom every protection is afforded and respect paid. To promote the happiness of the people, and the prosperity of these vast dominions, has been the grand object of Mahomed Ali; and thus Egypt, formerly a country where disorder and confusion reign-

ed, now insures personal safety. The traveller is not under any apprehension of danger, the Christian not insulted or trampled upon; and it is now more flourishing than any other in the Levant, where contentment is to be found, abuses removed, and a liberal and most enlightened administration has been established.

‘It may be further added, that Mahomed Ali has two sons, one named Ibrahim Pacha who completed the subjugation of the Wacchabees, and who is understood to have imbibed the principles of his father. The other, Ismael Pacha is now engaged in penetrating with an expedition into the interior of Africa, who, to this date, has laid the country to Senaar at his feet, and detached troops up the Nile to examine some of the great rivers, which promises to afford facility to religious missions, and unfold objects of the highest interest.’ pp. 50, 51.

The journey to Rosetta affords no matter of observation. At that town, Mr Wilson appears to have been chiefly struck with the number of the dogs. He states the canine population as about seven thousand, that of the true believers being only twenty. He observes, too, upon the propensities of the race; and, as if their unclean manner of feeding required proof from Scripture, he cites both the Old and New Testament to show it. This excessive proneness to citation is indeed the principal defect in this book. So determined is our author to quote Scripture, that he does so without the least necessity—and often, where his purpose cannot be discerned. Nor does he confine himself upon those occasions to the less known and familiar passages. In page 170, he extracts the Lord’s prayer at length; and, in page 243, the whole parable of the good Samaritan. It is fair to add, that a great number of texts, little attended to, and less understood, are, in other parts of this volume, brought under our notice, and either explained and illustrated by the facts related, or by observations calculated to throw light upon those facts. Thus, in speaking of the Eastern funerals, and the custom of employing hired mourners, our author brings together various passages from both Testaments, which manifestly relate to this singular usage; for example, *Jerem. ix. 17.* ‘Thus saith the Lord of Hosts, consider ye, and call for the mourning women, that they may come; and send for the cuning women, that they may come; and let them make haste, and take up a wailing for us.’ And *Amos, v. 16.* ‘They shall call such as are of skilful lamentation to wailing;’ with four other texts relating to the same subject.

By a bargain which he made with the owner of the state barge which had brought the Pacha from Cairo, Mr Wilson was enabled to proceed in that dignified vessel up the Nile on its

return, and he thus performed the voyage with great comfort in three days. There is little that merits particular attention in his account of Cairo, except the following description of the slave market.

‘ I was induced from curiosity to visit the slave-market, which has been long established in this quarter. Although I may attempt a description of the objects which I witnessed, yet no idea can be conveyed of those painful sensations which I experienced on this particular occasion. The place set apart for this most scandalous traffic, is a large court of the principal street, in the form of a quadrangle, with a range of apartments around, elevated about twenty feet from the ground, to which there is access by a staircase at one end, and a sort of platform or gallery in front of the apartments, not unlike what we meet with in the yards of inns in London. In one place I observed a Turkish woman bargaining for the purchase of a young female, who was stripped previously, for the purpose of examination, turned round, her joints felt, and tongue inspected, and who was, after a deal of negotiation, refused to be purchased. In others I saw wretched creatures, of all ages, up to fifty years, in a state of nudity, and absolutely huddled together in hovels like cattle. At the door of a miserable den sat the cold-hearted guardian, or keeper of this receptacle of woe, a tyrannical looking fellow, seated on the ground cross-legged, smoking, who was watching for the arrival of purchasers, and, having presumed I had come to the market with this view, demanded, in a growling tone, if I wanted a boy or a girl. At this time a poor helpless child was turned out; when I could not suppress a tear at the incident, and the unfeeling conduct of this barbarian; and I hurried away from a scene in which it would be difficult to determine whether human nature itself appears in its most guilty or most abject form.

‘ This dépôt continues always well stocked with slaves of both sexes, who arrive in prodigious numbers in boats from Nubia, in Upper Egypt. Upon any person being observed to enter it, which is always concluded to be for the purpose of buying these despised creatures, they are turned out from their dens quickly, as such person passes along, when they are ranked, and exhibited by their inhuman keeper; and such appears to be their own anxiety to be purchased, so as to be liberated from their captivity, that there seemed to be a marked rivalry and emulation among them, by looks and motions, which of them should attract most attention. Some of them were completely black, with an excellent set of teeth, were finely formed, and had a mere rag thrown round part of the body.’ pp. 90-92.

To this account he most justly adds an important observation, from which we may infer, that, compared with our West Indian slavery, that of the East is as nothing; for such, he

says, is the humanity with which many of the Turks treat their slaves, that the misery of the Nubian may be said to end in the slave market. 'The whip, he adds, rarely, if ever, lacerates the back of the female, as it occurs in our English colonies; and the institutes of the Turkish government being altogether of a military character, the males never feel their slavery further than as a species of military subordination.' (p. 93.)

Before proceeding on his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, our author changed his habit, and assumed the Oriental garb. In describing this transformation, he does not omit to quote several texts; and we must say, with very little felicity. Thus, he mentions having bound a handkerchief round his head for a turban; whereupon he quotes Job, 'Bind it as a crown to me.' He lets his beard grow, and for this purpose stays some days at Cairo. Therefore he cites Samuel, 'Tarry at Jericho until your beards be grown!'

A voyage of three days brought him to Jaffa (the Joppa of the holy writers), where he was lodged with tolerable comfort in the convent of St Peter, consisting of a superior and six brethren. Two of them had, he says, accompanied the late Queen as far as Ramah, upon her celebrated pilgrimage to Jerusalem; and it was in this convent that Buonaparte fixed his residence while at Jaffa. From thence Mr Wilson proceeded by land to Jerusalem, in his Oriental habit. At Ramah, the ancient Arimathea, he was again lodged in the convent, where he had well nigh fallen a sacrifice to carelessness in using burning charcoal for heating the apartments. The country here, and between Ramah and the Holy City, affords constant occasion for citing the scriptural accounts of Sampson, and David, and Goliath. Our author's emotions are represented as having been stronger than any description can do justice to; and when he arrives within sight of the great object of his travail, we may easily imagine his enthusiasm to be wound up to a very high pitch. Indeed, no one could behold those scenes unmoved. 'At this never-to-be-forgotten moment,' says he, 'I was thrown into a transport of holy awe and joy, which elevated my heart; when I leaped from my mule, threw off my shoes, and, falling down in all humility, saluted the ground, exclaiming, "*Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth, and good will towards men!*"' Again—'Was I to attempt to describe only in part those sensations I experienced when standing on that very ground which had been trodden by the sacred feet of our Redeemer, all that language could express would at once fall short. The warmest glow of inexpressible delight arose in

' my bosom, and of that solemn nature of which a reader can form no just conception. My heart beat, or rather burned with emotions, that it had at no former period enjoyed; a gratification, indeed, more pure than can be derived from the corporeal senses. I was, in truth, extricated as it were from the mortal vestment of the body, and absorbed in the raptures of a more holy life.'

With these feelings we are far from being disposed to find any fault, unless where they interfere with calm reason, and enable designing men to impose upon the belief. Our author retains some capacity of doubt upon the most incredible of the stories told him by his guides, but he evidently leans towards believing in a way somewhat hurtful to his authority as a narrator. Thus, when shown the impression of a left foot or sandal on a stone near the Chapel of the Ascension upon the Mount of Olives, and gravely told that it was the print of our Saviour's last footstep when he ascended to Heaven, he takes a sketch of the mark, and cites two passages from the Prophets referring to his feet being upon the mountains; and though he notes 'the traffic that fraud and interest thus drive with the most sacred feelings,' yet it is pretty clear, that his own have been imposed upon; for he adds—'At the same time, though I own I entertain doubts as to the authenticity of the fact, yet candour obliges me to admit it may not after all be improbable that those who witnessed the ascension of our Lord, might, in their zeal to retain the memorial of an event so remarkable, traced an outline on the last spot of this earth which had been touched by his sacred feet. Admitting, therefore, the outline was formed to mark the place, it would appear that he stood with his left hand towards Jerusalem, a most appalling sign, and that his face was directed towards the north.' Nor does he express any doubt of the seven olive trees that grew there being the very same that existed on the spot 1800 years ago (175). He evidently, however, has a struggle with himself on all these matters; for after quoting Maundrell's remark, that almost all the scenes of the Bible are laid by the modern inhabitants in grottoes, Mr Wilson adds, that this circumstance weakened his faith in the stories of his guides.

At Jerusalem, our author was entertained at the convent, where, he says, there is some appearance of the fathers being overburdened with the visitations of pilgrims; for they have put up a notice, that none shall be allowed to remain longer than a month. He at first walked about in his European dress; but showers of stones speedily convinced him that this

was a dangerous experiment; not that a Christian can escape detection by assuming the Oriental habit, but because the Turks are satisfied with the courtesy, or the submission which this disguise implies. Among many traits of the Ottoman barbarity which the book presents, we may extract the following, which happened in Jerusalem.

‘ This man informed me that he had been called to attend one of the three wives of the governor, when I asked if he had been gratified with a view of her countenance. He replied, that all the interviews had taken place in the presence of another, when he found it quite impossible to see her face, though in that view he had adopted every expedient, such as informing the governor he could not judge of the nature of the complaint, unless she was completely unveiled, and he examined her eyes and face. This was, however, most strongly opposed, and the governor only permitted him to feel her pulse, and exercise his own ingenuity to discover the nature of the indisposition.

‘ He also added, that on occasion of being required by a Turk to visit his wife, who had been taken with the pains of child-birth, he was solicited to afford her relief, by administering medicine! He found the woman in bed; and when about to proceed with that occult examination which was indispensable, the Turk raised a poniard, and caused him to desist, under a threat of plunging it into him! On this, when he told the Turk relief could not be afforded her, and death might ensue, unless he was allowed to act as the nature of the case demanded, the barbarian replied, “ Then let her die ! ” and the dissolution of this unfortunate woman actually did take place the following day. I am led to suppose, that in such a state Oriental women in general suffer less than those in Europe, and probably require little or no assistance from medical persons, as appears, from Holy Writ, was anciently the case. No person, however, it may be observed, is held in greater estimation in the East than a medical man, or any one who has the slightest knowledge of a remedy, or mode of cure for any malady.’ pp. 199, 200.

Being determined to assist at the early morning prayers in the church of the Holy Sepulchre, our author passed the night in the Latin convent, whither he repaired at five o’clock, after Vespers, and when the doors were about to be shut for the evening. He was courteously received, and supped and conversed with the friars.

‘ I was conducted to an upper cell, where I reposed for the night in my clothes, on a frame of wood, intended as a bed. Next morning, at three o’clock, I was roused to attend the matins, and accompanied the friars in procession to the chapel, which is built over the sepulchre, in the centre of this edifice. The friars followed each other, in slow procession, holding up massy lighted wax candles, and

singing in an affecting strain; which, being accompanied by the deep and solemn sounds of the organ, contributed to elevate and fill the soul with sentiments of inexpressible awe. After participating in the worship, where I admit, that, in the feelings of that moment, all idea of religious differences was lost, I accompanied the Latins, in the same order, to their cell, where coffee was served, and remained till daylight, in order to examine the church.

‘ So many descriptions have been given of this sacred edifice by travellers, that it is almost unnecessary to mention here one syllable respecting it.

‘ The church, founded on Mount Calvary, is about one hundred paces in length, and sixty in width; and, in order to prepare the mount or hill for its reception, it was found necessary to cut away portions, and raise it in others. In this operation, care was taken that those parts of the mount where the crucifixion took place should not be touched; so that, it will be observed, this spot is considerably higher than the floor of the church, to which there is access by twenty-one steps. This sacred spot may be from twenty to thirty yards square, and gaudily ornamented; where there is an altar, with lamps always illuminating it. The tomb itself, which at one time was a cave or grotto under ground, formed by an excavation of rock, may be considered at present as above it, the rock surrounding it having been removed.

‘ The general form of the church, and to which the sepulchre gives the name, considering that remote part of the world where it is founded, and all circumstances, is spacious and magnificent; the order of Corinthian architecture prevails. It is in the form of a circle, having a heavy dome or cupola, similar to one over the Register Office in Edinburgh, the frame of which is formed of the cedar of Lebanon; and although light is received from the top, yet it is not sufficiently clear, but altogether sombre. I did not learn if there were vaults underneath. A number of places are pointed out in different parts, held peculiarly sacred, in each of which certain ceremonies are performed respecting the sufferings of our Lord. Around it are cells or apartments for the reception of various sects of Christians of all nations, and access to the whole is obtained by a single door, where a tax is rigidly levied by the Turks from every person who enters the sacred walls, which amounts annually to a very considerable sum. Over the entrance is a bas relief representing the entry of Christ into the city, and the acts of rejoicing manifested on the part of the multitude who followed him on that interesting occasion. At entering the church, the first object which attracts attention, within a few feet of the door, is a slab of white marble in the pavement, marking the spot where Joseph of Arimathea anointed the body of our Lord, preparatory to depositing it in the sepulchre; and in one particular part, also, stands the tomb of Godfrey of Bouillon,

who captured the city, with an inscription in the Latin language, which may be thus translated :

“ Here lies the renowned Godfrey of Bouillon, who established the worship of Christ all over this land.

“ May his soul rest in peace! Amen.” pp. 276–279.

‘ The number of Christians, of all denominations, and from every quarter of the globe, who daily enter this sacred spot, is most extraordinary. Sometimes I observed the pressure for admittance so great, that it was utterly impossible for others at the same time to get out of the church. During the time of surveying it, I was particularly struck with the appearance of two Turks, who were strolling about, and appeared to scoff at the devotions, although Christians would have forfeited their heads, had they presumed even to look into a Mahomedan temple. In the outer arca, in front of the sanctuary, a number of persons of both sexes were arranged, offering beads, crosses, and shells, representing the nativity and other sacred events, for sale; these were spread upon the ground, and eagerly purchased by pilgrims. At Easter the sale was particularly brisk; and large boxes of such articles annually sent off to Catholics, especially in Spain and Portugal. Some of these I purchased as curiosities; and my servant, who was a rigid Catholic, took a bountiful lot he had provided for himself and friends, and laid on the altars of Mount Calvary, and the Holy Sepulchre, where they received a formal benediction from the monks in their ecclesiastical robes.’ pp. 280, 281.

We may observe, that Mr Wilson takes the opportunity of the two Turks mentioned in this passage, to fire a text at them. He cites, in a note from Ezekiel, ‘ Thou hast defiled my sanctuary.’ Having recorded so many instances of the hospitality shown in these convents to our countrymen, who, from curiosity or religious zeal, visit the Holy City, it gives us much pleasure to add, that his present Majesty, some years ago, transmitted a liberal donation of 2000*l.* to the Franciscans, through Sir Robert Liston, the ambassador at Constantinople. (p. 329.)

We pass over the account of Mr Wilson’s visits to Bethlem and Nazareth, which affords little matter of observation. His account of Acre is chiefly remarkable for the picture which it presents of that famous ally of ours, Achmid, better known by the name of Djazzar Pacha, or the Butcher—a name well earned by the barbarities, unexampled even among Turks, of which this monster was habitually guilty. To the friends of ‘ social order and our Holy Religion,’ he was peculiarly dear, in those times when the fear or the hatred of Buonaparte had shut men’s hearts to every right feeling; and they who expended all their force in railing at every act of excess in Frenchmen, were lost in admiration of the *vigour* that distinguished those execrable wretches with whom we cooperated. Englishmen may well

blush when they read the following passage, and recollect the language in which some of our most eloquent statesmen and writers were wont to dwell on the merits of this prodigy of cruelty.

‘ I was accosted by a young man, sitting at the principal gate, asking alms, who was blind of both eyes, which the muleteer informed had been plucked out by Djazzar, to whom he had given some offence. At every other step, indeed, in going along streets, I met some person or other, old or young, who had been either deprived of an eye, ear, or nose. When the physician (a Piedmontese) of the present Pacha, who is named Suleyma, a ruler as much distinguished for humanity, as the former was execrated on account of barbarity, favoured me with a visit, he related a number of horrid circumstances, that would freeze the very blood of man: not only as to Djazzar destroying the countenances of so many inhabitants, but those butcheries committed from caprice or amusement; and whose secluded wives had been sacrificed, the number of whom could never be properly ascertained. The following fact may be sufficient to show the extent to which the vindictive refinement of cruelty on the part of that man had been carried. One of these unhappy creatures having been unfortunately discovered in a state of pregnancy, by an Albanian officer, Djazzar not only put her to death, by plunging a dagger into her breast, but actually tore the child from the womb with his own hands. This blood-hound, also, not being able, at one time, to discover the authors of some wrong he conceived had been committed in the seraglio, put to death about forty of his officers, who, being seized, and laid bound on the ground, were most inhumanly cut in pieces by janissaries with swords.

‘ Having mentioned to the physician I had a letter to the minister of the present Pacha, who acted in the same capacity to Djazzar, it led him to allude to the state of his countenance from having been included in those acts of barbarity committed. This distinguished public character having, in a single instance, incurred the displeasure of Djazzar, was called before him, and informed, that had he not been a man of talent, and found useful, his head might have been struck off; but, as Djazzar had occasion for his services, he would put nothing more than a mark upon him, viz. by depriving him of his nose. The executioner was accordingly ordered in with his instrument, and commanded to do his duty. Feeling, however, for the situation of the minister, and wishing to execute the orders sparingly, he only cut off the point of his nose; on which, Djazzar, enraged at the executioner's disobedience of a peremptory order, snatched from him a large knife employed in this savage operation, and with this cut off, *brevi manu*, the whole of the executioner's nose! On expressing to the muleteer, who accidentally happened to enter my apartment at the time this narrative was given, those sentiments of horror

which arose in my mind at the execution of such bloody deeds, and observing, that if such an act had taken place in England, it might have led to rebellion, he appeared altogether astonished: And such was his gross ignorance of our happy country of freedom, he said it was always considered the power of kings of England was equally absolute with that of their Pachas, who could treat their minister and subjects in a similar manner, whenever they found themselves disposed. This diabolical character, who reigned in Acre many years, was so much accustomed to the shedding of human blood, that he was frequently in the practice of making public boast of those unprecedented crimes, in the frightful shapes in which these had been committed!

‘ His attendants discovered him one morning lifeless in bed from apoplexy; and, on removing the clothes, there was found concealed under a pillow, lists of the names of a great number of persons, whose heads were to have been cut off next day,—happily frustrated by the stroke of death, with which he was visited from a merciful Providence; and thus some stop was put to that current of human blood which had flowed at St Jean d’Acre. This monster, in the shape of a human being, was about eighty years of age when he finished his unheard-of enormities; he has been described as distinguished for strength, well formed, of ferocious visage, with long white beard, and whose avarice was unbounded as his power was most formidable.’ pp. 375–379.

From Acre our author went to Tyre, where he was entertained by the Greek archbishop, who, having resided long in Rome, was a well informed man, and spoke Italian fluently. His Grace had no sooner said the blessing, than he asked Mr Wilson’s Greek servant to sit down with them; but this the master would by no means permit. He remonstrated with the prelate upon an attempt to destroy the distinction of ranks, informing him, ‘ that in Britain, servants were never allowed to sit down in company with archbishops and persons of distinction, or even their masters, as such an act would be held highly derogatory to their dignity.’ The poor Greek servant, he tells us, was extremely mortified at being thus deprived of what he would have considered the highest honour of his whole life; and, to say the truth, we rather wonder at our author’s taking so strict a view of the matter, and can hardly imagine either that he would have been lowered, or his attendant spoilt, by complying with the archbishop’s condescending invitation. At Damascus, he had an interview of a somewhat different nature with the Pacha. In the following account of it, the courtly reader may possibly recognise the features of other ministers rendering their devotions to other princes. At least, we will venture to say, that fully as great meanness and obse-

quiousness is practised habitually by Europeans to the Royal dispensers of patronage and wealth, as the Damascene servants exhibit towards their three-tailed and turbaned Lord.

' This minister is a Jew by birth, of great bodily strength, corpulent and the very image of king Henry the Eighth of England. I found him sitting in the attitude of a tailor cross-legged on his shop-board, in a mean apartment, surrounded by several persons. He desired me to be seated on his right hand, when I put myself in a similar position. During this time, he examined and read over more than once the firman, when a number of slaves entered, bringing coffee and pipes; and after presenting these, Mr Morandi represented the nature of the complaint against the governor, and person at the port. On this the minister rose and directed us to follow him to the pacha, who was at another end of the palace, which we did accordingly. I entered an apartment where the pacha was seated cross-legged on a superb carpet, tossing to and fro on his fingers strings of beads, and smoking a pipe; when I was desired to sit opposite to him with Morandi on my right hand, and I also again put myself in the same situation. After clapping his hands, a mode frequently adopted in the East to call forward servants, several slaves brought in pipes and coffee, which were offered us. The minister then threw himself on his knees before the pacha, sometimes lifting his hands, and applying them occasionally to his breast, at others clasping and holding them up perpendicularly, accompanied by a rocking of body to and fro, and bowing his head to the ground. At the first view of this exhibition, I conceived the minister was engaged in some act of Mahomedan devotion, preparatory to addressing his master, but afterwards learned this was an attitude of humility on the part of one person making official representations to another, superior in point of rank. It was with difficulty I could suppress smiling at this particular moment, and attempt to follow out, in some degree, that gravity and taciturnity of countenance, for which Turks are so much distinguished. I have attempted to give a sketch of the interview, and regret that my friends had not been spectators of the whole of such an extraordinary scene. The air of superiority and haughtiness assumed by the pacha was as striking as that deep humility on the part of the minister; and although I was a stranger to the Turkish tongue, yet I could sufficiently comprehend the language of countenance and signs, and judge from the tone of voice, the impression which these statements had made on the mind of the pacha. His eyes enlarged, he pulled up and drew the pipe from his mouth, looked steadily in the face of the minister when prostrate at his feet, and every action, in short, went to show the displeasure the representation had excited. This being ended, we left the pacha, and returned to the office of the minister, when he acquainted Mr Morandi I should receive, next day, the opinion of his master.

' Accordingly, on the following morning, I received a polite let-

ter from the minister,* expressing regret that he could not make a visit to me, from pressure of business, and informing that, with respect to the governor of Samaria, the pacha had sent off express to him, a Tartar, with letters respecting his conduct; and as to the person at the port, he had just been punished by receiving two hundred strokes on the soles of his naked feet, was sent to jail, and a fine imposed upon him.' pp. 458-461.

Of places visited with views merely ocular, Baalbeck or Palmyra is the one that principally engaged Mr Wilson's attention. He gives a pretty minute description of its remains: though the reader here again, as in a former passage, where he compares one of the Jerusalem temples to parts of our Edinburgh Register-House, may be apt to smile at his homely manner of bringing objects within the comprehension of his Scotch friends. He can find no more appropriate comparison for an ancient temple at Palmyra, than the clumsy and paltry 'Temple of Hygeia, erected by the late Lord Gardenstone over the Well of St. Bernard, near Edinburgh.' Yet this Eastern edifice 'is of Corinthian architecture, adorned with rich cornices, and ornamented with figures of eagles.' The enormous mass of the stones in some of the great buildings is described in a manner calculated to give the reader a striking notion of the magnificence of these remains. Three stones of the wall surrounding them, occupy a space of 190 feet in length, and are raised from 20 to 30 feet above the foundation.

From Bayreuth our author proceeded to Cyprus, after regretting that he was prevented, by want of time, from visiting the field near the former place, 'where it is understood that St George came in contact with the Dragon.' He afterwards went to Rhodes and thence to Smyrna, where an incident had occurred very recently, which we shall relate in his own words, and with his quotations, both to cast some light on the character of these ferocious barbarians with whom the zealots of legitimacy would now make common cause against the Christian descendants of the ancient Greeks—and to give a specimen of our author's rage for perpetual citation. His simplicity, too, in taking the passage in Gibbon for serious, or perhaps his slyness in converting it to his own use, deserves notice.

'A Mahomedan of Smyrna prevailed, by every artifice, upon a young Greek in his service, to abandon the Christian faith, and embrace the tenets of the lawgiver of the Arabians. After the period of his engagement expired, the Greek departed, when his conscience appearing to reproach him for the rash act, he went to the Turkish judge, threw down his turban, told him he had been deceived, and that as he was born, he would still live and die under the Christian name. Every effort was made to prevail on him to conti-

nue under Mahomedan principles, by offering high rewards, in various shapes, since no act is more affecting to the feelings of a Mussulman, than any of his brethren abandoning those rules laid down by the Koran. The Greek, however, having rejected every bribe, was put under close confinement, and afterwards brought forth to be decapitated, on a platform erected opposite to one of the principal mosques, when a butcher was employed to perform the operation with a sharp sword.

'Entertaining a hope that the Greek might still retract his resolution, especially when the instrument of death was exhibited, these offers were repeated on the scaffold, nay, pressed upon him for acceptance, which were rejected. On this, the executioner was directed to peel off with his sword part of the skin from his neck. Even this torture did not shake, but strengthened the fortitude of this Christian, who loudly exclaimed, "I was born with Jesus, and will die with Jesus!" The moment on uttering these words, his head was struck off at one blow, in presence of crowds of Greeks, who were drawn to the spot, and having considered their countryman had died a martyr to the Christian faith, they dipped their handkerchiefs in his blood, to retain as a memorial of so remarkable an event. His head was then placed under the anus, and with the body remained three days exposed to public view, when the Greeks were permitted afterwards to enter it. This, alas! happened to be the third instance in Smyrna of a Christian believer having been sacrificed within the last twenty years; and may it be devoutly wished that it shall be the last.' pp. 497-499.

As a commentary on this story, he quotes the following passage from Gibbon.

'Our curiosity is naturally prompted to inquire, by what means the *Christian* faith hath obtained so remarkable *victory* over the established religions of the East? To this inquiry an obvious and satisfactory answer may be returned, that it was owing to the convincing *evidence* of the DOCTRINE itself, and to the ruling PROVIDENCE of its great author.' p. 499.

On the remaining part of his journey to Constantinople, he dwells very slightly, and says little or nothing of his return by Gibraltar to Paris and London.

On the whole, we leave Mr Wilson's book with sentiments of respect for his diligence as a commentator on the Scriptures, and implicit confidence in his veracity as a narrator, however we may be disposed to suspect his enthusiasm of sometimes leading him astray. His book will afford matter of interesting perusal and reflection to students of the Bible; and we doubt not that it will thus accomplish the only end he had in view. Of his careless and incorrect style, we have already spoken; it is free from pretension and affectation, but it is really pretty free from grammar also. In almost every page, inaccuracies

occur, which the slightest care might have prevented, and the author may easily remove in another edition. Thus, to take examples *ad aperturam libri*; ‘the dimensions will hardly receive *credibility*,’ p. 472—‘their memory is for ever perished,’ p. 475. ‘During the rain, it appeared *favourable to smooth* these over,’ 480—‘*those* kind of pens used for purposes of writing,’ 365—‘the names of the founders cease to be *reminded*,’ 475, &c. &c. &c.

- ART. VII. 1. *Essai Géologique sur l'Ecosse*. Par A. BOUE, Docteur en Médecine, &c. &c. Paris. (No date). pp. 519. 8vo. Avec Deux Cartes et Sept Planches Lithographiées.
2. *Voyage en Ecosse et aux Iles Hebrides*. Par L. A. NECKER DE SAUSSURE. 3 vols. Geneva. 1821.

THE fate of Geology has been singularly cruel. This new science seems to be the butt at which every Tyro thinks himself entitled to fly his shaft. Emerging, with the shell on his head, from some class, of some professor, somewhere,—well stored with gneiss, and graywacke, and psammite, and conformable, and transition,—he takes a walk, hammer in hand, to Arthur's Seat, or Chamouni, or Auvergne, or the Giant's Causeway,—and the result is a book!—a geology of Scotland, or Ireland, or a dissertation on lava and granite, on strata that are not stratified, on mountain caps and arms, or on newest overlying unconformable floetz trap formations! Thus, the progress of a difficult and most interesting branch of natural history is not only impeded, by jargon and presumption, but the very name of geology is in danger of becoming a jest.

Among many high and deserving names in this science, there are two which, with us, have often been brought into collision; and, though we neither intend to compare them, nor to set them up to the exclusion of many others deserving of the highest praise, we may venture to point them out to the imitation of those who fancy, that they have nothing to do but to get a few words by rote, mistake all the appearances in nature which they are incapable either of seeing or reasoning on, and then write a book—an ‘*Essai Géologique*’—upon Scotland, or any other country. ‘Some can play on the fiddle,’ says Swift, ‘and some can make a small country a great one; and he who can do neither the one nor the other, deserves to be kicked out of creation.’ To the student who is candid enough to admit that he ought to learn before he attempts to teach, we would recommend the example of Werner; to him whose ambition leads him to a higher flight, we would say, Attempt not to imi-

tate Hutton, till, like him, you have cultivated your powers of generalization, by careful, by early, and by long discipline, and till you have acquired a knowledge of all those collateral branches of science, without which no man ever philosophized to purpose in any one.

There is no royal road to geology; nor do we think we overrate its difficulties when we say, that we know of none which, as far as the mere act of observation goes, requires more patience, more industry, more freedom from prejudice, more comparison of obscure appearances, and more acuteness in developing the truth. Neither do we know of any in which the reasoning is of a more difficult nature, partaking, in some measure, of that demonstration which rests on physical evidence, but often also dependent on that far more difficult logic which belongs to moral evidence, to comparison of probabilities, to abstruse inferences, and to deductions drawn from analogies in the other departments of physical science. '*Qui ad pauca respiciunt de facili judicant;*' and nowhere does this rule apply more nearly than in the science in question. Let us examine for a moment the subjects with which geology is conversant,—the requisites towards investigating and describing such a country as Scotland, for example, with all its rocks and minerals, '*avec deux cartes et sept planches lithographiées,*'—to say nothing of building a system out of the materials afterwards.

An intimate and accurate knowledge of Mineralogy is the first and fundamental requisite; and this is not the knowledge alone of beautiful dealers specimens, well arranged in a cabinet. Like young ladies with their harpsichords, these dilettantes in mineralogy can only read out of their own book. Deficient in the first principles of investigation, and unacquainted with any thing but the mere physiognomy of their own specimens, Nature is to them a dead letter: and they are unacquainted even with their best friends, should they chance to appear in a new dress. A Scotch specimen and a Hungarian specimen are, to such observers, totally different substances; just as the people themselves would be, if we judged of the one by his having a pair of breeches, and of the other by his wanting them.

Next to mineralogy, we will name a far more extensive branch of Natural History—that, namely, which includes the knowledge, not only of conchology, but of every animal fragment which is found in the earth, whether imbedded in rocks, or existing in the alluvial deposits of the surface. In more questions that relate to rocks, to the identification of remote strata, or to the comparison of geological positions in different parts of an obscure series, a knowledge of conchology is confessedly of great importance; although we will admit that the identity of

these fossil bodies does not offer an absolute criterion in such cases. But, independently of this, the mere existence and positions of these bodies, and a knowledge of their natures and order of succession, form a most interesting and important branch of geological science; a branch which, in the case of the remains of large animals found in the alluvia, is peculiarly valuable, and at the same time enticing, from its connexion with those changes of the surface, which are, from their recent nature, almost matters of historical record. We do not demand that every geologist should be a Cuvier or a La Marck; but we have a right to expect, that every one who fancies himself capable of instructing others in geology, and more particularly in those topographical descriptions of countries that deal in details, and are repositories of facts, should be at least capable of discriminating the species of shells which come under his notice, and should possess a competent knowledge of comparative anatomy.

To these branches of natural history, must be added a competent knowledge of the general principles of Botany. That highly important question which relates to the deposits from fresh water, and in which the history of the coal strata is so intimately concerned, may often be determined by the presence of vegetable remains, when the evidence derived from shells is not convincing, from the difficulty of discriminating between the marine and the fresh water shell fish. It is farther important to determine, not only the mere terrestrial situation of these preserved plants, but to inquire, from their analogies, under what climates it is likely that they have vegetated.

If these branches of natural history form the Rudiments of practical geology, a knowledge of Rocks is its Grammar. On this we cannot lay too much stress. It is the very basis of all investigation, and of all accurate description.* As far as we can discover, all the stable and permanent parts of the earth, inasmuch as any thing on earth is permanent or stable, are formed of rocks; and geology is, in a great measure, the history of their respective qualities, positions, connexions, relations, and analogies. Without a most accurate and extensive knowledge of the materials, it is obviously impossible to erect the edifice—to ascertain all these circumstances, and to reason justly on them. Nor is this knowledge to be acquired, either in lecture-rooms or cabinets. We say it, because we know it to be the fact, that there is not a collection of rocks, adequate for the purposes of such instruction, existing in the world. Even if there were, it is not a species of knowledge that can be acquired in this manner. The varieties of rocks, as far as their general aspect is concerned, are so numerous, that no cabinet could contain them: they must therefore be studied in nature, and

they must be studied on general principles; with an accurate knowledge of minerals in all their obscurest forms, and with an eye capable of discovering those minute differences of texture that relate to the modes in which they were produced. They must be studied in nature for other reasons; because of the occasional or frequent connexion between their mineral and geological characters; because of the exceptions to this rule, and the collision which hence takes place between the mineral characters of rocks of far different geological connexions; and because of the changes of aspect to which they are liable, from accidental circumstances of position or connexions, which we must not here attempt to detail. We dare not dwell longer on this subject,—and perhaps we need not, since it ought to be sufficiently obvious. But we have no hesitation in saying, that a large proportion of the erroneous statements in which geology abounds, will be found to arise from ignorance of this necessary knowledge, and from want of accurate and extensive practical acquaintance with rocks, not in cabinets, but in nature. It would be easy enough to furnish abundant illustrations, but we are afraid of tiring our readers.

These are some of the different subjects which are indispensable to a geologist who intends to understand his science and to instruct others: But he will still be very unfit for his task, if he has not provided himself with many other preliminary branches of knowledge. Many important points in geological observation and reasoning, are dependant on Chemical principles. These, in fact, intermix themselves with every thing that relates to the composition of rocks, to their destruction, to their texture, to their concretionary forms, and to the influence which they exert over each other. Had theoretical geologists, or system makers, been always acquainted with this science, we should have been spared the inundation of nonsense with which we have been overwhelmed, in the shape of various cosmogonies. Even omitting this wide question as of comparatively limited importance, a knowledge of chemical principles, and that application of them to obscure cases, which can only be the result of great readiness and familiarity with the practice and theory of that extraordinary science, would have rendered it impossible for writers to have grieved us with the outrageous descriptions and explanations in which geological writings abound. We could fill pages, if it were here proper, with illustrations; but they would comprise more than half the disputed points in geology, points which never could have been disputed by any but those who were ignorant of the very grounds of the argument. The globe of the earth is not purely a chemical compound, it is true; but it partakes of that charac-

ter in so high a degree, that we should think it almost equally reasonable to investigate astronomy without mathematics, as geology without chemistry.

But he who means to instruct, whether by general or topographical descriptions, requires yet more. It is the fashion for geologists to be anxious about the heights of mountains and cliffs, and about temperatures, electricity, magnetism, springs, rivers, and other matters that fall occasionally in the way of their investigations. That general knowledge of natural philosophy which is required to investigate and discuss such subjects, is not of very difficult acquisition, we will admit; but we know too, that it is far from being as general as it ought to be, and so do geological readers. For our parts, we should wish that every geological writer had the knowledge and talents of a Saussure on these subjects; as we are very sure that we should have fewer books and better ones.

It would be superfluous to lay any stress on the value of Mathematical knowledge, whether as an engine of reasoning, or as giving confidence and conferring facility in all matters of geological description or deduction, which are inevitably connected with that science, in a degree more or less intimate. But there is one practical point which is indispensable to him who undertakes the department of topographic geology, and proposes to give geological surveys and maps. There are few cases, in any country, as geographic maps have hitherto been constructed, in which a geologist will not be required to add or correct something at least from his own observations. Nor can this be done without a knowledge of plain trigonometry and the practice of surveying. In many countries, indeed, the imperfection of maps is as yet such as to render that indispensable. In mountainous districts, which are particularly interesting from the number and the variety of rocks which they display, that want is almost always felt; as, from the want of houses, roads, or other objects capable of forming a reticulum on which the rocks can be laid down, it is often necessary for the geological surveyor to add much from his own geographic investigations. In every case, be his map what it may, he must verify upon it that ground which he is examining in nature; without which, he never can make an accurate record of his observations. Practice will confer on many persons that faculty which some appear to have almost by intuition; that geographic tact which, in the art of war, is well known as constituting the military eye. A geological eye is equally necessary: and if nature has conferred greater capability in this respect on some, all may acquire it by practice, by surveying, by drawing, by experience and familiarity in fact with ground in

every position in which it may lie, and under whatever circumstances it may be displayed. We place little confidence in the geological maps of those who have not given some proofs, not only of this geographical tact, but of actual knowledge of the practice of surveying. We need perhaps scarcely add, to this, the claims which we have on the powers of a geological surveyor to construct his own maps, to lay down ground, to draw his own work, to colour his survey, and to construct his own sections. These things cannot be adequately done by another hand, because they consist in niceties which words cannot communicate. There is a better reason still why they cannot be adequately done by any one but the geologist himself. No geologist travels with a surveyor and a draughtsman: and if he is not his own artist in these points, he must trust to his manuscript notes or to his memory, or both, for these details, which at some distinct interval of time, often very distant, are to be represented by another person. Now, we defy any man to construct such works from verbal description, however minute and careful. There are few observations of this nature that must not be registered on the very spot where they are made; and were any illustration of this necessary, we would only ask what kind of a geographical map we should expect from a surveyor who, instead of the accurate details of his field-book, were to trust to verbal descriptions of a general nature.

To shorten this enumeration of the acquirements which we think indispensable to a geological author, we shall terminate with the article of Drawing. If geology is not so purely concerned with the descriptions of visible objects as some other branches of natural history, it is still very conversant in these. There are innumerable cases in which no powers or minuteness of description can convey to a reader clear ideas of the subject under review; where three or four strokes of a pencil are more descriptive than many pages of letter-press. We have no hesitation in saying, that it is impossible to describe a large proportion of geological facts without drawing; and that he who pretends to write largely and minutely on these subjects without that talent, is as unfit for what he has undertaken as an architect would be under the same circumstances. Nor can we allow the geologist to avail himself of the hands of a deputy, unless that deputy be himself a geologist. The very essence of these appearances is often of so delicate a nature as to evaporate in ordinary hands; nor can any artist, in any department of painting, represent truly that which he does not know radically. If he who attempts to draw Gothic architecture must make himself acquainted with the architectural details of every moulding, of every crocket or finial, of every line and angle in

the complicated suffits of the Saxon arch, still more is it incumbent on the geological draughtsman to know the nature of every rock which he attempts to represent, and that of all the changes or modifications which it may undergo.

There is another great advantage in geological drawing, although of a far different nature. It offers a test of the observer's accuracy. It is easy to deal in generals; but he who has given particulars, has given his readers a check on his assertions, or has at least shown them how far they may rely on his accuracy of observation and description; just as, in his map, he affords the means of verifying his topography. Nor is a loose and scrambling method of drawing sufficient for these purposes, or for our views of its utility. In the first place, it rarely represents the facts. In some instances, it is true, a few lines will answer all the necessary purposes of giving the required information; but these do not assure us that the observer is capable of representing them better, and, what is of more consequence, of observing them more accurately. This, in fact, we hold to be one of the great advantages of drawing. It is a moral engine that leads to habits of accurate observation. Every one may imagine that he possesses definite ideas of the forms and characters of a tree, or of the anatomy of the human face; but it is to the landscape painter and the statuary alone that these forms are truly known.

We might have asked for somewhat more; but we shall be content with having thus given a sketch of what appears to us most requisite, omitting all those general considerations respecting the discipline and powers of the mind, which all the sciences alike require, and none surely more than one which, like this, is new, obscure, and difficult. We do not mean to overrate the importance of geology, nor to invest its study with extraordinary difficulties; for, in fact, we consider it within the reach of good plain capacities and acquirements, added to industry and the love of truth. But at present, we think it would be far better if there were fewer writers and more readers; if there were a little more of the desire to learn, and a great deal less of the rage for instructing, and doubting, and controverting, and squabbling, in transactions, and essays, and magazines, and books.

Such, then, are the qualifications which we consider as indispensable to a geologist—and we trust that we are asking for nothing very unreasonable when we say, that those who undertake to teach should first learn. Had this rule been followed, we should have been spared not only the present book, but a whole army of books and essays on this subject—a mass of trash, which has ridden the science like a nightmare, and which

has so intermixed itself with that which is valuable, that it is scarcely possible for any one, and utterly out of the power of a student, to separate the true from the false.

We might here ask, why every 'homo trium literarum' thinks himself capable of writing on geology, when no one attempts to write on chemistry or mechanics, or even on the anatomy of a flea or a butterfly, without knowing something at least of his subject? Of the worst of such essays, we could only say, they are deficient, not wrong; but, in geology, it would seem as if there were a general privilege for all kinds of badness—bad observation, bad reasoning, fiction and folly of all kinds. It is not perhaps very difficult to assign some other causes, besides the vanity of figuring in a science which is somewhat new and very fashionable. Mere novelty is something in this case. In many of the sciences, the work is nearly, if not entirely, completed; so much at least is done, that what remains is the business of choicer spirits. It is not for the 'hoc genus' omne' to intermeddle with the labours of Newton and La Place, or to investigate the theory of light. To such rash aspirants the door of these sciences is shut, and they must seek another. It is something, too, to be in the fashion. This is the *Ology* of the day; and it is easy to make a figure in the drawing-room with grauwacke and transition, with bibinary calcareous spar and companite, and angles of seventeen minutes five seconds! 'Words, my Lord, words.' This is indeed the main part of the secret; and never have books abounded, never have they been so long, so large, so thick, and so black, as when they dealt in words. It is enough for the rawest geological student to be furnished with a crabbed vocabulary, and with certain mystical modes of expression, to enable him to write a book,—aye, and survey Scotland too; and that, as Mr Pinkerton says, 'with his hand on the table,—and his foot'—any where but where it ought to be. We indeed have so long accustomed ourselves to look with a suspicious eye on words, well knowing how often they are the substitutes for ideas, that we generally judge by their number and nature, and somewhat shrewdly, of the quality of the edifice. In geological descriptions and discussions, we have found this test especially useful; and when we see one of these writers entrenched behind such fortifications of cabalistical forms, we are sure that he does not comprehend what he cannot put into plain language. In very truth, there is nothing in them requiring to be comprehended.

We would next remark, that geology, which thus offers the strongest temptation to beginners or inexperienced persons, from the facility of writing about it and about it, presents no small inducements also to superficial observation; nay, what is

much worse, to prejudice and ignorance, and, we fear not to say it, to what is ten thousand times worse than all, plain downright 'mala fides.' And truly, if a book is to be written without materials, without knowledge, without the labour of observation, something *must* be done in the way of supposition or invention. If a theory is to be supported 'per mare per terras,' that which is not, must be—that which ought to be, is: And the rest is manufactured, since there is no end without means; and what is not found must nevertheless be produced.

All this is encouraged, as far as facts are concerned, by two causes chiefly. The first of these is the difficulty of detection. No man promulgates a false or foolish experiment in chemistry, because there are a thousand persons who can detect him in a moment, and who are always ready enough to do so. There is a salutary terror hanging over the head in this case. But, in geology, a traveller has nothing to do but to go to Siberia or Lapland, and there he may find whatever he chooses; for who can follow him? If he works nearer home, and wishes to avoid detection, it is equally easy for him to conceal the exact place of his pretended facts; a practice which we, and many of our readers, know well to exist. Even this is not all; because he may clothe his descriptions in unintelligible language; or, under the peculiar prejudices of his sect (for there are sects unfortunately in this science), misrepresent the plainest appearances.

The next encouragement consists in that technology and mysticism, on which we have already made some observations. From the use of this jargon, geological observation, instead of being a record of facts, becomes merely a statement of opinions, if that language which contains no definite ideas can be supposed to represent opinions. Hence, detection of fallacy is out of the question, because mortal weapons are vain against the unsubstantial air; and hence geologists may write about transitions which are not transitions; in plain English, about contemporaneous veins which are posterior to the rocks which they traverse; about genuine old granite, which means nothing at all; about crystallizations which disobey every law of crystallization; about half a dozen 'newer and newer' floetz-traps and outgoings; and about seventeen lead-glance formations.

So much for the methods of describing geological facts, and for the mode of constructing books of detail. We did intend to have made some observation on what is commonly called, and by courtesy, geological reasoning. But as there ought to be no courtesy in philosophy, and as our readers perhaps think already that there is very little of that grace in our remarks, we

will drop the subject. It would be an insult indeed to the very term reason, to dignify with that name the sort of ratiocination which pervades those geological writings which are the subject of our present animadversions. But let us not be misunderstood. We respect geology, as a science which is likely to be useful to man—which is difficult of attainment—which may perhaps never be thoroughly attained—and which, whether it were useful or not, offers an excellent field for the exercise of industry, of cultivated talents, and of the reasoning faculty. All that we desire is, that those who write would first read, not only in the books of man, but in the great book of Nature; that those who pretend to teach would first learn; and that those who have no respect for themselves, would at least learn to respect public opinion and philosophy. It is not wonderful that the public should despise that which appears to it nothing but a mass of contradictions and disputes, of acrimony, and controversy, and gibberish; and that the disgrace and distrust, which ought only to have involved the pretenders to geology, should have fallen, in some degree, on the science itself. *It is*, however, wonderful that any one should imagine himself capable of extracting any thing like a system of truth from such materials and such reasonings: it is still more so, that any one should, by balancing such testimonies, imagine that the whole science was a fiction and a fallacy. A very little attention to the laws of evidence might teach us, that nothing was ever proved or disproved in this manner; and that a declaration of universal disbelief will find a truer foundation in that comfortable state of Pyrrhonism, which even doubts whether it doubts or not.

But M. Boué's book has another claim on the public attention, and more particularly on that of our own countrymen. Although by the title-page it only pretends to the modest quality of an Essay, the Map which accompanies it, and the confidence in which the text is dressed, have far higher pretensions. It is a geological map of Scotland, with a geological description of the country. Now, we have a respect for every thing that belongs to our country, even for its gneiss and its graywacke; and we do not chuse that such a map as this should go forth on the Continent of Europe as a geological map of our ancient kingdom—we would have said, be circulated; but of that there is no great prospect. It is not that we think Britain the peculiar manor of British geologists; but we do think that no intruder ought to shoot on it without a license; and we do not think that the '*dignus dignus est intrare*' can be claimed by every one who chuses to attend a course of Geognostics in this University, or examine the conglomerate of Craig Phar-

tick, as M. Boué thinks fit to spell our names. Still more are we hostile to poaching; to that cool plagiarism which has appropriated the observations of others as its own, without acknowledgment; and, not even content with that, has, like the boa constrictor, daubed the prey with its abominable slime, and crushed it into such a form, that it cannot often be recognised again, even by its own parents.

First, therefore, of this Map; which is not only covered with gay tints of red, yellow, and blue, as if the country had actually been examined, but which is supported in thus hoisting its colours of defiance, by its ally the text. Now, we have not the least hesitation in saying, that the whole of it, from beginning to end, is a compound of plagiarism and conjecture. That which is true is borrowed, and that which is not borrowed is—not true. There are lands here surveyed which have never been trodden by mortal foot—assuredly never by M. Boué's; notwithstanding which, the rocks are laid down in all their details, as if they had all been examined. But this, perhaps, is as it should be: since the toil of making such a survey to any purpose, or with any, even moderate, accuracy, is so great, that it is more convenient not to do it at all. We will defy any man, in ten years of hard labour, to do what is here assumed to have been done in two or three summer walks, during the College vacation: and if, in thus laying down the wilds of Sutherland, Ross, Inverness, or Aberdeenshires, the author hoped to escape detection, he has been unfortunate. It will be apparent that he has not walked four hundred miles, in a country where twice as many thousands would scarcely produce the survey he has given; and that he never saw the more mountainous and remote tracts that are characterised in his map—even in the blue distance.

From Dr Hibbert's Essays in the Edinburgh Journal, he has taken the Map of Shetland, as far as it could be done on the miserable scale of his own map; and that accurate observer is perhaps indebted to him for not having made the acknowledgment; so miserably incorrect is the copy. The Orkney Islands are taken from Professor Jameson's description; a matter of no difficulty, as this tract consists of little more than one rock. To the same geologist he seems indebted for the sandstone of Caithness, as far as the Ord; but here his information ends, and his conjectures begin. In several places of small extent, which we need not particularize, he is indebted to casual papers in the Transactions of the Wernerian and the Geological Societies, the productions of various persons, such as Dr Fleming, Dr Macknight, Professor Jameson, Dr Macculloch, and others. Here, he has drawn from the descriptions of these

writers, as their papers were not accompanied by maps; and the consequence is, that he is always as wrong as might be expected from an attempt to construct a map from verbal description.

But his grand storehouse has obviously been Dr Macculloch's Map of the Western Islands, and of the Western Coast. Even here he has not been at the trouble to read the work, as the copy stops precisely where the original did, for want of room in the plate; else he might have laid down the red sandstone about Cape Wrath, instead of making it, as he has done, a district of micaceous schist, and thus pretending that he had visited, what it is plain he never saw. But, not content even with copying what might have done some little credit to his map, and which, with Dr Hibbert's portion, is in fact the only accurate part of it, he has perverted the explanation given of the rocks in the original, as if for the purpose of passing that survey for his own. Truly enough we may admit, *Dum scribit, incipit essayum*.

Now for M. Boué's own share of this partnership concern, and to begin with the largest cantle. With the exception of some spots of red that are intended to represent granite and syenite, which come cranking in in different places, and of the tract of the Inverness sandstone, which is wrong, the whole of Scotland, north of a line drawn between the Mull of Cantyre and Stonehaven, is represented as *formed of mica slate*—and not only represented, but said in the text to be such. As well might he have called it marble or jasper; and we may therefore be certain of one of two things, either that he does not know mica slate when he sees it, or that he never entered that country. He may take his choice of the dilemma,—although it is probable that he deserves to be perforated by both the horns. The district of mica slate is, in fact, very limited. A very large portion of the country in question is formed of gneiss, and the remainder is granite, quartz rock, clay slate, and red sandstone; to say nothing of serpentine, limestone, and trap and coal. Nothing in the whole of this immense tract is more presuming than his detail of the granite of Aberdeenshire, an accessible country, where he could have had no excuse, as he might have walked over every part of it on good roads, slept sound every night, eaten his dinner in peace, and seen the rocks with a spying-glass, if he was too lazy to crack them with his hammer.

But we will bring him a little nearer home, where he might really have extended his walks, or, if he had pleased, contemplated the country from the top of the Waterloo or the Saxe-

Cobourg coaches. Although he has three sorts of trap,—green, black, and yellow,—founded on distinctions that far surpass our comprehension, he has reserved none of these liveries for Perth and the Sidlaw Hills, which, on the contrary, are represented as red sandstone. Now, it is impossible to go to Perth without seeing the trap Hill of Kinnoul, and not very common to do so, without passing over the trap Hill of Moncrieff—and hence we might conclude that he never was at Perth. Here, unfortunately, he had not any other person's map to copy; but if he had really read Dr Macculloch's Paper on the Hill of Kinnoul, which he not only quotes, but from which he has copied a plate, he must have avoided this gross and palpable error.

He has borrowed, partly from Dr Macculloch's map, and partly from his description, the whole line of that singular collection of rocks which separates the Highland mountain district from the red sandstone; nay, not only borrowed the map, but the description too. As usual, he makes the description his own, on Martial's plan, by changing the language, and contesting that which he never examined. He has been less fortunate, however, in the business of the map, as Dr Macculloch's terminates before reaching Loch-Lomond, beyond which, to the eastward, M. Boué is, of course, everywhere wrong. The slate of which he is speaking neither occupies the southern islands of Loch-Lomond, nor Blairgowrie, nor Fettercairn, nor Stonehaven; all of which points he has unluckily selected as boundaries. A little more Spartan dexterity would have taught him to avoid these condemnatory landmarks.

But we will bring him to the very door of his own lodging, to Edinburgh and the country near it; where surely, if any where, we might expect something like matter of fact. Not the slightest notice is taken of the trap of any part of Fife, except on the northern shore, where he has borrowed from Dr Fleming's papers. Of course, we ought to conclude, even in justice to him, that he never crossed the Queensferry, never landed at Kinghorn, never saw the Lowmond Hills; in short, never opened his eyes, since he could not well open them in any part of Fife without seeing these rocks. The very district round Edinburgh is fully as fictitious. All the trap near that city, even that of the South Queensferry, is omitted. That of the Pentland Hills is ten times as small, and that of North Berwick ten times as large, as they ought to be, and both misplaced. But we are really tired of the subject; and shall conclude these remarks on this Geological Map, as it is called, by as-

suring our readers, that the part to the southward of the Forth and Clyde is of a piece with all the rest.

But we must be permitted to say a word or two on the subject of Geological Maps in general, for the benefit of other authors in this line, and their readers; if, unfortunately for themselves, there are persons that can be induced, or may be condemned, to read such works. A geographical map is intended for the purpose of showing to postillions, innkeepers and travellers, the position and distance of the post towns, or the line of the road; for pointing out to seamen or pilots the harbours and 'coasts; to gentlemen sportsmen, muirs, and lakes, and rivers; and to philosophers and idlers of many kinds, numerous delectable matters, which we need not enumerate. For all these purposes, a map is, or is intended to be, accurate; else it is nothing, or worse than nothing, as our legs have often found, when, after walking 20 miles where we were tempted with the prospect of 15, we have still found that we had ten more, besides a 'gay bittie,' to toil over.

Now, it appears to us, that a geological map must have the same foundation of accuracy, else what is it meant for? Let us only imagine M. Boué's principle of map-making applied to the geography of Scotland instead of its geology:—Edinburgh blotted out, Johnny Groat's House transferred to Berwick, the Forth running through St Kilda, the Island of Sky placed in the Grassmarket, Caucasus upon Inchkeith, and the Great Desert of Africa occupying the old established regions of Ross and Sutherland. *Mutatis mutandis*, the things are the same in a geological as in a geographical map. The former is, in the first place, meant to be a record of rocks in the districts where they exist; and, in the next, a record of the very boundaries by which they are defined. It is a topographical work, if it is any thing; and if it is not that, it is nothing. The mere objects of geological science may be treated of without maps. Sections are to these the most necessary accompaniments. Nor can any useful purpose whatever be served by those vile daubs which we see every day, to which the term of Geological Maps is applied. They teach nothing to a geologist; they are useless for economical purposes; nay, what is worse, they mislead all parties. An idle traveller runs through a part of France or Russia in a summer, and, coming back, with a brush full of lake and a little Prussian blue, we have a geological map; forsooth, of these countries. In truth, we expect to see a geological map of the whole world before long—a selenological map too, before many lunations have passed over our heads. In serious sadness, this

is all as abominable as can well be. We have a right to expect, that a thing which calls itself a map shall be one; and, if it is not to be such, we would as lieve that it should be coloured per county, out of the mapmaker's bottles; as the colours are much more beautiful, and quite as useful. Let the geologist ~~who means to instruct, who is desirous of real reputation, treat his survey as if he was a geographer also; let him ascertain the exact geographic boundary of every rock on the surface, and determine the true nature and relations of that, be it simple or complicated.~~ Let him to that map add sections—real, if they can be obtained; and deduced from a fair comparison of positions, if they cannot be actually examined. Let these sections be as numerous as the subject demands; and, if he has done his duty, his reader will be able, not only to find every thing to which he may be directed, and find it right, but will be enabled to construct a model of the country as deep as a geological eye can pierce. Till that plan be adopted, we, at least, shall be equally well pleased to see no more geological maps.*

We have dwelt so long on M. Boué's map, since it is of course the soul of the book, that we have not left much room to examine the carcass, or commentary, or by whatever name it is to be known. We cannot, indeed, much regret that; for, in truth, it is not easy to discover what the author intends, or how he could imagine that he was giving a geological description of Scotland. Our readers, indeed, might easily conjecture, that as is the map, such must be the text,—a mixture of plagiarism, and misapprehension, and hypothesis, and error, and conjecture. He talks, indeed, with great assurance, of the coincidence of his observations with those of others whom he names; but, as we have proved by his own showing, on the face of his own map, that he never saw the countries where these observations were made, it is not wonderful that there should be a coincidence, since it is of the very essence of a copy to be coincident. He should have kept clear of the map, and all might have passed well enough; but he has set it for a trap, and hath fallen into it himself.

Scotland, according to the declaratory text of this geognost, contains ten formations; namely, that of granite, of gneiss, of mica slate, of porphyritic rocks, of rocks 'chloriteuses et quartz-euses' ~~et du schist argileux,~~ of graywacke, of 'grés rouge ou houiller,' of 'calcaire et grés postérieurs,' of volcanic rocks and of alluvium. Now, in his map, we find 13 instead of 10; namely, a 'trapp d'une époque incertaine,' a 'trapp et feldspar,' and a 'gres houiller,' added to the former. To say nothing

at present of his two supernumerary traps; it is plain that, in his text, he has confounded the old red sandstone with the coal formation. How then can he be angry that we do not understand his map, when it is plain that he does not understand it himself?

Of his granite we need only say, that the description is worthy of the map; since, besides its general imperfections and errors, he confounds together the granites of Aberdeen and other districts with the trap rocks of Sky, and with the rock of Ailsa; which last, even his own patron supposes to belong to the 'newest floetz trap formation.'

Under the article Gneiss, he sets out by saying, that it is not abundant in Scotland. Now, we will venture to assert, and without fear of the consequences of a rigid examination, that more than one-third of our country consists of this rock; and that under characters so decided, that it ought to be impossible for the merest tyro to misapprehend them. But it is easy enough to account for this blunder; as all his knowledge of this rock is derived from three or four casual papers by different authors in the periodical works, and from Dr Macculloch's work. The fact is, that the greater part of the northern districts, which he has laid down as mica slate, consist of gneiss. Yet he discusses the nature of the appearances which he has quoted, with as much tranquillity as if he had actually studied them on the spot—and as justly as might be expected, from the fact of his never having seen them.

As he has discovered mica slate where it never existed, so he has found in it certain moral qualities which are new to us; but as this is the most original and important remark in his book, we must give it in his own words. 'C'est la roche dominante qui donne un caractère si uniforme à toute cette partie de ce royaume au nord du pied méridional des Grampians, et assujettit ses habitans aux habitudes et au genre de vie qui ont toujours distingué le rusé et belliqueux montagnard écossais, des habitants des plaines.' We need scarcely say, that he has of course confounded it with every rock in nature; but he has been at more particular pains to prove this, by labouring with no small energy to convert quartz rock into 'cette belle formation.' If we had thought him or any one else teachable at the moment of publication, we would have endeavoured to set him right on this head; but we have no doubt, that a little time and reflection will do what we need not attempt. This article is long in proportion to its confusion, and confused in proportion to its length; a mere 'tissue' of misapprehension, and perversion of the plainest details of those from whom it is borrowed.

On the subject of his Porphyritic Formation, it is quite fruitless to make any remarks, since it resembles the rest: we need only say, that his map represents porphyry where it has no existence.

The next division, that of the 'Roches Chloriteuses et Quartz-euses et du Schiste Argileux,' appears the most ingenious. He says, indeed, 'On me dira peut-être que ma division est superflue,'—which is exactly what a hard critic would predicate of the whole book. But this division is somewhat worse than superfluous. We cannot pretend to give an abstract of a text, in which he has confounded and perverted all sorts of facts of the most heterogeneous nature, collected from Dr Macculloch's work, without having seen any one of the places in question; and without appearing even to have been at the trouble to read a book, of which the statements are detailed in the most minute manner. We must be content with showing from his map, that under this head he has confounded the whole complicated series of the Highland border which is the uppermost of the primary strata, with the red sandstone of the North-western coast, which Dr M. supposes to be primary, the gneiss of Sky, the limestones of Loch Eribol, Lismore and Isla, the clay slate of Jura, Isla, and the Slate Isles, and the chlorite schist of different places; to say nothing of Dr Hibbert's clay slate and blue quartz rock, which occupy two extensive tracts in Shetland.

Rashness and errors like these, however, are by no means peculiar to M. Boué; and it is the system, not the present author, who is the chief object of our animadversions. We admit, that, under the present difficulties which attend the discrimination and association of rocks, there may often be reason to doubt the accuracy of even the most reputable observers. But if the observer himself cannot satisfactorily determine the nature of such obscure cases, still less can they be understood by him who has never seen them. Such writers assuredly have no right to pronounce, even on a negative, in the description of others, far less to give new names to rocks which they never saw, to confer on them new associations, and to establish theories of their own upon such imaginations. This, however, is a common trick with the geognosts; and as another specimen of M. Boué's talent in this way, we observe that he has made chlorophœite, a mineral which he never saw, to be a variety of augite. To take no notice of their other differences of form and of composition, augite is a crystalline and igneous mineral, and chlorophœite is the produce of watery infiltration into amygdaloidal cavities.

As we formerly gave our opinion of Mr^s Jameson's Mineralogy of Dumfriesshire, we need not dwell on the article 'Grauwacké' in M. Boué's book, except to remark, that it is probably faithful enough. But it is not unamusing to observe, that while M. Boué every where professes, and apparently with great sincerity, the most profound deference to his teacher and patron, he has brought together and maintained every thing that ever was produced by geologists against his system.

The 'Grés rouge,' or red sandstone, is introduced by a somewhat flaming paragraph, in which it is represented as '*la plus bizarre des formations,*' opening a '*champ vaste*' which is to change, '*en certitude,*' all sorts of geological conjectures, although it defies the most '*clairvoyant,*' hiding '*pour toujours la clef des secrets de la nature.*' This mysterious formation, the key of which is buried somewhere, but assuredly not in M. Boué's pocket, reminds us of the lock on the gate of Paradise which a certain Pope accuses Peter of having changed; forgetting, like M. Boué, that it was possible he had got the wrong key. But it is a valuable formation; since it is the sufficient reason why the east of Scotland is '*une des contrées les plus civilisées du monde;*' just as the hardihood and '*belliqueux*' dispositions of the Highlanders, arise from their dwelling on mica slate. Mr Pinkerton attributes all our knowledge of law, and metaphysics, and medicine, to our 'Pikish' origin: poor man, he did not know the virtues of the old red sandstone, which, considering that he has written two volumes of Petrology, is somewhat unpardonable.

As we neither understand the '*gres rouge*' nor the puddings which are associated with it, we gladly pass from this division, in hopes of getting at the '*calcaire et gres postérieurs;*' but instead of these, we found a division of '*roches trappéennes et feldspathiques, des poudingues et des grés rouges,*' and another '*des gres houilliers*' interposed. This seems to be a *pentimento* of the author, resulting, doubtless, from the way in which his book has been manufactured, even during its progress through the press, since these two articles are not in the original enumeration of his '*terrains.*' Firstly of the first, however, if possible.—And here we must beg leave to give the author's own declaration of his capability.

'*Tout le monde sait que L'Ecosse est regardé depuis long tems comme un terrain classique pour ce genre de roches, et comme un point qui montrait la vérité de leurs assertions théoriques, ou qui renfermait du moins le secret de la formation de ces masses problematiques: j'ai donc dû mettre tous mes soins à exposer les faits avec*

toute la charté, et toute l'impartialité que comporte cet intéressant sujet, afin qu'ils puissent asseoir leurs idées sur des bases solides.' &c. &c. &c.

These unfortunate gentlemen, including not only all the geologists of 'foreign parts,' but even the very persons from whom M. Boué has borrowed his own work, must indeed feel themselves deeply indebted to him for teaching them how to arrange their own ideas 'upon solid bases;' and though we, in our small way, have usually found it a matter of no small difficulty to arrange other people's ideas, particularly where they seemed to have scarcely any to arrange, we should have willingly displayed to our readers this attempt of M. Boué's, had we not found it beyond our limited faculties. All that we can discover respecting these 'roches trappéennes et feldspathiques' is, that they are associated with the 'gres rouge' in two modes, and that they resemble all the other trap rocks; which it required no ghost to tell us.

Next comes the second intercalated division of the 'gres houilliers des gres rouge;' by which, if he means any thing, it is to confound the coal series with the old red sandstone. Under such a confusion of ideas, it is not wonderful that he has utterly mistaken the red marl, which important bed extends from Cumberland into the south of Scotland. We shall not of course pursue his arrangements of other people's opinions through this division; but as he has for once given his own in a sufficiently short sentence, we shall content ourselves with quoting it.

'Les grés houilliers du grés rouge, ou le grand terrain houiller proprement dit, est un *accident*—ou une *déposition particulière du grés rouge*, qui a eu lieu pendant la formation de ce dernier; mais non pas précisément à la même époque, ni dans la même quantité, ni de la même façon dans toutes les contrées de la terre; de manière que ces roches charbonnenses peuvent se rencontrer dessous, dessus, ou au milieu de ces grés rouges. Telle est l'opinion généralement reçue par les plus habiles géologues, et telle est l'idée à laquelle on est conduit en examinant attentivement les terrains houillers de L'Ecosse.'

Now, we have no hesitation in saying, most flatly, that this is not the opinion of any geologist on the face of the earth—so much for arranging other persons ideas on 'solid bases.' As to any information respecting the coal strata of Scotland which the dissertation may contain, we think it better to refer our readers at once to the original source of Williams. For the same reason, we shall refer to Dr Macculloch's work for the whole of his next division, that of 'Calcaire et Gres Postérieur,' which is a bad and perverted abridgment from that

book. His division of Volcanic Rocks is, in the same manner, an abridgment of that work, with some additions from other sources, which we do not think it necessary to examine. We need only say, that he makes most of the traps of the Western islands volcanic,—and, we must add, without having examined them.

As if he had not sufficiently confused the subject of the trap rocks already, by allotting some to granite, others to red sandstone, and a third set to volcanoes, he then enters on a division of ‘*Dépôts feldspathiques ou trachytiques*,’ where we have the unfortunate Dr Macculloch’s observations all over again, cooked up with a new sauce—trap ‘*recoctum*.’ This is the last trap in the book, heaven be praised! but there is yet one in the map, called ‘*trapp d’une époque incertaine*,’ of which, fortunately, he gives no explanation. Thus much for the key by which he is to unlock all ideas,—and thus much for M. Boué’s description of the rocks of Scotland.—For we shall not follow him through his alluvial division and his bogs, because we are really tired with what we have waded through already; and though there is a ‘*Troisième partie*,’ containing his ‘*considérations générales théoriques*’—and consisting of 116 pages—fear not, gentle reader—we have done. On his Plates we shall only add, that they are very ill executed, and that one-half of them are copied, without acknowledgment that we can perceive, from Dr Macculloch’s work, and the remainder, such as they are, from several other sources.

But in terminating this criticism, we shall take the liberty of adding a few words respecting the new French nomenclature of rocks, of which he has occasionally availed himself, as if there were not difficulties enough already. Thus, we have *ampelite*, and *dolerite*, and *mimose*, and *trachyte*, and *psammite*, and other *ites*, with which we shall not offend our readers’ ears. As if the Anglo-German names were not bad enough, we must add these to the cacophonous catalogue; or rather, we must unlearn every thing for the purpose of following our French neighbours. If we compare the mere sounds of the words, we think *gneiss* and *graywacke* perfect harmony compared to the inundation of Frenchified Greek which now stands in the list beside them. But, were the German names an hundred times worse, they are received and understood all over Europe. To change them is to render useless all the books that have been written—except by Frenchmen. We say nothing about the rotten foundation on which their system of geological nomenclature is built, because we examined it in a former Number.

We have given so much room to M. Boué's, as the best work of the two, with all its faults, that we have little to say respecting Monsieur Necker de Saussure's performance. This author comes forth with what the savages call 'a strong name;' and assuredly no literary descent can be more respectable than that which mingles the blood of Necker and Saussure. We should suspect, however, that the former predominated—for there is rather more eloquence than philosophy in this production—and the sentimental remarks on our Music and Superstitions, are far better than the account of our rocks. Among other things, he talks of his 'longues et minutieuses recherches' in Geology: and his right to these qualities we shall not presume to dispute. The length of his researches extends from Edinburgh to South Uist; and in their minuteness they descend occasionally to the blowpipe. But, where long they are superficial; and, when minute, they are generally as useless as hackneyed. The fact is, that his pretensions to describe the Geology of Scotland, are founded on a walk to St Abb's Head, another from Kinghorn to the Queen's Ferry, an expedition to Bute and Arran, and a rapid tour, in which he traverses, not the islands themselves, but a line leading as shortly as possible through Staffa, to South Uist, touching at Iona, Col, Tirey, Egg, Rum, Mull, and Canna, and returning through Sky, Loch-Carron, and Inverness, to Altyre near Forres, whence he ends in Edinburgh. Thus qualified, he describes all these and other islands, and much of the Mainland too, with the greatest possible self-complacency. This Geology is scattered all through the three rambling volumes of which the work consists; being finally summed up, or renewed, in a distinct article at the end, which professes to be a compilation on the Natural History of Scotland. A few specimens of the execution must suffice.

The account of Arran, for example, seems as if it had been drawn up a century back. Of eighty weary pages on this subject, there are twenty-six given to the granite veins of Tornion, as if the subject had not been discussed already *ad nauseam*; and, in the conclusion, nothing is concluded. He might as well have spared his censures on Mr Headrick, who, although not pretending to be a geologist, has produced a book remarkable for the accuracy and minuteness of its details. It would have been for M. Necker de Saussure's interest to have abridged a work, any page of which contains more valuable matter than his whole survey. Of the geological map which accompanies this chapter, we can only say, that it would be fully as applicable to the vale of Chamouni. He says of Bute, that it

is 'not absolutely flat,' but 'fort basse : 'an odd description this for an island, half of which consists of a ridge of mountains as high as the Pentland Hills.

There is so little said of the greater number of the Western Islands which he professes to have examined, that it is fruitless to follow him ; but he describes Muck, which he does not profess to have seen, as a 'grés calcaire traversé par des filens 'basaltiques.' We are at a loss to account for this blunder ; except by supposing that, in the manufacture of his book, his notes have somehow become misplaced. 'This island has been described only in Dr Macculloch's work ; and the description is far too brief to be mistaken, as, instead of a 'gres calcaire,' the whole island, with one very trifling exception, is a mass of trap rocks. So that M. Necker de Saussure's accuracy in transcribing is equal to his accuracy in observing.

But his geological account of Sky is infinitely the most modest. He lands at Loch Bracadale, and walks to Talisker in the dark. Hence he crosses to Sconser, where he leaves it, benighted also half the way ; thus seeing about ten or twelve miles of the most uniform part of a country which the most active geologist could not examine in six weeks of daylight, and in which he could see nothing but one variety of trap, because there is nothing else to be seen. Instead even of geologizing for these ten miles, he is amusing himself with ghosts, with demonology, not geology, and breaks out into the following specimen of Chateaubriandism. He is figuring to himself 'ces poëtes inspirés' (Ossian, Carril and Ryno) parcourants ces vallées obscures 'et profondes, laissant égarer leur imaginations mélancholiques à l'aspect des scenes imposantes de cette nature sauvage, 'et croyant voir dans les brouillards, dans les nues légères qui voltigent autour de ces hautes montagnes les ombres de leurs pères et de leurs heros errer encore après leur mort, près des lieux qu'ils avoient long-temps habité.' With these qualifications for writing an account of the Geology of Sky, he throws aside, with contempt, Professor Jameson's sketch, accurate as far as it goes, and Dr Macculloch's minute survey of this most complicated spot, and says, Avaunt ! 'Voici la maniere dont 'je la considere ;' and then he conjectures most dogmatically, and is delightfully confident and wrong.

He is very cruel to his friend Professor Jameson, whom he lauds, nevertheless, in the usual set phrases, for his doctrine of 'contemporaneous formations ;' while he maintains, at the same time, that conglomerates are original crystallizations. It would be very kind to Professor Jameson if somebody would explain

what he really does mean : but M. N. S. is one of those philosophers who abominate all theory—but their own ; and he makes neither that nor Mr Jameson's intelligible. He is, if possible, however, still more ungrateful to poor M. Boué ; especially, considering that he has borrowed from him the whole of his general article on the Geology of Scotland. After a little modest praise of himself, he says, of this work, ‘ Ce livre ne donne ‘ que des idées peu justes de l'ensemble ;’ and then proceeds very coolly to copy him. Our readers may guess, after the account we have given of that work, what the present is likely to be ; a double-distillation of errors, alike of observation and of reasoning. Nevertheless, the whole *terra firma* is dismissed in 60 pages. We must not, however, suppose that this learned Professor omitted to read the works which he has quoted through poor M. Boué ; since he says, very humbly, ‘ Enfin ‘ qu'on puisse apprecier le genre de critique qu'il m'a fallu ‘ exercer sur ces diverses ouvrages,’ &c. The account of Muck will show how far this critic has examined the works on which he has exercised his talents ; and indeed it is not a little amusing to see two rivals in Scottish Geology disputing about what neither of them ever saw. While Dr Macculloch, after a minute survey, simply says, there is a great tract of red sandstone on the west coast of Scotland, M. Necker very cavalierly calls these rocks ‘ pretendus ;’ and says, they are his ‘ roches de quartz.’ No ! says M. Boué, they are ‘ mes roches chloritiques !’ It would be well if these two gentlemen would visit the rocks in question, before quarrelling about them. But enough, and more than enough, of Mons. Necker de Saussure's talents for geology. They concern us but little : let his pupils look to that.

The remainder of his Natural History will not put the Geology out of countenance. *Erica vagans*, not a misprint, since it occurs over and over again, is stated as a common plant in Scotland, where it does not exist. This must be pure ignorance. But your true science is shown by turning up a catalogue, and transcribing the Linnæan names from the Latin column. Thus, he finds that birch trees grow in Arran, and that they are dwarfish ; and then, looking into Donn's catalogue, he discovers that dwarf birch is the English of *Betula nana* ; so down goes *Betula nana* as a native of Arran,—while it is one of the rarest Scotch plants, growing only in the remote mountains of Atholl, and in one or two equally insulated spots. His copy from M. Boué of the geography of Scottish plants, must needs be equally valuable, as this latter botanist was obliged to have

recourse to a person whom we happened to know, for the names of the specimens, not only of plants, but of rocks, which he had collected in Arran. The catalogue of animals, however, is readily found in Pennant's *Arctic Zoology*; and, of the descriptive part, we may quote the following interesting specimen, because it is his own. 'Pendant l'hiver, les corneilles mantelées (hudie craws) se promènent le long de la greve sur le bord des eaux, pour chercher leur nourriture parmi les coquillages et les mollusques que la mer rejette. Les mouettes et les goelands volent et nagent à peu de distance de la terre.' He is less fortunate when he describes the eider-duck as breeding in Aberlady Bay. Not even content with indicating a fact, into the relation of which he has somehow been misled, he enters into long details, copied from Sir George Mackenzie's *Iceland*, as we imagine, respecting their tameness, &c. &c. &c. as if he had witnessed it all. We can only account for this by his having, in consulting the catalogue, mistaken one duck for another, and then transcribing the history of the wrong bird. This book-making, in very truth, is, after all, a delicate trade, and requires all a man's wits.

The rest of the book consists of every thing. We ought, however, to be very grateful to M. Necker de Saussure, which we fear we have not shown ourselves, for his 'desir de voir enfin les Ecossais reprendre dans l'opinion la place qui leur est due,' motives by which he has been 'uniquement dirigé.' An hundred pages, for this purpose, are dedicated to the novel subject of Ossian, from the reports of the Highland Society, Dr Graham, &c. &c. On our Music, there are two distinct essays, one of fourteen pages, and, long after, a second of thirty, in all of which he proves what had been proved a century ago, that the Chinese use the same scale, repeats the hackneyed and misapplied remark about Carlo Gesualdo, and concludes by saying, after much complimentary matter, that 'par sa melodie triste et sauvage, elle est en harmonie avec les après rochers, le mugissement des vents, et la monotonie des roulement des flots sur les solitaires rivages qu'elle semble depeindre.' What will his Highland friends say to this compliment? An hundred and twenty pages on Edinburgh, may possibly be as new to the Genevese as the Guide itself; and so, for aught we know, may be an hundred on the manners of the Highlanders, and forty more on their economy. But it would be quite as well if, instead of describing that which is long dead and gone, a modern traveller would tell what really is, and if, instead of confounding his politics by copying contradictions from the an-

tagonists of Lord Selkirk and the *Agricultural Magazine*, the author would try to understand a simple subject, and state the facts as they really are. His adopted-countrywoman, Mrs Marcet, might have been of use to him here. On the Gaelic language, he has not had a Père Amyot to help him out, as he has in the Chinese scale—or, to what he has borrowed from Dr Smith and Mr Stewart, he might have added what is infinitely interesting, namely, the connexion between the Celtic and Sanscrit, a fact known to all the philologists of Europe. But it is fruitless to wade through compilations made thus at hazard.

Of his knowledge of the state of Church Education in Scotland and England, here is a specimen. ‘On exige d’un ministre du culte dans la religion réformée Calviniste, des études plus fortes et plus complètes que dans toute autre communion;’ while in England, ‘les curés de campagnes sont administrés par des prêtres subalternes des vicaires qui non pas été appelés à des études approfondies.’ To conclude, this observer, who boasts that his ‘connoissance des divers dialectes en usage dans les Isle Britanniques m’ont place dans une position favorable pour observer avec profit,’ asserts, that the national antipathy of the English to the Scotch ‘is found, not only in the conversation of all classes, from the Borders to the south of England, but even among the most distinguished writers.’ From this we would be apt to conclude, that his knowledge of England was derived from having seen Cook play Sir Archy and Sir Pertinax—and his acquaintance with their authors confined to Churchill, and some numbers of the *North Briton*.

ART. VIII. *Observations relative to Infant Schools, designed to point out their Usefulness to the Children of the Poor, to their Parents, and to Society at large. Calculated to assist those who may be desirous of instituting such Schools.* By THOMAS POLE, M.D., Author of the *History of the Origin and Progress of Adult Schools*. 8vo. pp. 83. Bristol, Macdowall. 1823.

None who has reflected upon the subject of Education, can entertain any doubt that the term is most erroneously restricted, when it is applied exclusively to the instruction received at schools. Reading, writing and accounts, the allowance given to the poor, and whatever the rich add to

these acquirements, building upon them as on a foundation, form a mass of mental tuition incalculably important no doubt, but far from constituting the whole, even of intellectual education, and leaving wholly untouched, except indirectly and consequently, the important matter of moral discipline. To illustrate this position, we need only remark, that many of the most elementary and important lessons in knowledge are received independent of what we learn at school, many long before we go thither; and that there is hardly any thing taught at any school which has for its direct and immediate object the improvement of the moral education and the feelings of the heart, though undoubtedly this improvement is a natural result of whatever betters or stores the understanding.

The period of life which is the least fitted for intellectual improvement, is certainly in many respects the best adapted for moral culture. While the mind is yet untainted with vice, while its habits are unformed, while it is most susceptible of deep and lasting impressions, in a word, while in its infant state, the most valuable opportunities are hourly afforded, of binding it to what is amiable and virtuous, and of training it to all right habits. This truth has in all ages been admitted, upon the authority of constant and familiar experience; but the material step that has of late years been made, is in extending the period during which this precious susceptibility of right impressions lasts, and in applying also a larger portion of attention to the cultivation of the infant mind, beginning much earlier, and tending it more constantly.

Let any one consider the condition of a child from two to three years old, and he will find it in a state of perpetual curiosity; intensely eager in learning the nature of the world, where every thing is new to it, and exquisitely susceptible of every variety of sensation and feeling. Much may, about this period, be learnt by it, beyond what is usually deemed level to its capacity; but at any rate, between three and five, when school education usually begins, two years of habitual curiosity are generally thrown away, as far as regards the understanding, and two years of susceptibility worse than wasted, as regards the passions and feelings. To speak only of the temper—before three years old this is fully developed, nay, before eighteen months it is abundantly marked. But as yet, no habits are acquired; the vices of nature (supposing any to exist naturally) may easily be corrected, and right habits formed, which ordinary care in after years will render permanent and invincible. Suppose the child at three to be cross or passionate, how per-

versely cross, how violently passionate will it be found at five, if no pains are taken to wean it from such serious imperfections ! We all know what a spoilt child is ; and it may safely be affirmed, that all material spoiling is effected in those two important years. But there are many degrees of bad temper which are fitted to make the adult in after life miserable himself, and the cause of wretchedness to others, although the child may not have been spoilt, that is wholly neglected or indulged, or what is even worse, treated with the unsteadiness, fickleness and caprice, the mixture of over kindness and undue severity, which will in most cases be found at the root of all spoiling, and may be safely pronounced far more detrimental than absolute neglect or indiscriminate indulgence. It is greatly to be feared, that many things remain through life the same in a child's defects as they were at five years old, and resist every attempt at eradication, although reason may keep their effects within certain limits of restraint, extremely painful to the individual, and injurious to honesty and openness of character. Excess may be restrained in one direction ; but the mischief will break out elsewhere. The angry or peevish child may not always become a captious or violent man ; but a subdued tone, a smooth outside, are not worn by any one with impunity to his general character. How incalculably important, then, is it to correct, sometimes, such imperfections as leave no other alternative than the choice between violence and dissimulation ! We purposely avoid entering upon the nice question, whether the vices we are speaking of, are inherent or acquired. There is reason to believe that the greater portion are not inbred, but instilled ; and that a child removed from all example of evil, and taught no bad habits by injudicious treatment, above all by severity, the parent of fear, the grand corruptor of the infant heart, would grow up naturally generous and honest and placid. But the practical importance of this question is inconsiderable ; the decision either way can only require a slight change in the language we are using ; and all the results will be the same, whether we speak of prevention or cure—of refusing access to evil dispositions, or eradicating them where they are originally found.

Hitherto our remarks have been applicable to the infants of all ranks, the children of the rich and high born, as well as of the humble and poor. But it is manifest, that the discipline to which a child is subject, during the earliest years of what may be called its rational life, that is, from three or two and a half to five, is, beyond all comparison, more important in the latter case.

The children of the rich are kept aloof from a thousand contaminations, which of necessity surround the infant offspring of the poor. Consider the difference between a nursery in Portman Square, and the single room in St Giles's, or in Calmel's Buildings, at one corner of that Square, which contains several families of wretched parents and children, living in an atmosphere where the fumes of gin and of filth contend for the power of scenting it,—a room, too, that resounds with blasphemy and obscenity, and is the shelter for the habitual commission of every indecency, and almost every crime. The utmost regard that can be paid to the choice of nurses and servant-maids, is far too little to secure the purity of a child's morals even in the Square; still less is it sufficient to train its temper. But can any good be conceived more precious than to transplant the more unfortunate infants to a wholesome air, and surround them with decorous and pure objects, and fill their ears with the sounds of harmless amusement or early instruction? Two or three years spent in so polluted a commerce, and so tainted an air, are not passed with impunity to the principles, certainly not to the feelings and the taste, any more than with safety to the bodily health and constitution. The question then is, How can the infant poor especially, be removed from this imminent peril, which surrounds them almost necessarily, and must affect them more or less through the whole of their after life?

To relieve the parents wholly from the burthen of maintaining their offspring, would be absurd, even if it were possible; and every scheme which has for its object the gratuitous maintenance of poor children, may safely be pronounced dangerous to society, in proportion as it directly relieves the parent from his burthen. It removes the only check upon improvident marriages, and one of the principal guards of chastity. An hospital for the support of children is liable to this objection in the highest degree, and a foundling hospital more than any other. Such an establishment may safely be termed a great public nuisance, leading to unchaste life, and to child-murder, beyond any other invention of the perverted wit of man; for, unless it can receive the fruit of every illicit connexion, which is impossible, it must needs encourage many to enter into such an intercourse, without giving them the means of providing against its consequences. But an hospital, or rather school, where the children of the poor may be taught gratuitously, or for a small payment, is liable to little or nothing of these objections; because it only provides for what the parent would not have bestowed

on the child, had his circumstances made it inconvenient. In like manner, a Day school for poor infants, where they may be trained to good habits, removed for the greater part of their working hours from bad air and bad example, and taught the little matter they are at such an age susceptible of, is free from almost every object which the sternest political economist can urge against misdirected charity; the only drawback that remains, namely, the benefit derived by the parents, being amply compensated by the improvement of the child, and being in itself, perhaps, an unmixed good. This benefit is, indeed, very considerable to the parent. The mother, whose time would be occupied by the care of two or three children, so as to be necessarily kept from all gainful work, is wholly set free by having them taken off her hands during the entire day, the period of work, or, at least, only left with her during the dinner hour, if she dines at home, and, if not, provided with a meal to carry to school. This is a profit to the married pair, no doubt, and, in so far, may be supposed to contribute towards maintaining their family; but it is only profitable by affording time for labour; and therefore it is a legitimate aid to their means, and no more tends to encourage improvident marriages than any increased demand for labour, or any improvement on its productive powers. In truth, if it tends to promote marriages, it tends to make them less improvident; and, whatever stimulus it may give to population, is of a nature wholesome, and not burthensome, to the community.

So convinced are the poor of the advantages attending some such arrangement, that in many parts of the country in England, and even in the larger towns, Dame-Schools, as they are called, have been established, where an old woman receives young children, and, without teaching them much,—for neither is she able to communicate, nor are they capable of receiving much instruction,—she, nevertheless, keeps them out of harm's way. The parents willingly pay from twopence to fourpence a week for this convenience; and, it is to be feared that the education of the child forms a much smaller part of the consideration, than the accommodation to the mother, whose time is thus set free for profitable employment and domestic labours. If the children learn little of reading at those schools, they receive still less moral instruction. The dame has no idea that a child can be trained to any thing but the knowledge of its A, B, C; and, as to improving the temper, such a course of discipline would probably be laughed at by both parents and schoolmistress.

If any one had merely considered the fact which we have just adverted to, observed how extensive is the practice of send-

ing children to Dame schools, and noted the use of it both to parent and child, under all the disadvantages of a most imperfect system, he might have been led naturally to the great step in the improvement of education, which we are now occupied in describing. The only change required was to form a large Dame school; to admit children of a still younger age, in fact, as young as they can be taken from the nurse; and to place, at the head of the school, a person of good sense, accustomed to the management of infants, but, above all, of a perfectly mild temper, and of an affectionate disposition. Little, if any thing more, is wanting to complete the scheme. The room should be airy and clean; as spacious as can be easily afforded, and adjoining to a good, dry play-ground, of as large dimensions as may be obtained. The following account, given by Dr Pole, of the origin of this experiment, shows that it did not arise from observing the course of instruction at Dame schools, but from our amiable countryman Robert Owen's operations in his manufactory at New Lanark.

' Some difficulty has arisen in endeavouring to ascertain with certainty, with whom the plan of beginning the education of children at the early age of two years, or two and a half, originated. Emmanuel de Fellenberg, it appears, had long entertained this idea; and Robert Owen, of New Lanark, in Scotland, had it in mind a considerable time before he reduced it to practice. Henry Brougham says, he hardly recollects the time at which he himself did not feel persuaded, that what is commonly called education, begins too late, and is too much confined to mere learning. He is convinced, that Robert Owen was the first person who made the experiment; and to this day, Fellenberg's plan, though in principle the same, does not extend to infants of so early an age.

' It is about seven years since Robert Owen's Infant School was completely established; since Fellenberg's was formed, may be about sixteen years. The former is connected with Robert Owen's cotton manufactory, where about 2500 persons of all ages, capable of assisting, are employed, all of whom live on the spot, excepting about 300, who live in the town of Old Lanark, about two miles distant. The children at his school belong almost entirely to the spinners at the mill, though some few may come from the town; and they all live with their parents. Fellenberg's establishment for poor children is, in like manner, connected with his agricultural concerns, but still more closely; for they live entirely on the farm, and have no intercourse with their parents; who are, for the most part, persons in the worst classes of society, and have deserted their children.

' The origin of the Westminster Infant School was this: Henry Brougham had long been of the opinion, that the same principles which Robert Owen applied to his mill, and Fellenberg to his farm,

might be extended advantageously to the poor population of a crowded city. He had not an opportunity of visiting Robert Owen's school at New Lanark until the ninth month (September), 1822; respecting which, he says, his expectations were much exceeded, and in no respect disappointed. He was fully acquainted with its principles and details, from R. Owen's own statements, and from the testimony of many friends, upon whose judgment he could fully rely; amongst these were Benjamin Smith, the late Samuel Romilly, and William Allen, who had all been at New Lanark. H. Brougham had seen Fellenberg's establishment in 1816, and given an account of it in 1818, in his evidence before the Education Committee, appointed by Parliament. In the following winter, his friend, James Mill, of the India House, and himself, had much discussion with R. Owen respecting the plan, and they were immediately joined by John Smith, M. P., the Marquis of Lansdown, Zechariah Macaulay, and Thomas Babington, in the attempt to establish an Infant School in Westminster. In a few weeks, they were joined by Lord Dacre, Thomas Baring, Bart., William Leake, M. P. Jos. Wilson of Spitalfields, Henry Hase of the Bank, John Walker of Southgate, and one or two other friends. R. Owen kindly furnished them with a master, J. Buchanan, who had been superintendant of his Infant School at New Lanark; and the necessary preparations being completed, the children were received early in the year 1819, at first gratis, and after about two years trial, for weekly payments, which they have since been obliged greatly to reduce.

‘ During the last year and upwards, Benjamin Smith (son of the member for Norwich) has been constant in his care and exertions to watch over and encourage the institution; and they have been occupied in placing it on a permanent foundation. Joseph Wilson has formed one upon a similar plan, but to a greater extent, in Spitalfields; and they certainly had reason to hope, that a greater number of schools would have been established upon the same plan; but the distresses of the times have, most probably, interfered with the benevolent views of persons in superior classes; and the poor have not readily come into the plan of paying a moderate sum for the care and tuition of their children; or rather, they seem more willing to pay, where the tuition is, in every respect, less advantageous.

‘ Fourpence a week is by no means an uncommon payment at the Dame schools, both in London and in country towns, where a considerable number of children are collected in small unwholesome rooms, and taught very little, if any thing. Less than threepence is scarcely ever paid at these schools, and sometimes as much as sixpence, fourpence being the usual sum.

‘ Infant Schools, there is reason to believe, can never be established generally, and upon the right plan, until persons make them an affair of gain to themselves; which should be encouraged, when suitable masters and mistresses shall be properly trained and qualified to conduct them. To conduct a school in as perfect a manner as pos-

sible, requires no talents or acquirements beyond what ordinary persons possess, and the manner of carrying on the school may be learned in a fortnight or less. An airy place, with a piece of ground, may be easily obtained in a country town; in a crowded city this may not be so easy a matter, and there the want of complete accommodations must, to a certain degree, in many cases, be submitted to.

‘The persons who are hereafter to have the management of such schools, should be satisfied with very moderate gains; one hundred children, paying what they now do at Dame schools, or even less, say threepence a week, would receive between sixty and seventy pounds a year. A poor woman with two infants, or even with one, can scarcely gain any thing by her labour, if she has her child or children all day long to look after. If she sends her children in the morning to an Infant school, provides them with a dinner (in a bag), which they may take with them and eat at the school during the hours of dismissal, they are off her hands till she comes back in the evening from her day’s work; thus, by paying a few pence, she may gain from five to six shillings a week, and at the same time improve her children incalculably.’ pp. 6–10.

We have extracted this passage the more readily, because it contains almost every thing that is required to be known, respecting the plan in order to set it on foot; and accordingly, we have the happiness of knowing, that some benevolent persons, of a judicious philanthropy, have established Infant schools from reading this tract of Dr Pole. We now proceed to give a few more particulars, partly from excellent works of this truly benevolent man, partly from what we have ourselves observed in the London and Westminster Institutions.

It may be premised, that Mr Joseph Wilson of Spitalfields having been one of the promoters of the Westminster Infant School, soon afterwards established one at his own cost in his immediate neighbourhood. It is a free school, and accommodates two hundred children. The parish school having declined when quarter pence were required, is again become free, and about two hundred now attend it. Exclusive of the premiums, the annual charge is about a hundred pounds; but the same expense would accommodate three hundred of both sexes. The Bristol school was formed on the same model, and under a teacher from the parent institution. Three halfpence a week are paid by each child, and one hundred attend. The unwillingness of the poor to contribute even a penny a week in Westminster, when they used to give fourpence and even sixpence to the most wretched Dame schools, is truly astonishing, and presents no very favourable picture of their good sense or feeling. The superiority of the institution over the Dame schools is so plain

as to strike every eye. The children are kept in a fine airy room and play-ground; their morals, tempers, health and cleanliness, are carefully attended to; they make some progress in learning to read and account; and they are taught many things of an ordinary but most useful kind to fit them for after-life. Hither the parents refuse to send them if a farthing is to be paid; but they pay considerable sums to an ignorant, peevish old woman, who has a wretched garret into which she crowds twenty dirty little creatures, and by fear keeps them tolerably quiet, in a pestilential atmosphere, where they learn nothing, and enjoy nothing; their minds wholly neglected, their limbs cramped, their health injured, and their time passed in restraint, which, combined with inaction, is a real burthen to all children. Whence this inconsistency? It partly arises from the arts of those old women, who, of course, set themselves against the new school, both misrepresenting it and cajoling the parents; but it results chiefly from that vulgar feeling which makes the poor too often greedy at once and ungrateful; expecting, as a kind of right, what their richer neighbours give in charity, and almost thinking, that whoever volunteers his services in their behalf, has a personal interest in their good, and should pay for his fancy. They see that rich men are at the bottom of the establishment, and they are resolved, that those who must pay the greater part of the charge at all events, should be made to pay the whole. It follows, that if a person, unconnected with any charity, were to make a trade of keeping Infant Schools, and to demand threepence or fourpence a week to enable him to maintain them, the poor would soon prefer him to the Dames. We fear that, at least in London, where such prejudices as we have been describing prevail chiefly, no mixed plan of payment and charity is likely to answer. But two hundred children, at threepence a week, would yield one hundred and thirty pounds a year; which, considering the very ordinary kind of qualifications required in the couple who are to carry on the plan, would be quite sufficient to defray the whole expense of the school, and leave salary more than adequate to the claims of the teachers. At first, however, the aid of the rich is indispensably necessary for the propagation of the system, by establishing Model Schools; and it may be supposed, that these can only recommend it, and facilitate its adoption, gradually, and in the course of a considerable time. The work of Dr. Pole, and another recently published by Mr Wilderspin, master of the Spitalfields School, will greatly assist the endeavours of the judicious persons who are disposed to bestow their charity upon this unexceptionable object.

After a proper room and ground are provided, the first thing to be settled is the choice of a master and mistress. These should be man and wife. The chief qualities required are, beside strict integrity, a mild but firm character, and an unexceptionable temper. Indeed, these are the only qualities essentially necessary; and a few days tuition at any Infant school already established, will enable any persons of this description to perform their part with unerring success.

In reclaiming the children from bad habits, and correcting vices in the temper, nothing is so requisite as a patient disposition, avoiding all harshness, and, at the same time, both convincing the little patients that they are in the wrong, and showing them that they will not be yielded to.

We will now advert to what has been the result of experience in the Bristol School. The Master, who was trained in the Brewer's Green School, Westminster, informs us, that, when a passionate child is brought to the school, it generally tries, with all its might, to get the upper hand, by crying, or stamping with its little feet, or some such act of infantile violence. Here an injudicious soothing, or a severe beating, which many would resort to, the master considers improper. The latter, indeed, is but violence opposed to violence, which is by no means acting upon a correct and rational principle; neither is it likely to produce a radical amendment. It can only induce a reluctant and sullen submission to power and authority; the disposition to rebel is left lurking in the child's mind, and will break out, perhaps with increased violence, in order, if possible, to induce a submission on the part of his opponent. The master informs us, that he generally succeeds in quieting the child by bringing forward a very small child, and telling the passionate one how good the other is, that it never cries on being brought to school, and is always happy when there. If this passionate little fellow has any sense of shame, he feels unwilling to be outdone by one so much less than himself. This generally succeeds, and he sits down amongst the others, in rather a gloomy mood at first; but seeing the other children at play, he soon manifests an inclination to join them. This is encouraged by the master; his turbulence is softened down, and he becomes happy and contented with his schoolmates. The master further informs us, he has had children of the most refractory dispositions committed to his care, whom the parents could not manage; and that, without either chastisement or threatening, these very children, by judicious treatment, have often become the best tempered and the most tractable of any in the school.' pp. 44, 45.

Let it be recollected, that these remarks are drawn from actual experiment on an extensive scale. From the same sure source proceed the following, upon the best means of correcting a quarrelsome disposition.

Let us suppose a child is passionate, quarrels with, and strikes

another, which is not allowed in the school; in such cases, it is frequently said, he deserves a good whipping; but what will whipping do? We can neither, as before observed, whip bad dispositions out of a child, nor good ones into him; but, let the master sit down and take the little offender kindly upon his knee, reason with him, and convince him that he loves him, that he has done as he would not like another to do unto him, and that such conduct is unfriendly to his own happiness; let the offended child stand by, and silently hear all that passes, and when the warmth of his temper has subsided (for this will soon be the case), and it was the same in the Apostle's time, when he said, "Be ye children in malice." In the next place, get the contending parties to kiss each other, then to walk several times up and down the school-room, hand in hand, or with their arms round each other's necks. This will be a far more likely means of correcting the evil, and restoring harmony, than beating the offender; which indeed would encourage a spirit of resentment in the offended party; perhaps induce him to exult over his schoolmate, and possibly give rise to another quarrel between the very same individuals.' p. 43.

What is usually termed *punishment*, is almost wholly banished from these schools; for, under this denomination, can hardly be said to come the methods of chiding, and, at the utmost, exposing to ridicule or shame used in the Infant Schools. Indeed, even these are no part of the system. The Spitalfields establishment allows a pat on the hand with a small twig to be inflicted; and this is the utmost corporeal punishment permitted there. Dr Pole peremptorily objects to this as liable to abuse, and likely to be converted into the ordinary chastisement of the rod. He refers to both the Parent School at Westminster, and the Bristol School, where no such infliction, nor any other, was ever resorted to, and where no bad effects whatever have been found to result from the omission. The children in both these seminaries show the most entire obedience, cheerful and good-humoured submission, and affectionate attachment to the masters. Our author objects, in like manner, to some other methods of punishment by the use of ridicule; as making the other children point at the culprit; confining him in a cage, while the rest cry out, '*Pretty dicky, sweet dicky!*' and pinning a slip of green baize to his tail, and parading him among the others, who cry out, '*Green tail, played the truant, green tail!*' We entirely agree with Dr Pole in an unsparing condemnation of these barbarous and absurd inventions, which never could have been learnt at the Westminster School, and clearly derive their origin from the worst parts of Joseph Lancaster's scheme, parts which his successors soon abandoned. Such methods are at war with all the

fundamental principles of the system; they tend to corrupt both the culprit and his fellows—the former, by introducing the grand corrupter, fear; the latter, by inculcating cruelty and mockery into their habits. Who, indeed, that had ever reflected upon the first outlines, even, of the plan, could ever dream of punishing the children for playing truant, when the whole system consists in making the school a place of amusement? and the best proof of your having failed in pursuing it, is the necessity of compelling the children, by fear, to give their attendance. The most severe infliction which ought to be suffered, is to make the child stand, for repeated and obstinate offending while in school, with a placard denoting his offence; perhaps the mere suspending him from the amusements and little labours of the place, and making him sit or stand inactive, while all his companions are busy, would of itself be found sufficient, with the kind and steady admonitions of the master.

The sports of the children form a great, indeed the greatest, part of their occupation. The large schoolroom has a small one formed at the end by a partition, and there the master teaches them a little reading, accounts, and singing, in classes of ten or fifteen at once. The rest, meanwhile, are disporting themselves in the great room, or the play-ground adjoining, both of which are fully commanded from the place where the master is. Frequently he is with them, joining in the plays; now marching at their head, and playing on a flute, or beating time with a drum; now making them perform, in time and order, various evolutions; now showing them feats with the ball, the hoop, or the top. Of the less active relaxations, the following is Dr Pole's description.

‘ In the selection of toys for the scholars, the preference is given to such as are of simple construction, durable, of moderate expense, and the least likely to occasion injurious accidents to the children. Strong made, but rather small carts, waggons, and wheel-barrow, are principally used; whips are not allowed, lest they should make an improper use of them. The most simple, durable, and amusing toys, are little deal blocks, in the form of bricks, four inches long, two wide, and one in thickness, made exactly to correspond with each other; they are used for building walls, houses, castles, towers, &c. in an almost endless variety of forms, which is an agreeable exercise of their ingenuity; they are not heavy enough to inflict any injury, should they happen to fall upon their little builders; or, if the size should be considered objectionable on this account, they may be made of a smaller size, but the proportions must be the same.

‘ The building of high towers with these wooden bricks, and throwing them down again, affords the little creatures great pleasure

and delight. A swing is another kind of amusement they are very fond of; this may be so constructed as effectually to prevent a child's falling out.

'Children, whether at home or at school, under the most vigilant superintendence, will be liable to meet with trivial, and sometimes with more serious accidents; all that can be done by way of prevention, will be, to keep as watchful an eye over them as possible. A much greater exposure to accidents would arise from their being kept from school, especially when permitted to run at large in the streets.' p. 39.

'Many persons think, that the moment a child is brought into the school, he should be taken to his seat, and there kept until the time of going home; but this, he observes, is a most injurious practice; instead of which, they are permitted, in these schools, to join in play with their schoolmates, as they may be inclined, until they are all, or nearly all, collected. These amusements are calculated to give the children habits of industry, and to prevent their having any time (if they had the inclination) for repining; it also greatly tends to the promotion of health and bodily vigour. Herein we follow the dictates of reason and nature; for young growing children, and animals of every species, are prone to activity, in proportion to that kind of life which, in the order of an all-wise Providence, they were intended to live. We may observe this in all animals of prey (quadrupeds) formed to live by feats of agility, effected by the elasticity and spring of their muscles; such animals, in a young and growing state, are remarkably active and playful; an instance of which, familiar to us all, is seen in the cat, and cats are animals of prey; they pursue their prey by celerity in the movement of their feet, or springing like a tiger at once upon it; and young cats (kittens) are remarkably active and playful. On the other hand, swine, in a state of nature, are formed to walk gravely over the ground, to feed upon growing vegetables, the fruits which fall from trees, and to root with their noses under the earth for such productions as are to be found there; their young show very little inclination to sportive agility.' p. 46.

The following statements and remarks on the Exercises, are judicious and interesting.

'For the purpose of healthy exercise, and other considerations, the Master marches them several times round the room; this, in cold weather, is a means of warming them, much to be preferred to the warmth acquired by standing before the fire. In these marches, the children beat time, by clapping their hands together at every step; this, with the sound of their feet on the floor, makes a clattering noise very delightful to the children, as may be seen by the animation of their countenances. These marches are so managed as to make them additionally amusing. A double rank coming down the middle of the room, at the bottom divide off right and left into two single ranks, one on each side; when they meet at the top of the room, they join again into one double rank, with their arms round

each other's necks. The line of their march is always varied, according to certain rules, or the word of command, or signals given by the Master; the line may be zigzag, circular, vermicular, as their instructor may please. In these marches, the Master makes use of a whistle capable of a loud shrill sound. When the children are marching in ordinary pace or time, a sharp stamp of the Master's foot is a signal to increase the march to a quicker time, and a double sound of the whistle is to increase the march doubly quick. A single sound of the whistle is to call the attention of the leader of the march to the Master, who, by certain motions of his hand, directs the leader to turn either to the right or the left, or to fall in any position as he may think proper, in order to vary the march.

'If any person should inquire what the utility of these marches can be, beyond what may respect healthy exercise and the amusement of the children, I should say, I conceive them to be of very important benefit, especially to the very young learners; inasmuch as they are the means of introducing them to habits of subordination. In these marches, they are also obliged continually to attend to signals or the word of command, and to obey them. There is, in fact, no part of the school employments so calculated to produce attention and obedience, which are of the greatest importance throughout the various exercises.

'A man of observation, reflection, and judgment, at one of our annual meetings of the friends of the Lancasterian School in Bristol, remarked that these schools were of great importance, if it were only to teach children to hold up their hands when they were bidden; that is to say, to accustom them to habits of subordination.

'The use of the whistle in the school is various; if the children are sitting down, and talking during the time others are saying their lessons, a sound of the whistle commands silence; if they are singing or repeating hymns incorrectly, a sound of the whistle stops them; they then begin again singing or repeating the verse (after being duly corrected) in an orderly and proper manner. If any of the children should be running about, during the time they should be seated, a sound of the whistle arrests their attention, and brings the wanderers to their seats.' pp. 56-58.

The grand secret of the improvement found to be derived from these establishments, is their constant tendency to remove evil example and misery from the little creatures during almost the whole of their waking hours. Consider how a child belonging to one of them passes his day. As soon as he is up, the indispensable condition, and the only one of his admission to the school, that of clean face and hands, is enforced, and the mother, in order to be relieved of the care of him during the day, is obliged to have him washed. He then leaves the abode of filth, and intemperance, and squalid poverty, and ill temper, for a clean, airy place, pleasant in summer, warm and dry in

winter; and where he sees no face that is not lighted up with the smile of kindness towards him. His whole day is passed in amusing exercises, or interesting instruction; and he returns at evening-tide fatigued and ready for his bed, so that the scenes passing at his comfortless home make a slight impression on his mind or his spirits. Let it not be said that such a course of discipline tends to estrange him from his parents, and weaken on both sides the great bonds of domestic affection. If the parents are such as they ought to be, the hours passed in the morning and evening, and on the Sunday, are quite sufficient, combined with the lessons at school inculcating filial duties, to endear the parties to each other. If they cannot profit by those hours, in cultivating the domestic affections, we may be assured it is because they will not; and because their nature or habits are of a description calculated only to injure the tender offspring; in which case, the less intercourse they have with their children, the better.

We have dwelt less on the kind of instruction given at these schools, because it forms only a secondary object in training infants. A little reading and arithmetic has been already mentioned. The greater part of the remaining lessons consist of teaching by pictures. By means of these, a considerable knowledge of the simplest branches of natural history, the nature of trades, &c. &c. is conveyed.

'A number of these pictures is pasted on a board, in the same manner as the reading and spelling lessons used in the Lancasterian schools, suspended upon a level with the childrens' faces, five or six of whom stand in a semicircular form facing the board. The Master, then, with a long wooden pointer, points to a picture, and proceeds in the following manner, by way of question and answer.

'Q. What is that?—A. A sheep.

'Q. What is a sheep useful for?—A. His body serves us for food, and his wool for cloathing.

'Q. What is that?—A. A cooper.

'Q. What does a cooper make?—A. Casks.

'Q. What are casks used for?—A. To hold beer, and many other things.' pp. 59, 60.

It need hardly be added, that these lessons are peculiarly attractive to the children, and, by awakening their curiosity, fix their attention, so as to imprint many useful truths on their memory, beside securing the immediate advantage of innocent occupation, and wholesome exercise of the mind.

The question of religious instruction here meets us, from the amiable zeal of many masters and patrons of such schools—a zeal not always 'according to knowledge,' or tempered by sound discretion. That an infant of two or three should be

capable of any religious tuition at all, seems inconceivable; nevertheless, in all these schools there are lessons of a theological nature taught; and, of course, even when learnt by children somewhat older, picked up and retained merely by rote. The pure and unaffected piety of Dr Pole is naturally enough startled at some of these observances. He cannot, of course, object to instilling, as early as possible, into the young mind, the idea of a superior Being, watching continually over men, and of an after state of reward or punishment. Still less can he dispute the propriety of teaching the historical part of Christianity, as, in fact, more level to the tender capacity than the sublime abstractions of natural religion. So he distinctly admits that they may be taught select passages of Scripture, and made to get them by heart. But he observes, on the practice prevailing at the Bristol school, of making the infants say the Lord's Prayer on their knees, holding their hands in a suppliant attitude, 'If this is intended as a mere school exercise, I think it should not be made so closely to imitate an act of solemn devotion. I conceive it highly proper that every child should be made capable of repeating that most comprehensive of all prayers, as soon as it may be capable of seriously contemplating its contents; and that it should never be repeated but in a grave and becoming manner. My reason for introducing this observation is, not to cast even the shadow of a censure upon any individual, or associated individuals, but in order that, in schools which may hereafter be established, the practice may not be adopted without due consideration; how far it may tend improperly and injuriously to familiarize the solemn language of supplication to the greatest of all Beings, to the ears of young unthinking children. The prostration of our souls and bodies before the great and incomprehensible Majesty of Heaven, and reverently imploring his mercy and his blessings, is the most solemn act in which we can be engaged on this side of the grave; an imitation of which should not, I think, be prematurely drawn forth or introduced, when the spirit of devotion is not felt to prevail, in some degree at least, in the minds of persons professing to be so engaged.'

p. 55.

We greatly fear that many persons are for teaching, thus early, far obscurer mysteries. There are who deem the Church Catechism, with all the doctrines of Calvinism, quite essential to every kind and stage of education. Surely to them we may apply the Poet's devout but severe rebuke, given even to the reason of the most enlightened of mankind; and may suggest that, as these can only receive such lofty ideas by faith, those in whom faith cannot as yet be expected to operate, should on

no account be deceived with the notion that their tender minds can in any way be made to comprehend such dogmas.

Matto è chi spera che nostra ragione
Possa trascorrer la'nfinita via
Che tiene una Sustanzia in tre Persone.

Vain hope, by human reason's helpless power,
To pierce the everlasting clouds that lour
Opaque, immeasurable round the throne,
Where sit Three Godheads concentrate in One. *

It is not the least advantage derived from the improvement of the children at these seminaries, that it is reflected upon the parents. The sight of infants so young as to cause no possible jealousy, framed to decorous habits, and behaving with tempers uniformly unruffled, naturally imposes a certain restraint upon the parents, and disinclines them to indulge in those excesses, whether of debauchery or violence, which too many of them have but little scruple in displaying before children who never saw purer examples. Any restraint, however temporary, is salutary; for it leads to habits of self-command immediately, and to those of reflexion and self-condemnation in the end. All who have gone much among the poor, agree in describing the good effects, in this way, of any education and moral improvement communicated to children. But there can be no doubt that, in proportion as very young children engage more of the parents' affections, among the poor especially, their improvement will operate the more powerfully upon his own conduct and feelings.

In the spirit of these remarks, our author judiciously recommends meetings being held at stated periods, of the parents, with the Masters and the patrons of the schools, for the purpose of inspecting the progress of the children, hearing complaints, and removing the grounds, if any, or convincing the complainers that there are none; and inculcating care of the children as the first or duties. 'Such meetings (he justly adds) of the friends and the befriended will be likely to do much in removing the too prevailing idea, entertained by many in the lower walks of life, that those in superior stations, in what they are doing for the poor, are not actuated by a pure and disinterested benevolence; that they have some private selfish purposes to answer. The poor scarcely know how to believe others can be actuated by dispositions so superior to what they have been accustomed to cherish in themselves.' p. 72.

* Dante. Purg. More closely thus—

Vain hope, to trace by reason's light alone,
The immeasured path to Godhead, Three in One.

ART. IX. *Highways and By-ways, or Tales of the Roadside, picked up in the French Provinces.* By a Walking Gentleman. 1 vol. 8vo. G. and W. B. Whittaker.

CONSIDERING the prodigious literary activity of England, the number of years during which the Continent was sealed to our Tourists, and the vast field which the peace consequently opened to their peregrinations and pens, we doubt whether the harvest they have hitherto reaped, though abundant enough in quantity, has generally been as valuable as might have been expected; and we are sure that we have been struck with nothing so much as the marvellous resemblance which the different samples bear to each other. And yet, there has been no lack of variety in the professed objects of the contributors. We have had classical, political, commercial, antiquarian, bibliomaniacal, and even culinary tours, performed in every diversity of vehicle, from the *Côche d'eau*, the *Malle-poste*, or that crawling misnomer, a French *Diligence*, to the well-poised English chariot, or the patrician *Dormeuse*, whose inspiration is yawningly perceptible in the pages of some of our drowsy and dignified peregrinators. It is well known too, that we have certain domestic travellers or riders, in the Birmingham and Manchester sense of the term, who circum-equitate the island between two dromedary-like bumps, consisting respectively of a small portmanteau and a packet of samples; but it is not a matter of equal notoriety that we have literary couriers upon the same principle who duly take their departure from *the Row*, to overrun the Continent, with a wallet of former travels at their back, and a budget of blank note-books at their saddle-bow, by whose joint means they are enabled to manufacture those very workman-like Tours and Travels with which we are periodically presented every publishing season. Exclusively of these meritorious and acute surveyors of the high-roads, we have the travelling Fellows of colleges, few of whom return without having thrown some additional obscurity on the subject by their illustrations of antiquity; or, confirming the undisputed averments of the map of the post-book, by their routes and itineraries. The general monotony of the works, composed by such heterogeneous writers, can only be explained by the fact, that they have almost invariably, as far as Europe is concerned, 'jogged on the broad way and the beaten track,' following the print of one another's wheels from post-house to post-house, and from town to town; so that from constantly contemplating the same objects, and being liable to the influ-

ence of similar impressions, it became impossible, whatever differences might exist in individual characteristics, to avoid certain traits of universal resemblance in the result. One advantage has indisputably been conferred upon us by this fraternity of fellow-travellers, (so we may strictly term them, for we doubt whether a solitary individual ever started unaccompanied by the works of his predecessors), they have so familiarized us with the road to Naples, that any aspiring voyager labouring under an attack of indolence, gout, or impecuniosity, may perform the grand tour in his own arm-chair by his own fireside, with as much accuracy and satisfaction as my uncle Toby carried on the siege of Dendermond in his own bowling-green. He will not only know the proper inns at which he is to stop, and the charges he is to expect, the advantages of the Mont Cenis and St Gothard roads, the measurement of the churches, the span of the bridges, and the altitude of the palaces, (which, strange to say, retain generally the same proportions they possessed before the Revolution); but he may become a ready-made amateur and man of taste, competent to expatiate upon Claudine sweetness, and Raphaelesque expression, and Salvatorian savageness, with other 'taffeta phrases' and 'silken terms precise,'—not to mention the power of hazarding an established original remark on the Apollo Belvidere and Venus de Medici,—with the customary allusion to Canova and Thorwaldsen, and the passing tribute, of course, to our countryman Chantrey.

We blame not our tourists for telling us nothing new, for we could hardly expect novelty so long as they confined themselves to the old road. The face of nature remained the same—the public buildings were unaltered—the works of art had resumed their ancient positions; and as to social modifications, the descriptions of which were chiefly confined to capitals, it is astonishing what a tendency such great masses have to produce uniformity and stability in their appearance and habits. Under similar degrees of civilization, human nature offers pretty much the same features in all large cities, and pursues the development of its energies without being much affected by external influences. Thus, London and Paris, notwithstanding the laudable zeal of their respective rulers to destroy the prosperity of each other, have, during the twenty years of war, gone on regularly increasing in size and wealth, begetting new tenants, and building new houses with a rival activity. Yet such is the sameness in the frame-work of their society, that the traveller, after describing the new edifices, must either stop short, or have recourse to the details of his predecessors. Knowing then by heart, or at least by rote, all the interesting structures, statues, and paintings

of Europe, and satiated with monotonous descriptions of towns, we feel a freshness and relief in following the chance wanderings, and unpremeditated strolls of an intellectual sportsman, who, with his dog and gun, and no other settled plan than to avoid as much as possible the beaten track, seems to have wandered among the fields and villages of the south of France, in search of partridges and adventures. Such is the traveller before us. He has obviously been a long resident, or rather Rambler, in the provinces he describes; and we are not the less disposed to welcome the information he gives us, because, instead of arranging it in formal Essays, under appropriate chapters, he has chosen to throw his book into the more pleasing form of Tales, illustrated by descriptions of local scenery, particularly in the romantic neighbourhood of the Pyrenees, and animated with pictures of the rural habits and customs that prevail in those sequestered regions. Becoming thus familiarized with the face and habitudes of an unfrequented tract of country, we at the same time enjoy the perusal of a book of fiction, for such we must consider it, or at least a high embellishment of real occurrences, notwithstanding the author's assurance in the Preface. 'I want to write Tales, not dissertations; instead of speculations, to give facts; in place of Essays, anecdotes. I would rather shake a prejudice, than build a pyramid; and as a straw can decide the inclination of a balance, so perhaps may this volume fix the bias of some undetermined mind.'

The introduction to the first Tale will afford some notion of the author's style and plan, or rather want of plan, in his rambles, and of the casual impressions from external nature, whence his stories derive their modification, or suggestion.

'Travelling, as I always do, without guide or compass, it is no merit of mine if I sometimes light upon pleasing scenes, or mix with interesting people.* I have traversed France from frontier to frontier; cut across the highways, and struck into the open country: passed by where curiosity is generally arrested; loitered in spots unknown to fame or fashion; always yielding to the impulse of feeling, or the whim of fancy. Chance has so often led me into scenes of soft adventure, that I ask no other pilot; but had I made the most nicely balanced choice, I could not have better suited my taste, than in that district called the Perigord, and the country bordering upon it.

'Sauntering along the course of the river Dordogne, I had left far behind me the mountains of Auvergne; but I occasionally stopped to observe the autumnal sunbeams playing round their distant peaks. I dwelt on the recollection of the wondrous scenes they exhibit, and marvelled that so few of our travellers had explored their secret charms—until I recollected that they were inaccessible to the ap-

proach of four-wheeled carriages. They gradually melted from my sight, and new and different beauties turned my thoughts aside.

‘I had seen the Dordogne in the heart of those rugged hills—born in volcanic sources, nursed on beds of lava, and swathed with basaltic bands—a riotous little stream, hurrying on its passage with the waywardness of a noisy child. A little further, I had fancied it to glide along in the quiet and smiling loveliness of female youth, through groupes of gentle acclivities of wild yet verdant aspect. Now I paced its widely separated banks, and marked it swelling into full-grown beauty, rolling its course with conscious dignity along congenial plains; while tufts of stately trees converted by my imagination into enamoured lovers, wooed their liquid mistress with bent and graceful branches, which wafted salutation, or sipped her passing sweets. A little more, thought I, and this proud beauty sinks into that sea, where all rivers are finally lost! And I was just getting into a train of deep analogies, when I was roused by the flapping wings of a covey of partridges behind me. I turned, and saw my dog fixed steadily at a point, at some distance. I cocked my gun, but the game had escaped me. Ranger came slowly forward, with a surly and reproving look, such as many a musing sportsman has observed, when the faithful follower, who has so well done his duty, would tell you that you have neglected yours. * * * * * So still was the air, yet so clear, that the tolling of the several bells, as they chimed for prayer, or marked I know not how many hours, fell on my ear, with sounds all equal. The hum of every individual insect seemed separate in the general buzz around me; and the very splash of the poor boatman’s oar, as it fell upon the water, reverberated through the little grove where I reclined. It is hard to say how long I should have lain thus listless and delighted, had I not been more forcibly excited by the tone of a clarionette, touched by no mean performer, in one of the most distant outbound boats. The strain came wild and faintly up the river, and thrilled through my breast. It was scarcely like real music, and resembled rather those floating harmonies which sometimes lead the dreamer through the mazes of enchantment. I seemed to wake from some such oft-enjoyed illusion, and, springing on my feet, I clasped my hands and raised them towards the skies. I felt as if the world was filled with joy and peace, and could not have been persuaded to the contrary by a host of cynical philosophers. Unconscious of my movements, I struck into the grove; but, as I trod its little winding path, the train of my contemplations was disturbed. I thought I heard low sobs close by me. Impossible! said I; this must be imagination: my mind wanders, and, while revelling in one extreme, its fancies warn me of the other. I stopped and listened, but hoped to hear no sound. It was, however, but too true. The tones of lamentation were repeated more distinctly; and as I rustled through the trees, towards the place from whence they came, I saw two female figures, clad in black, glide hastily from the spot where I strove to penetrate.

‘ It seemed a vision of my over-heated brain; and, without knowing what I did, I burst through the slight enclosure of myrtle trees and laurel. I found myself in a place that might be well called sacred. It was an arbour planted with flowering shrubs, each one of which might have attracted my attention, had not that been wholly absorbed by its principal and melancholy ornament. In the middle was raised a little grass-covered mound, surmounted by a small and simple marble urn. Two wreaths of freshly culled and blooming flowers were hung around it. It bore no symbol of sorrow but this short inscription, in black letters,

“ TO THE MEMORY OF OUR POOR SISTER.”

‘ Every thing looked as if just done. The sods were newly placed ; the marble was unstained by even a drop of rain ; the flowers had all their fragrance ; and the whole scene breathed a fresh and holy solemnity. Wound up as I had been, to the highest strain of moral imagining, forgetting all that was of sorrow, both of others and my own, the shock was extreme. I felt dumb and tearless. I would have given worlds to have spoken or wept ; and I cursed the impetuosity which had led to an intrusion which I thought little short of sacrilege. The only atonement left me was to fly.’ p. 12.

The collection consists of four Tales, neither of which displays much complication of plot, though the interest they lose in involution is amply repaid by the air of local portraiture, and general reality diffused over the whole. The hero of the ‘ Father’s Curse’ (the first of the series), a stern republican, and deeply tinctured with the fashionable infidelity of the revolutionary era, is described as a virtuous man, and a kind father, affecting the stoic indeed in theory, but never able to realize the character without a fearful internal struggle. These contradictory impulses are brought into agonizing conflict, by the lapse from virtue of his two cherished daughters ; and the whole narrative is so heart-rending, that we shall pass over its details, and content ourselves with quoting the terrific malediction from which it derives its title.

‘ He entered the arbour. The paleness of united rage and sorrow overspread his face. He tottered feebly from the violence of his emotion, and large drops, rage-distilled, stood on his sternly-furrowed brow. The servants and labourers made way as he approached. His wife shrunk back, and Agnes sunk her head upon the bosom she had so long been supporting. Eugenie alone seemed spell-bound by her father’s withering gaze. Her eyes wildly glared upon him as he came slowly towards her, with uplifted hands, clasped above his head. As he advanced he spoke not, but fixed his looks upon her. His eyes for a moment closed, his brows were knit more rigidly, his lips compressed together with a sterner energy, his hands trembled on high ; and then, as if this short but fearful preparation had given his mind full strength, he spoke. “ Listen, daughter of infamy ! lis-

ten to the curse of him who disowns you for his child. I curse you in the moment of your anguish, and I pray that it may last with your life. I drive you from my heart and from my home, and implore the heavens that eternal misery may light upon your desolate path !' p. 59.

As a fitting accompaniment to this storm of passion, we cite from 'The Exile of the Landes,' the not less powerfully written, but infinitely less revolting picture of an elemental tempest. The traveller benighted in the desert Landes of Gascony, has luckily fallen in with two of the shepherds of those barren tracts, mounted on their stilts, and clothed in sheepskins.

'As we went on in a westwardly direction, the wind blew fiercely, but not freshly in our faces. The labouring clouds seemed preparing to discharge their overloaded breasts, and distant thunder rolled along the horizon, still reddened by the departed sun. The masses of clouds which came upon the earth quickly shut out the day, and rose at opposite extremities into huge mountains of vapour. They were illuminated by fitful flashes of lightning, and looked like giant batteries erected in the heavens. As they moved onwards from the west they shot down vivid streams, which, at times, pierced to the very earth like quivering blades of fire. Again, the electric fluid took a horizontal direction through the skies ; and its dazzling streak fluttered like a radiant streamer, till it lost itself among the clouds. Darkness came on with a suddenness such as I never before had observed, and the gusts of wind were terrific. They swept across the waste like floods of air, lashing the sands like waves, and bearing down all before them. Every single standing tree within our sight was shivered into atoms ; but the crash when these whirlwinds met the opposition of the pine woods, baffles description. It appeared as if whole chasms were rent away in the forest ; and between each blast we heard the howling of the wolves, terrified at the storm, or probably wounded by the shattered branches, and angry with the elements, which must have dashed them at intervals to the earth.

'This magnificent and awful war of nature continued about twenty minutes. The wind then dropped suddenly still, as if forced from the heavens by the torrents of rain which poured upon us. We raised ourselves up, and the shepherds pursued their course. They mounted again upon their stilts, and I followed their tract. Reiterated claps of thunder burst directly over our heads, and the broad lightnings gleamed in liquid sheets through the sea of rain which every cloud cast down.

'I was nearly overpowered with fatigue, for the wet sand was to me almost impassable ; while my wooden legged companions found but little obstruction from it. My delight may then be imagined when I saw them stop suddenly before a house, which the darkness of the night prevented me from observing, till we were actually against its wall. They shouted together, and the door was cautiously half opened, by a woman with a resin taper in her hand.' p. 121.

The author here meets with the hero of the Tale, a proscribed regicide. We cannot afford to follow him through the adventures of his exile; and must content ourselves with extracting the following scene, the spirit and fidelity of which will be recognised by those who have ever mixed with the people, of ventured to try the accommodation of a provincial town in the south of France.

‘ In a moment a coarse but clean cloth and napkin graced my little table. A bottle of sour wine, a decanter of muddy water, a loaf of brown bread full three feet in length, a salt-cellar filled with salt, and another with pepper. A plate, a drinking glass, a heavy ill-formed silver fork and spoon, and a knife, which the clumsiest apprentice of Birmingham would be ashamed to own, were quickly scattered before me in the fullest spirit of that want of order, which so peculiarly marks the preparation for a French repast.

‘ My bustling landlady was aided in every thing by a rosy, smooth-faced lass, in a close and stiff starched cap, blue bodice, and red woollen petticoat; and in a little while they placed on the table a small tureen, whose brown exterior was not a shade more dark than the mess of soup which smoked within, and which sent up a savoury fume, where the odour of garlic had a proud pre-eminence. An omelet of six eggs, mixed well with herbs of all varieties, was already in the fryingpan, and the plump, brown arm of Cazille was stretched out to place it on the fire. The hostess’s hand was in the act of cutting from a string of black puddings, one whose dimensions seemed suited to a Patagonian mouth. I was preparing with my spoon to dive into the cloud-enveloped mysteries of the tureen, when all our operations were suspended, and all our attentions roused, by the trampling of a horse, and a loud accompanying shout from a voice of stentorian tone.

“Heavens!” exclaimed the landlady, “it is Monsieur the Inspector of the Forests!”

“Monsieur the Inspector!
The Inspector!
Spectre!”

was reechoed by every mouth, from Cazille’s down to my own, in all the gradations from surprise to inquiry. Ranger himself filled up the climax, by a note, which might be something between admiration and interrogation. Every one started up and made towards the door, carrying with them all the candles and resin matches which the kitchen had alight. The string of black puddings dangled uncut upon the wall. The embryo omelet was upset into the fire, and the spoonful of soup remained untasted in my hand.

‘ This moment of awful suspense was followed by the entrance of the important personage to whom such unconditional homage had been rendered, by mistress and maid, man and beast, black pudding and omelet. Monsieur the Inspector came bustling in, with that air of moistened dignity which sits so naturally on a great man drenched with rain.

‘ He was a broad set figure, with dusky skin, and frizzled whiskers of vast expansion. His huge jack-boots, redoubled doubles of silk handkerchiefs, and a multitude of many-collared coats, had all been unable to secure him from the wet. He streamed like a river god, from the rowels of his spurs up to every corner of his large cocked hat. In each hand he carried a pistol; and, as he strode forwards to the fire, a long sabre rattled against the tiles of the floor.

‘ He made his way over every obstacle, upsetting two chairs, a warming-pan, and a basket of fish. Every one made way for him, so that he was not long in reaching the wide and comfortable hearth. It must not be supposed that all this was done in silent majesty—no such thing. Every step was accompanied by an exclamation, and every exclamation echoed by an oath.

“ What a night of hell! * * * * What a rascally storm! * * * * What diabolical weather! * * * *!”

‘ The asterisks stand for oaths: I am literal in every thing else; but they, thank God, defy translation!’—‘ He was at first gruff and surly, receiving, without any acknowledgment but an occasional curse, the officious attentions of the landlady and Cazille, and the humble addresses of the men around him. He flung himself into the arm-chair which was placed for him; and his back being towards me, he quite overlooked me sitting in my nook. As the warmth of the blaze dried up his exterior, it seemed to melt his heart; for he threw a “thank ye” at the hostess as she adjusted the second worsted stocking round his knee; and he chucked Cazille under the chin, and kissed her forehead, while she stooped to place the slippers on his feet.

‘ The rest of the party came in for their share of kindness in the way that follows. “ And who have we here, eh? A gang of black-guard smugglers * * * * Oh, I beg pardon, gentlemen—fishermen! Egad, one might have known your trade by your smell * * * *! Stand back, friends—I hate perfumery. Well! What have you got in your baskets to-night? Turbot and brandy sauce, * * * *! I’ll warrant it the bottoms are as well lined with bottles of Cognac, as the tops with stinking mackerel * * * *! But take care; I’ll give a hint to the Octroi, be sure of it; and, if you are once caught at the barrier, you shall lie in the fort till you are as withered and rotten as a piece of salted cod * * * *!”

‘ A burst of laughter from the speaker pronounced this to be wit; and an answering peal from his circle told that they knew the time to acknowledge his joke. Several smart and pleasant sayings were retorted on the Inspector; but the most substantial repartee, that is, the best of the *good things*, appeared in the shape of a noble turbot, which one of the fishermen produced from his stock. This spokesman “ hoped, in the name of himself and comrades, that Monsieur the Inspector would do them the honour of accepting the fish, and give himself the trouble of smelling it, to be sure that it was fresh.” “ * * * *! One can’t refuse,” was the reply; and he

pulled out his purse, as with a would-be effort to pay for the compliment.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried the fishermen in concert, "what is Monsieur the Inspector going to do? Pay for it! Always like himself, generous and noble! No, no, no! It's the least we can do for Monsieur; and we shall be too well rewarded, if he will do us the honour of giving himself the trouble to write a little word to the gentlemen of the Octroi at Bourdeaux, to let us pass the barrier without search, that we may get to the market early, and pull up for the time we have lost in the storm.

"Oh, willingly," cried Monsieur the Inspector, "God forbid I should refuse so slight a kindness to such honest fellows as I know you all to be. Give me a pen, Cazille! But hark'ye, my friends! You are sure there is no brandy?"

"My word of honour," burst from every mouth.

"Hold," cried the Inspector, tender of their consciences, "Hold, don't finish the sentence my good fellows! I know you are honest healthy-lunged lads, and you'll want all your breath to puff off your fish to the fat merchants of the Chartrons to-morrow. There (giving the paper.) But hark'ye, stuff the sea-weed well to the bottom; I thought I heard the shaking of glass in that basket.

"Nothing, nothing, Monsieur, on my word of honour!" protested one of the party, "but two or three bottles of salt water, a cure for Madame Dupuis at the Red Cross. Monsieur knows, perhaps, that Madame Dupuis's legs are ———"

"Yes, yes, very well; I know it all. Be off! Be off! the moon is up, and I want my supper. Cazille, prepare that turbot for your mistress's master hand. You'll find a fresh bottle of capers in my saddle-bags.

"Adieu!" "Good night!" "Safe journey!" &c. &c. were bandied backwards and forwards; and, as the fishermen reloaded their little carts with the baskets which they had placed in the house to shelter them from the rain, I thought the care with which they lifted them up denoted a cargo more brittle than flat fish, and more valuable than a couple of bottles of salt water.' p. 127.

Actuated, as the Exile is stated to have been, by the most upright and conscientious motives, however mistaken in his reasonings on the great political subject of the King's death, we do not see why he should be represented as haunted by unceasing remorse; nor can we exactly sympathize with the author's repugnance to an interview with a man, who had done his best to expiate one error of the head, by a long life of the best virtues that emanate from the heart. A strong tinge of Bourbonism is indeed perceptible through the whole work, founded on the apparent conviction (how speedily falsified by the parties themselves!) that the external peace and internal tranquillity of France would be permanently established by that incurable and unteach-

able dynasty. In general, however, the work exhibits decided evidences of an enlarged and liberal intellect; and notwithstanding the additional emanations of the spirit to which we have alluded in the third Tale—"The Birth of Henry the Fourth," we doubt not that the author, whoever he may be, is by this time effectually cured of his delusion! We need scarcely say, that the scene of this story is laid in the Pyrenees, where the author is as usual rambling far from the beaten track. We give one passage from the introduction, which places before the reader a scene little known to travellers in general.

'The Biddosoa was in my rear, Spain in my recollection, and Bayonne in sight, when I turned from the high route between that town and Pau, and struck into one of the gorges leading to the depths of mountain solitudes. Nature was fresh and fragrant; the sun was bright; the branches of the young pines and the mountain-ash moved gaily in the breeze; and the rivulets gushing from the hills, danced down their sides, over beds of verdure which burst out in a profusion of richest vegetation.

'I was so exhilarated and buoyant, that, contrary to my usual wont, I walked remarkably fast, so much as to keep Ranger in a regular dog-trot. My thoughts were proportionably active, and ran on in that wild and curbless way, so frequently consequent on good health, good spirits, and mountain air. "Come on, Ranger," cried I, "never fear! our wandering *must* have a term, and who knows how soon? Yes, ycs, there is something yet in store for us. For me a snug cottage, a nice stock of books, good shooting, and a bottle of wine for a friend. For you the chimney corner, and a cushion.—Come along Ranger, Come along!"

'A responsive wag of the tail acknowledged the cheering address; and a joyous roll on a tufted bed of wild thyme, followed by some indescribable capers and curvettings, announced his sympathy with my ambitious hopes.

'I never could reckon leagues, nor remember time correctly; and, on the morning I now describe, was less than ever adapted to aught mathematical. I was in that mood of utter abandonment, and loss of self, which was never new to poets since Horace, nor before him;—when we "think down hours to moments," and slide over space, unheedful of its measurement. I am thus unable to say how far or how long I had journeyed, when, descending rapidly the mountain path, which was skirted with flowers, and fringed by two little streamlets running down the precipitous banks, I was stopped suddenly by a peal of laughter, of enjoyment's finest and clearest tone. I was in tune for this cheerful note, and paused for its repetition.

'It came on my ear again and again—manly, honest, and hearty; and at length died away in jovial echoings, till nothing was heard but the chuckle of some staunch votary of fun, who never got farther, most certainly, than the mouth of Trophonius's Cave.

' The sounds were close to me, yet I saw no one; and I thought of the stories of the brownies, kelpies, and other supernatural beings, of whose jovious revels I had many times heard from the peasants of the Scotch Highlands. I moved onwards, however, concluding that a harmless and cheerful traveller had nothing to fear from mortal or other company, with whom he was so much in unison.

' As I trudged along, I heard an occasional voice, which always seemed to utter a shout of gladness and triumph. This was accompanied by sounds at irregular intervals, as if some hard substance was struck by another; for they rung echoing through the valley below me, to the left.

' The sounds became suddenly fainter, as I got to a hollow part of the road; and I had almost lost them totally, when a quick turning in the path brought me round a projecting rock, and displayed to me on the acclivity, at the opposite side of a beautiful glen, the secret of these mountain mysteries.

' Hanging on the slope of the hill was a village of most romantic appearance. The ten or a dozen neat cottages which composed it, were built, with little space between each, in form of a semicircle; by this means affording to all the inhabitants an ample view of that noble and manly game which forms the pride and pastime of the Basques. A group of the village youths was placed on the green, in the full exercise of their sport. They were eight in number, fine athletic, handsome fellows, from fifteen years old to twenty-five perhaps, dressed in the smart costume of the country. One or two wore light cotton jackets, the rest were in their shirts; some were bare-headed, others with round flat caps, having a tassel of red worsted at the top, and all with short breeches, tied at the knees with red or blue knots, blue stockings, sandals laced to the ankle, and a scarf of scarlet cotton tied sash-ways tightly round the waist. On each hand was a glove of thick leather, which struck with incredible force and velocity the hard ball, that seemed to carry death in its whizzing course. Not being initiated in the game, I leave its various details to the imagination of my readers; but I may safely say, that in no match of English cricket, Scotch golf, or Irish hurling, did I ever witness such agility, skill, and elegance of attitude, as in this party of *jeu de paume*.' p. 293.

La Vilaine Tête, the last, and indisputably the best, of these narratives, founded on an incident that occurred in the civil wars of La Vendée, is wound up to an intense pitch of interest and excitement, and alleviates the horrors, with which we have been rendered familiar through the Memoirs of Madame La-rochejacqueline, by a display of some of the counterpoising virtues, elicited in that terrific conflict of the passions. Of these scenes, frequently exhibited in that devoted district, some notion may be formed from the following extract.

' The Republicans rushed on through the fiery wreathes which rolled out on all sides ; and the shrieks of the women and children, with the deeper execrations of the furious villagers, rose up like the discordant yells which poets have imagined to burst from Pandemonium, and mixed themselves with the triumphant shouts of their fierce assailants. Every hope seemed lost to the Vendéans. They were born backwards even beyond the church ; and the foremost of the enemy, with sacrilegious hands, applied their torches to the consecrated walls. The crumbling wood-works, dried by the heats of a hundred summers, caught quickly the assailing flames. The horror-struck congregation sent forth one tremendous cry, and precipitated themselves on the incendiaries without. The rush was terrific. The Republicans offered no resistance, for the demoniac passions of the day gave way to the natural humanity of the French heart. They could not raise their weapons against the flying crowd, but saw them scatter across the fields, without firing a single shot to increase the panic which impelled them.

' At this instant the ceremony of the mass was finished. The curé had, with unruffled solemnity, performed its sacred mysteries, amidst all the appalling sounds which rose around him. He now descended the steps of the altar, and, bearing aloft the chalice containing the ingredients, which the faith of such a being has almost the power to dignify into the reality of his sublimed imagining, he followed the impulse of the escaping concourse, and, as the latest fugitive passed the wide-spreading blaze, he issued from the porch, in all the might and majesty of holiness. He spoke not, but, stopping for an instant, looked full upon the thousands of armed men who circled the little eminence. The effect was magical. The whole, as if struck by an electric pang, turned from him and fled.' p. 402.

Having thus amply allowed the author and his book to speak for themselves, we have only to observe, that the style is throughout sustained with equal vigour as in the above specimens ; and we may safely pronounce this work to be executed in a manner worthy of the patriotic motive which the author proposed to himself in its composition—the eradication of national prejudices. No one who reflects, that, to this source may be ascribed a great portion of the wars which have devastated the two countries for a third part of the last seven hundred years, can appreciate too highly such an object. Various pieces of poetry are interspersed through the volume, of not inferior merit to the following sketch of a Pyrenean mountaineer.

Brave, enterprising, firm and proud,
He boldly steps the dangerous path ;
Faces the gathering thunder-cloud,
Indifferent to its rising wrath.

Scorning the shelter of the rock,
 Shrink's not, but braves the hail-storm's shock ;
 Or in some wind-worn crevice spread,
 A granite cushion for his head,
 Proof 'gainst the blast, unharmed by cold,
 Alike from fear and sorrow free—
 His rough bed freedom's vantage-hold,
 His shade the wings of Liberty !
 The riot of the heavens gone by,
 Once more the sun relumes the sky,
 And strikes the hill with burning glow,
 While lightnings scorch the vales below—
 But the bold mountaineer defies
 These fierce contentions of the skies ;
 Bounds from the earth with active spring,
 And, like the untamed forest king,
 Who quits his couch uproused by rain,
 Shaking the big drops from his mane,
 This mountain monarch leaves his lair,
 Dashes the cold shower from his hair,
 Unfearing tracks his prompt advance,
 Nor deigns to cast one backward glance.
 He owns no binding ties to man,
 But such as he is—fiercely free ;
 He scorns the jargon that would scan
 The different shades of rank's degree.—
 To him all equal—by one proof
 He measures mind and body both.
Strength is his standard—far aloof
 He flings all goods of meaner growth ;
 And judges by this general scale
 The lowly hind of Lasto's vale,
 The somewhat civilized, who bask
 In the rude freedom of Venasque,
 Polished or rustic ; vile or good ;
 Plebeian, noble, learned, rude ;
 The beggar wretch, or him who reigns
 Lord of Iberia's wide-stretched plains,
 Feeble and false in every thing—
 By force a patriot as by fraud a king.
 Such is the tide of thought that fills
 The wayward wanderer of the hills.
 Boundless as Nature's self he roves,
 And Nature for her grandeur loves ;
 No weakling power his passions stirs ;
 His friendships are with her and hers.
 Unknown to him, each syren charm,
 Which lures the listening wretch to harm,

Those arts refined, which meant to bless,
Sink into sorrows and excess.
His the bold intercourse that grows
To greatness from the things it knows :
His fellowship is grand and high—
He talks with tempests. The vast sky,
The massive glacier, huge and hoar—
The rushing blast—the torrent's roar :—
These his familiars, stern and strong ;
He lisps in youth their lofty tongue—
Grows in their spirit—takes their tone—
And makes their attributes his own.
Such sure was man's primeval state,
Like Nature, noble, wild, and great.
Meant for a monarch—not the slave
Of self-born conquest—proudly brave—
With lion look and eagle eye,
Firm foot on earth, and thoughts on high !
So came the being rudely grand,
Warm glowing from his Maker's hand—
So stalked in Eden's bowers, till sin,
Damping his energies, crept in ;
And art entwined its chill caress,
To tame his godlike savageness.

ART. X. 1. *De la Défense des Places Fortes, Ouvrage composé par Ordre de sa Majesté Imperiale et Royale, pour l'Instruction des Elèves du Corps du Génie.* Par M. CARNÔT, Ancien Officier de ce Corps, Ancien Ministre de la Guerre, Membre de la Legion d'Honneur, de l'Institut de France, des Academies de Dijon, Munich, Corcyre, &c. pp. 551. Paris, 1811. .

2. *Observations on the Motives, Errors, and, Tendency of M. Carnôt's Principles of Defence ; showing the Defects of his New System of Fortification, and of the Alterations he has proposed with a View to improve the Defences of existing Places.* By Colonel Sir HOWARD DOUGLAS, K.S.C. C.B. F.R.S. pp. 181. London, 1819.

3. *Memoire sur l'Effet des feux verticaux proposés par M. Carnôt dans la Défense des Places Fortes ; suivi des deux Notes, l'une sur la Trajectoire des Balles, l'autre sur le Tire à Ricochet.* Par M. ANGOYAT, Capitaine au Corps Royale du Génie.

IN ancient times, the great object in the defence of fortified places, was to protect them from the enemy by high walls and strong gates ; and at the same time so to arrange matters,

as to enable the garrison to sally out in force, and destroy the works and apparatus of the besiegers. These were chiefly carpenter work, sometimes of stupendous magnitude, and not easily repaired. Hence it happened, that, in those times, there was hardly an instance of a successful defence, without repeated sorties.

But the invention of gunpowder made a material alteration in the relation of these enemies to one another. It not only added mighty strength to the projectile force of both sides, but, by means of mines, enabled the besiegers to heave the walls of the city in ruins round about it. The stately walls of Carthage and of Rome would be of no use now but to fill up the ditches; and, in general, no sortie can do more than annoy the besiegers, and retard their progress for a few days. It is only when a little time is of great consequence, and when the besiegers have exposed themselves imprudently, that the measure can be justified. Still it appears, that sorties continued in fashion for some time after that invention, till at last they were nearly exploded.

For more than a century past, the grand problem of engineers, in the construction of strong places, has been to expose as little of the works as possible, and to run out the batteries in such directions, that the shot may, without injury to the fort, rake the enemy, let him attack where he will. Hence the low elevation of modern fortifications, and the deeply serrated appearance which the ground plan exhibits. On the other hand, the first object of the besiegers is to destroy these raking batteries, and get at the main walls. This is done by parallel trenches, protected from the fire of the fort by terraces, which are crested with batteries, offensive and defensive. As the besieger has from first to last the choice of his ground for his trenches and his batteries, it must be his own fault if he exposes himself to any very destructive fire; and on the other hand, he may always raise such batteries as shall take the enemy's guns on the outworks in flank, and dismount them. As soon as that is done, the walls of the place are breached by great guns, or they are mined. The result is, that no place accessible by land is impregnable. Supposing the means of attack complete, it is held to be impossible that any inland fort should stand a siege of more than forty days.

Nobody knew this better than Buonaparte; and it seems to have given him considerable uneasiness when he was preparing for his Russian expedition. He could not tell how long his absence might last, and he could not be without apprehensions, that the different powers of Europe, who owed him visits,

might find it convenient to return them when he was from home. In these circumstances, he seems to have employed Carnôt to write a book, the drift of which is, no doubt, to strengthen the hearts of his friends, especially of the troops in garrison, but still more to convince his enemies, that he had found out a new mode of defence, which made his frontier proof against the world in arms.

In 1811, Carnôt published the first edition of his work, in which he does not disguise his object. ‘ Si l’on réfléchissait sur les préparatifs qu’exige le siège en forme d’une place lorsqu’elle est bien défendue, on serait bien rassuré par un triple rang de fortresses, telles que celles dont la France est entourée.’ (p. 47.) This he admits to be against the established opinion of the highest authorities; and all the world knew that the French, in their offensive wars, had treated fortresses with contempt. Still, he tells the nation that they are all wrong. ‘ Mais heureusement,’ says he, ‘ ces calculs sont faux, les places fortes sont d’une importance bien supérieure à celle que leur supposent leurs plus zélés partisans, et l’expérience a montré mille fois que sans elles, il n’y a rien d’assuré au dedans, aucune entreprise majeure à faire au dehors.’ (p. 122.) He supports this opinion plausibly enough; and then goes on to show, that, in the hands of Frenchmen, the fortified places may be made impregnable, and brings out his new mode of defence, which is by frequent and vigorous sorties.

In this part of his work, he represents his predecessors as extremely ill advised in trusting to artillery, or indeed to firearms of any kind; and imputes to that error all their miscarriages, and the opinion so universal, that no fortress can hold out against an attack conducted with sufficient strength and ordinary skill. Great guns, he observes, ‘ ne font que de bruit;’ and proceeds,

‘ Il est constaté par les journaux des sièges modernes, que la défense par les armes à feu ne peut guères se prolonger au-delà de 40 jours, pour les meilleures places; et telle est la base de la doctrine actuelle établi par M. de Cormontaigne. Il s’agit maintenant de savoir ce que les journaux de siège des places défendues à l’arme blanche nous apprendront.’ p. 143.

We have next a detail of sieges, commencing with that of Syracuse by the Athenians, in the year 413 A. C., including those of Alexander’s and Cæsar’s wars; giving, at great length, the gallant defence of Alexia by Vercingetorix, and ending with the blockade of Genoa by the Austrians and English in 1806. This detail occupies not much less than half the book. It is held to contain ‘ Preuves historiques des principes exposés

precedemment.' It is certainly interesting, and makes a masterly and eloquent pleading in favour of the bayonet, 'l'arme reconnue de tout temps, pour la plus sûre et la plus decisive entre les mains des Français.' The grand result is thus announced in capital letters.

'De l'écrit qu'on vient de lire, resulte je crois, bien évidemment, cette vérité tranquillisante, c'est que les barrières de l'Empire Français sont absolument inexpugnables pour quelque puissance ou reunion de puissances que ce soit ; si elles sont bien defendues.'— p. 477.

Having found out a mode of defence so complete, one does not see why M. Carnot should have taken any more trouble in the business. Nevertheless, he adds to his book a *Memoire*, 'Où l'on propose une nouvelle manière de défendre les places.' The truth is, he had his misgivings, not only as to the soundness of his previous reasonings, but as to the effect of his oration at home and abroad. That a bayonet in the hands of a Frenchman is irresistible, is a proposition which every Frenchman will continue to believe until he is bayoneted himself. But when they saw the whole energy and talent of the army, the young and the strong from every department, moving off to the east of Europe, and leaving France to be garrisoned by old men and boys, commanded by the refuse of the staff, they required something more to complete their tranquillity. Carnot, therefore, gives them a new plan much better suited to such troops.

'Il y a bien des années que j'ai imaginé une nouvelle manière de défendre les places ; mais je ne l'ai point fait connaître jusqu'à présent, parce qu'elle aurait pu être employée contre la France elle-même par les ennemis : je me réservais de prendre à cet égard l'initiative dans une occasion importante, si je me trouvais un jour chargé de la défense d'une place assiégée, comme cela pouvait arriver par les fonctions de mon état. Mais aujourd'hui que les ennemis n'ont presque plus de forteresses, tout ce qu'on pourra trouver d'utile pour perfectionner l'art défensif, doit tourner presque exclusivement à l'avantage des frontières Françaises : c'est pourquoi je n'hésite plus à rendre publiques mes anciennes reflexions.' p. 479.

The secret which M. Carnôt had kept so well is this. He proposes to build up the embrasures, and nearly to abolish horizontal firing ; and to make all the shot of the fort to fall on the heads of the besiegers. This, he shows, has many advantages.

'Un fusilier que tire de derrière un parapet, est obligé de se découvrir beaucoup. Un canon que l'on tire, soit a barbette, soit même par une embrasure, reste fort exposé à tous les coups de l'assiégeant, ainsi que ceux qui le servent ; et de plus, les feux hori-

zontaux qui partent des fusils et des canons de la place, vont presque tous se perdre dans les parapets des tranchées et des sapes l'ennemi. Mais si, au lieu de tirer horizontalement, le fusilier tirait obliquement en l'air, comme par exemple, sous l'angle de 45° , et si au lieu du canon on faisait usage de mortiers sous le même angle, il ne serait pas nécessaire de faire des coupures dans les parapets pour les embrasures; les fusiliers et les mortiers se trouveraient entièrement à couvert des feux directs, et l'on conçoit même qu'en s'enfonçant au-dessous du parapet, il serait facile d'établir des blindages qui garantiraient les hommes attachés à ces batteries, des bombes et des ricochets. Il reste donc à savoir quel est le degré d'efficacité de ces feux verticaux, substitués comme je le propose, à la plus grande partie de feux horizontaux.' p. 480.

The world had hitherto believed, that a shot moving horizontally along the surface of the earth, was much more efficacious than shot moving vertically, in as much as a man from head to foot, presents a surface at least six times as great as his head and shoulders; and still more, because the horizontal shot sweeps on until it is spent, either on the air or on the human carcass; whereas no vertical shot can wound more than one man. It had also been held, that shot of every kind, fired with an aim, was more destructive than shot fired at random. But these Carnôt ventures to say, are erroneous apprehensions, in the case of troops posted as the besiegers must be in their third parallel. In the two first, Carnôt does not assert that the random vertical fire will answer at all. It is only 'à l'établissement de la troisième parallèle' that his vertical fire begins, and he puts this case. The field then occupied by the besiegers, he says, cannot be more than 15,000 square toises. He allows this field to be constantly manned with 3000 men, in order to attack a garrison 4000 strong. This gives one man for every five toises. Every man, he holds, covers a square foot of ground, and, as five square toises make 180 feet, it follows, sure enough, that the 180th part of the field of action will be covered by men.

'Il suit donc de là qu'en général sur 180 coups tirés de la place en ligne inclinée ou parabolique, un doit frapper l'ennemi dans une longue série de décharges.' p. 483.

This, he says, is the minimum, and far below the fair chance.

'J'observe d'abord qu'en s'établissant derrière le parapet, redressant intérieurement ce parapet perpendiculairement à la capitale, s'enfonçant de douze ou quinze pieds dans le terreplein du rempart, s'épaulant de droite et de gauche, et blindant la batterie à l'épreuve de la bombe, de manière à ne laisser que le jour nécessaire pour que le feu s'échappe librement sous l'angle de 45° . J'observe, dis-je d'abord, que cette batterie de deux mortiers, l'un à droite, l'autre à gauche de la capitale, se trouvera parfaitement à l'abri des bombes et

des ricochets, aussi bien que des feux directs. Les derrières de la batterie seront laissés tout ouverts pour éviter la fumée, et on fera regner autour, soit une barrière, soit une petit fossé plus bas encore que le sol de cette batterie, pour éviter les éclats des bombes qui pourraient tomber aux environs.

‘ Le mortier de douze pouces, dont la bombe pèse 150 livres, peut lancer un poids égal de petites balles de fer battu, d’un quart de livre chacune ; ce qui fera six cent balles à chaque coup ; ainsi les deux mortiers de la batterie lanceront ensemble, à chaque décharge, douze cent balles, et par conséquent les six mortiers des trois batteries en lanceront, à chaque décharge, 3600. Donc, puisque sur 180 balles une doit porter, sur les 3600 il y en aura 20 qui porteront ; c’est-à-dire, qu’à chaque décharge des trois batteries, il y aura 20 des assiegans mis hors de combat.

‘ Il nous reste à savoir combien de décharges on peut faire dans les 24 heures, tant du jour que de la nuit.

‘ Je suppose que de chaque mortier on tire cent coups par jour ; ce qui fait à peu près un quart-d’heure d’intervalle d’un coup à l’autre. Puisque les batteries mettent hors de combat 20 hommes à chaque décharge, il y aura pour chaque jour, depuis l’établissement de la troisième batterie, 2000 hommes hors de combat, et par conséquent pendant les dix jours compris jusqu’à l’attaque des brèches, 20,000 hommes.

‘ La force de la garrison a été supposée de 4000 homme ; supposant l’armée assiégeante cinq fois aussi forte, elle se trouvera de 20 mille hommes ; c’est-à-dire, qu’elle sera entièrement détruite, avant seulement que d’être en mesure d’insulter les brèches.’ p. 485.

This *Memoire* was patronised by the Emperor, and received in France as another ‘*vérité tranquillisante*.’ It made an impression over all the Continent. Many fortifications of great importance have been constructed on both sides of the Rhine according to this new plan ; and it has been honoured with great attention from several professional and very learned men, not only in France, but in Germany, in Russia, and in England.

We are almost afraid to say so, but it did bring to our mind Swift’s directions to servants. Supposing all the data true, and never to vary ; suppose the 3000 men constantly posted, like nine pins, every one on his own five toises ; and supposing the mortars to be equally correct and impartial in the distribution of the shot ; supposing every shot that hits to kill,—it by no means follows, that the whole 20,000 men would be killed off in ten days. This might be the average carnage in a long series of sieges ; but M. Carnôt has no right to say that it would be the actual carnage of every siege. In a long series of games, the best player at backgammon will win ; but let the series of *throws* be never so long, he will not win every game. Suppos-

ing, therefore, random vertical shot to give to the garrison all the advantages which are ascribed to it, it is going a great deal too far to say, that in every siege a garrison of 4000 men will destroy 20,000 of the besiegers. This blunder has been exposed with profound arithmetical skill and great accuracy, by M. Angoyat, in the work before us.

After all, however, this does not go deep into the merits of the '*Nouvelle Manière*.' If the average execution of random vertical shot be so sure and so great, it is a great discovery.

But how are the data verified?

Are the besiegers posted as they must be to answer M. Carnôt? We cannot believe that they ever are.

Will his mortars spread the shot with exact impartiality over the whole 15,000 toises, and never fall short, or go beyond, or to the right or the left, of the besiegers? Certainly not. Every sportsman knows how rare it is to find a fowling piece which spreads equally. In the cone which the shot forms as it flies, there are always great blanks in which a bird is quite safe. Mortars are still more irregular. Some of the shot falls dead very near the muzzle of the piece; others are blown off at a side, sometimes at an angle as great as 45 degrees; and those that do reach the field of their destination, fall in groups, leaving great spaces quite clear. The enemy, it is plain, would be the first to find the faults of the mortars, and save himself accordingly. Some of the besieged would receive three or four wounds, many escape altogether.

Further, would the mortars themselves never be obliged to cease firing? Would they never be destroyed? This is answered by M. Angoyat, who says, we apprehend most justly, '*Rien n'est moins certain que l'indestructibilité des batteries de mortiers blindées.*'

But the greatest error of all remains unnoticed. Suppose all the 20,000 balls to hit in the course of ten days, and every one its man, would they all kill? This question has been discussed by Sir Howard Douglas.

In whatever direction a body moves, it must overcome the resistance of the atmosphere, ere it reach the point of its destination. This resistance increases with the velocity of the motion, and is much greater than a rude observer would anticipate. A twenty-four pound ball, moving at the rate of 2000 feet per second, meets a resistance of 800 lib. As the ball is diminished in size, the resistance also is diminished, but only in proportion to the square of the diameter; whereas the momentum is diminished in the ratio of the cube of the diameter.

In this way, small shot of the heaviest matter falls as soft as rain nearly. No man will ever be prevailed on to try vertical fire upon partridges. The question therefore is, whether it is possible to give, to a four-ounce ball, such a descending force as will inflict a mortal wound on a head of ordinary strength? Sir Howard gives two solutions of this question; the one *a priori*, on scientific principles; the other by actual experiment on planks and on canvas. The calculations and the experiments appear both to have been made with great professional skill.

As the resistance increases with the velocity, the consequence is, that in the case of every descending body, there is a term of velocity when the resistance becomes equal to the gravitating force; and after that, there is no perceptible acceleration. This is called the terminal velocity of a descending body; that velocity is of course least in the lightest substances, but it belongs to all; and but for this beautiful arrangement, every summer shower would tear to pieces all vegetation, and annoy even the animal creation.

Sir Howard shows the terminal velocity of the four-ounce balls to be as follows.

‘ The diameter of a French 4 oz. ball, is 1 inch, 2 lines, 5 points; which, reduced to English measure, is 1.28038 inches. Its contents is 1.09909 inches. The weight is 4.72247 oz., if made of cast-iron, and 4.8624, if of wrought-iron. The terminal velocity of the cast-iron ball is about 201 feet.

‘ The terminal velocity of the wrought iron ball is about 204 feet (per second.)

‘ The potential altitude of the cast-iron ball is about 631 feet.

‘ Ditto ditto, wrought ditto ditto - - - 650 feet.’ p. 17.

‘ Four-ounce balls, discharged at elevations even considerably above 45°, to the distance of 120 yards, would not inflict a mortal wound, excepting upon an uncovered head. They would not have force sufficient to break any principal bone; there would be no penetration, but merely a contusion. The following experiments amply confirm this assertion. With respect to terminal velocity, it must be remarked, that, although balls may not be thrown to a height sufficient to produce a velocity nearly terminal, yet the resistance of the air prevents, from the first, a uniformly accelerated descent. Thus, the effect of the balls discharged at 75° elevation, was far inferior to that which we should assign to them according to the parabolic hypothesis.

‘ A cohœorn mortar was placed 100 yards from six new deal targets laid on the ground, and two new wadmill tilts spread out near them, to estimate, by the impression made on them, the force with which the balls would fall.

‘ The first round was with the usual tin case, containing 33 four-

ounce balls, with a charge of one ounce of powder, elevation 45°. The case went bodily about 130 yards without breaking.

‘ Loose balls were then put in over a wooden bottom. After a number of rounds with the above charge and elevation, with different numbers of four-ounce balls, it was ascertained that the colliern would throw 42 of them 100 yards, and that the spread was, on an average, about 10 or 12 yards. It was not very easy to hit the targets and cloths, although they covered a surface of 774 square feet; but, in one instance, 22 balls left their mark. The indentation on the surface of the deal was so small that it could not well be measured—it certainly was not more than $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch deep. A ball thrown with force from the hand appeared to make an equal impression. Those which struck the wadmill tilt did not penetrate, but merely indented the ground underneath. The penetration of the balls into the ground (which was of the softest nature of meadow), was, on the average, 2 inches; but the balls thrown by hand did not penetrate so far.

‘ The mortar was then elevated to 75°, and, with two ounces of powder and 42 balls, made nearly the same range as before; but the spread was increased to about 40 yards, so that it was difficult to hit the surface aimed at. Several balls did, however, at length fall on the targets and wadmill tilts. The impression on the former was something increased, but still so trifling as hardly to be measured; the balls did not go through the cloth, and the penetration on the meadow was only increased to about three inches.’ p. 21.

Sir Howard was the first person who bestowed on this question a combination of scientific and professional knowledge sufficiently strong to bring out these results; but, in spite of the Emperor and Carnôt, there was a party, at that time a small one, in France, who expressed their doubts as to the efficacy of the ‘*Nouvelle Manière*.’ Carnôt, then in possession of the public opinion, treats them very lightly in his later editions.

‘ Comme si des quartiers de fer de la grosseur d’un œuf de pigeon, et tombant de 120 pieds de hauteur, ne pouvaient tout au plus que secouer la poussière des habits: comme si l’on ne pouvait pas mettre au besoin dans des pierriers de 15 pouces de diamètre, des projectiles d’un plus gros calibre; comme si l’histoire enfin ne nous apprenait pas, que les anciens avec leurs frondes qui portaient moins loin que nos pierriers et des balles plus petites tuaient et estropiaient cependant très-bien leurs ennemis.’

• He then repeats the history of the brilliant defences of ancient times, by means of vertical projectiles.

But this is not meeting the objections which have been made to Carnôt’s system. That the shot recommended by him would not be formidable, seems proved by actual experiment; and to use heavier would involve him in difficulties quite inextricable. It is impossible to use larger shot, without increasing, in pro-

portion, the number of mortars; and, by so doing, their efficiency is diminished in a *ratio* which accelerates with great rapidity. A gardener, by means of a water-engine, can cover a considerable space of ground with the shower which he discharges: and half a dozen of gardeners, with as many engines, might perhaps cover a whole garden of moderate dimensions. But a legion of gardeners, armed with syringes, would find it extremely difficult to produce the same effect, or any thing like it. Now, it is plain that it would be much more difficult for a number of mortars, working in the bomb-proof dungeons which Carnôt assigns to them, to spread their shot at all equally. Every individual mortar must take charge of its own spot on the enemy's ground. It would be a waste of great time and labour to post and adjust the mortars, and a work of equal skill and nicety, and still greater difficulty, to regulate the charges of gunpowder so as to give them a chance of attaining their object.

There was no want of mortars at Gibraltar; and before the grand attack was made, the enemy's gunboats were sufficiently near, and sufficiently crowded. But Lord Heathfield did not think it safe to trust to vertical fire; nor would Carnôt have done so in his situation.

On the whole, it appears to us, that this author has the merit of calling the attention of professional men to a mode of defence, which has perhaps been too much neglected in modern times; but that he runs into an error, which is infinitely greater when he proposes to reverse the practice, and to rely on vertical fire exclusively, or even chiefly.

Sir Howard gives the conclusion at which he arrives upon this subject, in the following sentence.

'The great cause of the superiority of defence over attack, previous to the invention of gunpowder, arose from the insufficiency of the catapultæ and balistæ of the ancients to breach walls; and consequently, the necessity of advancing to the very base of the enclosure, in order to apply the battering-ram. This formidable engine could neither be placed nor worked, whilst the besieged maintained themselves on the tops of their walls, without very severe loss; and many protecting precautions were resorted to, in order to cover it from the showers of missiles to which it was exposed, and to defeat the expedients practised to disturb its operation. Thus the chief purpose of the works of attack was, to favour the approach of the ram. The earthen mounds and towers which the ancients constructed to command the walls of the town, were raised to force the besieged to withdraw from them; whilst the tortoises, mantlets, and galleries, served to cover the assailants from the missiles discharged from behind the rampart, or which might still be thrown

from its summit. When the besiegers had succeeded in filling up the ditch, and had placed the ram in battery, a place seldom refused to capitulate, unless the part threatened to be breached was cut off by an interior wall or retrenchment. This general principle of attack was observed with little variation at the earliest sieges we read of; and we find that Demetrius and Epimachus in besieging Rhodes, Marcellus and Appius in attacking Syracuse, only improved machines which had been used long before, and are mentioned by writers of the earliest antiquity.

‘ Thus a simple wall, with towers, was sufficient to resist for a considerable time, the efforts of a large army, and force it to undertake immense works before any attempt could be made to open a breach. The difficulty of effecting this constituted the great security of places; it either exposed the assailants to be crushed by missiles thrown from the ramparts, or it obliged them to undertake stupendous works to cover the advance, and protect the operations of their breaching engines. Such, for instance, as the tower of brick which C. Trebonius caused to be raised at the siege of Marseilles, under cover of a vinca (a roof or covering of planks and hurdles), to command one of the towers of the place;—the immense mound thrown up by Flavius Sylva at the siege of Massada, and the tower erected upon it to command the place; the prodigious pile eighty feet high, and three hundred wide, constructed by Cæsar in twenty-five days, at the siege of Bourges; and many other vast works used in besieging places.

‘ When fixed structures were not found to succeed, the alternative was still more astonishing, viz. moveable towers, some with a battering ram below; others furnished with casting-bridges, used by the Romans at the siege of Jerusalem—Cæsar’s *turres mobiles* used at the siege of Namur—the Helepolis of Demetrius at the siege of Rhodes, were all stupendous machines, whether we consider their structure, or the prodigious force required to move them. Such works are indeed truly astonishing; and having been resorted to for the purpose of counteracting the effects of what M. Carnôt calls vertical projections, are certainly calculated to give a strong impression of the power of ancient arms in ancient sieges; but the calculation he makes of their powers, p. 348, for modern defence, is perfectly absurd.’ p. 63.

‘ Having considered all this, there can remain, I think, no doubt, that the use of what M. Carnôt calls the different sorts of vertical fire, is recognised, and strictly enforced, by all the great masters, quite as far as it can be applied with advantage; and if it has fallen into comparative disuse in some cases, it has arisen from unavoidable deficiency in equipment, or is a deviation from rule, which M. Carnot might have pointed out without pretension to novelty; but this would not have answered his purpose.’

If we may judge from M. Angoyat, Sir H. has satisfied the thinking part of the French themselves.

We are quite disposed to agree with them in all his conclusions but one.

We regret that he should have treated Carnôt with so little courtesy. Sufficient respect is shown to Carnôt's *System*, more indeed than we should have thought necessary, if we were not aware of the credit it had acquired on the Continent; and especially among our Allies on the Prussian Netherland frontier, where stupendous fortifications are now erecting, all adapted to the '*Nouvelle Manière de défendre les places!*' But Sir H. treats the individual as if he were a charlatan, which is not right. Carnôt is among the few honest men who have appeared in public life during our time. As soon as Buonaparte set himself above the law, Carnôt left him; and no temptation of power or emolument, would ever tempt him to accept of any responsible place in his service, till the independence of France was assailed, by a combination of powers, in their hearts as ambitious and as tyrannical as Napoleon, and in their dealings with friend and foe much more faithless; then he accepted of the Government of Antwerp.

ART. XI. 1. *Observations on the Warehousing System and Navigation Laws; with a detailed Account of many of the Burdens to which Shipping and Trade are subjected.* By JOHN HALL, Esq. London, 1821.

2. *An Act for the Encouragement of Navigation and Commerce, by regulating the Importation of Goods and Merchandise, so far as relates to the Countries or Places from whence, and the Ships in which, such Importation shall be made.* 3 Geo. IV. Cap. 43.

THE origin of the Navigation Laws of England may be traced to the reign of Richard II., or perhaps to a still more remote period. But as no intelligible account of the varying and contradictory enactments framed at this remote period could be compressed within any reasonable space, we shall merely observe, that, in the reign of Henry VII., two of the leading principles of the late navigation law were distinctly recognised, in the prohibition of the importation of certain commodities, unless imported in ships belonging to English owners, and manned by English seamen. In the early part of the reign of Elizabeth (5 Eliz. cap. 5.), foreign ships were excluded from our fisheries and coasting trade. The Republican Parliament gave a great extension to the Navigation

Laws, by the act of 1650, which prohibited all ships, of all foreign nations whatever, from trading with the plantations in America, without having previously obtained a license. These acts were, however, rather intended to regulate the trade between the different ports and dependencies of the Empire, than to regulate our intercourse with foreigners. But in the following year, (9th of October 1651), the Republican Parliament passed the famous *Act of Navigation*. This act had a double object. It was intended not only to promote our own navigation, but also to strike a decisive blow at the naval power of the Dutch, who then engrossed almost the whole *carrying trade* of the world, and against whom various circumstances had conspired to incense the English. The act in question declared, that no goods or commodities whatever, of the growth, production, or manufacture of Asia, Africa, or America, should be imported either into England or Ireland, or into any of the Plantations, except in ships belonging to English subjects, and of which the master and the greater number of the crew were also English. Having thus secured the import trade of Asia, Africa, and America, to the English shipowners, the act went on to secure to them, as far as that was possible, the import trade of Europe. For this purpose, it further enacted, that no goods, of the growth, production, or manufacture of any country in Europe, should be imported into Great Britain, except in British ships, or in such ships as were the real property of the people of the country or place in which the goods were produced, or from which they could only be, or most usually were, exported. The latter clause was entirely levelled against the Dutch, who had but little native produce to export, and whose ships were principally employed in carrying the produce of other countries to foreign markets. Such were the leading provisions of this famous act. They were adopted by the regal government which succeeded Cromwell, and form the principal provisions of the statute, 12 Charles II. cap. 18, which remains to this day the basis of our Navigation Laws, and which has been pompously designated the *Charta Maritima* of England!

In the 14th of Charles II., a supplemental statute was passed, avowedly with the intention of obviating some evasions of the statute of the preceding year, which, it was affirmed, had been practised by the Hollanders and Germans. This, however, seems to have been a mere pretence, to excuse our desire to follow up the blow aimed, by the former statute, at the carrying trade of Holland. And so great was our jealousy of the naval and commercial greatness of the Dutch, that, in order to cripple it, we did not hesitate totally to proscribe the

trade with them: and, to prevent the possibility of fraud, or of clandestine or indirect intercourse with Holland, we went so far as to include the commerce with the Netherlands and Germany in the same proscription! The statute of the 14th of Charles II. prohibited all importation from these countries, of a long list of enumerated commodities, under any circumstances, or in any vessels, whether British or foreign, under penalty of the seizure and confiscation of the ships and goods. So far as it depended on us, Holland, the Netherlands, and Germany, were virtually placed without the pale of the commercial world! And though the extreme rigour of this statute was subsequently modified, its principal provisions remained in full force, up to the late alterations.

Few have ventured to eulogize the motives which dictated these statutes. It has been said, however, and by no less an authority than Dr Smith, that national animosity did, in this instance, that which the most deliberate wisdom would have recommended. ‘When the Act of Navigation was made,’ says Dr Smith, ‘though England and Holland were not actually at war, the most violent animosity subsisted between the two nations. It had begun during the government of the Long Parliament, which first framed this act; and it broke out soon after in the Dutch wars, during that of the Protector and of Charles II. It is not impossible, therefore, that some of the regulations of this famous act may have proceeded from national animosity. They are as wise, however, as if they had all been dictated by the most deliberate wisdom. National animosity, at that particular time, aimed at the very same object which the most deliberate wisdom would have recommended,—the diminution of the naval power of Holland,—the only naval power which could endanger the security of England. The act of navigation is not favourable to foreign commerce, or to the growth of that opulence which can arise from it. The interest of a nation in its commercial relations to foreign nations, is like that of a merchant with regard to the different people with whom he deals—to buy as cheap, and to sell as dear as possible.—But the Act of Navigation, by diminishing the number of sellers, must necessarily diminish that of buyers; and we are thus likely not only to buy foreign goods dearer, but to sell our own cheaper, than if there was a more perfect freedom of trade. As defence, however, is of much more importance than opulence, the Act of Navigation is perhaps the wisest of all the commercial regulations of England.’ (*Wealth of Nations*, II. p. 194.)

It may, however, be very fairly doubted, whether, in point of

fact, the Navigation Law had the effects ascribed to it by Dr Smith, of weakening the naval power of the Dutch, and of increasing that of this kingdom. The Dutch were very powerful at sea for a long period after the passing of this act; and it is not difficult to show, that the decline of their maritime preponderance was owing infinitely more to the gradual increase of commerce and navigation in other countries, and to the disasters and burdens occasioned by the ruinous contests the Republic had to sustain with Cromwell, Charles II., and Louis XIV., than to the simple exclusion of their merchant vessels from the ports of England. We do not mean to say, that this exclusion was altogether without effect. The efforts of the Dutch to procure a repeal of the English Navigation Law, show that it must have operated injuriously on their commerce. It is certain, however, that its influence in this respect has been greatly overrated in this country. EXCESSIVE TAXATION, and not our Navigation Law, was the real cause of the fall of profits, and of the decline of manufactures, commerce and navigation, in Holland. 'Les guerres,' says the well-informed author of the *Commerce de la Hollande*, 'terminées par les traités de Nimegue, de Ryswick, d'Utrecht, et enfin la dernière par le traité d'Aix la Chapelle, ont successivement obligé la République de faire usage d'un grand crédit, et de faire des emprunts énormes pour en soutenir les frais. Les dettes ont surchargé l'état d'une somme immense d'intérêts, qui ne pouvoient être payés que par une augmentation excessive d'impôts, dont il a fallu faire porter la plus forte partie par les consommations dans un pays qui n'a qu'un territoire extrêmement bornée, et par conséquent par l'industrie. Il a donc fallu faire encherir infiniment la main-d'œuvre. Cette cherté de la main-d'œuvre a non seulement restraint presque toute sorte de fabrique et d'industrie à la consommation intérieure, mais elle a encore porté un coup bien sensible au commerce de fret, partie accessoire et la plus précieuse du commerce d'économie: car cette cherté a rendu la construction plus chère, et augmenté le prix de tous les ouvrages qui tiennent à la navigation, même de tous les ouvrages de ports et des magasins. Il n'étoit pas possible que l'augmentation du prix de la main-d'œuvre ne donnât, malgré tous les efforts de l'économie Hollandoise, un avantage sensible aux autres nations qui voudroient se livrer au commerce d'économie et à celui de fret.'—(Tome II. p. 211.)

It would be easy to corroborate this statement by extracts from innumerable Dutch writers. * But it is unnecessary to do

* See especially the *Richesse de la Hollande*, Tome I. pp. 39, 179, &c.

more than refer to a most valuable *Memoir on the Best Means of Amending and Redressing the Commerce of the Republic*, drawn up by some of the best informed merchants of Holland, and published in 1751, by order of the Stadtholder, William IV., Prince of Orange. It is there stated, 'That the OPPRESSIVE TAXES, which have, under various denominations, been imposed on trade, must be placed at the head of all the causes that have cooperated to the prejudice and discouragement of commerce; and it may justly be said, that *it can only be attributed to these taxes that the trade of this country has been diverted out of its channel, and transferred to our neighbours*, and must daily be still more and more alienated and shut out from us, unless the progress thereof be stopt by some quick and effectual remedy. Nor is it difficult to see, from these observations, that the same can be effected by no other means than a *diminution of all duties.*' *

These extracts are pregnant with instruction. They show, that it is not to our Navigation Law, nor to the restrictive regulations of other foreign powers, but to the abuse of the funding system, and the excess of taxation, that the decline of the commercial greatness and maritime power of Holland were really owing. Her fall should be a warning to other countries, and, in particular, to Great Britain. Our present situation bears, in some essential particulars, an extremely close resemblance to the situation of Holland at the commencement of last century; and the surest way to avoid her fate, will be to adopt a totally different system from that which led to her ruin.—But to return.

The opinion maintained by Dr Smith and others, that the Navigation Law had a powerful influence in augmenting the naval power of this country, does not seem to rest on a much better foundation than their opinion with respect to its influence in depressing the naval power of Holland. The taste of the nation for naval enterprise had been awakened; the navy had become exceedingly formidable; and Blake had achieved his victories before the enactment of this famous law. So far, indeed, from the Navigation Act having the effect commonly ascribed to it, there are good grounds for thinking that it had a precisely opposite effect, and that it operated rather to diminish than to increase our mercantile navy. It is stated (p. 36) in Roger Coke's *Treatise on Trade*, published in 1671, that this act, by lessening the resort of strangers to our ports, had a most injurious effect on our commerce; and he further states (p. 48), that we had lost, within two years

* *Memoir on the Best Means, &c. Eng. Trans. p. 27.*

of the passing of the act of 1650, the greater part of the Baltic and Greenland trades. Sir Josiah Child, whose Treatise was published in 1691, corroborates Coke's statement: For, while he decidedly approves of the Navigation Law, he admits that the English shipping employed in the Eastland and Baltic trades had decreased at least *two-thirds* since its enactment, and that the foreign shipping employed in these trades had proportionally increased.—(*Child's Treatise on Trade*, p. 89, Glasg. ed.) Exclusive of these contemporary authorities, we may mention, that Sir Matthew Decker, an extensive and extremely well informed merchant, who published an *Essay on the Causes of the Decline of Foreign Trade* in 1744, condemns the whole principle of the Navigation Act; and contends, that instead of increasing our shipping and seamen, it had diminished them both; and that, by rendering the freight of ships higher than it would otherwise have been, it had entailed a heavy burden on the public, and been one of the main causes that had prevented our carrying on the fishery so successfully as the Dutch.—(*Essay* p. 60. ed. 1756.)

We do not believe that it is possible to controvert these statements; and they are at all events sufficient to show, that the assertions of those who contend that the Navigation Laws had a prodigious effect in increasing the number of our ships and sailors, must be received with very great modification. But suppose that all that has been said by the apologists of these laws were true to the letter;—suppose it were conceded to Dr Smith, that, when first framed, the Act of Navigation was extremely politic and proper, that would afford but a very slender presumption in favour of the policy of supporting it in the present day. Human institutions are not made for immortality. They must be accommodated to the varying circumstances and exigencies of society. But the situation of this country and of the other countries of Europe, has totally changed since 1650. The envied wealth and commercial greatness of Holland have passed away. We have no longer any thing to fear from her hostility: and she must be indeed strangely influenced by antiquated prejudices and bygone apprehensions, who can entertain any of that jealousy from which the severity of this law principally originated.* London has become, what Amsterdam formerly was, the grand emporium of the commercial world. And the real question which now presents itself for our consideration is—not what are the best means by which we may rise to naval greatness, but—*what are the best means of preserving that undis-*

* Mr Wallace's Speech, 25th June, 1821.

puted pre-eminence in maritime affairs to which we have attained?

Now, it does not really seem that there can be much difficulty in deciding this question. Navigation and naval power are the children, not the parents—the effect, not the cause—of commerce. If the latter be increased, the increase of the former will follow as a matter of course. More ships and more sailors become necessary, according as the commerce between different and distant countries is extended. A country, circumstanced like Great Britain in the reign of Charles II., when her shipping was comparatively limited, might perhaps be warranted in endeavouring to increase its amount, by excluding foreign ships from her harbours. But it is not by any such regulations, but solely by the aid of a flourishing and widely extended commerce, that the immense mercantile and warlike navy we have now accumulated can be supported. If commerce declines, the navy will also decline; if it be augmented, the navy will be rendered still more powerful. The one is almost always directly as the other. There is no instance in the history of the world of a nation having a powerful navy without an extended commerce; nor of a maritime nation having an extended commerce without its also being possessed of great naval force.

But it is extremely easy to show, that, to continue to enforce the provisions of the Navigation Law, in the present state of the world, would be among the most efficient means that could be devised for the destruction of our commerce. The wealth and power to which Britain has attained, has inspired other nations with the same feelings of envy, jealousy, and hatred, that the wealth of Holland formerly generated in our own minds. Instead of ascribing our commercial and manufacturing superiority to its true causes—to the comparative freedom of our constitution, the absence of all oppressive feudal privileges, and the security of property—our foreign rivals contend that it has been entirely owing to our exclusive system, and appeal to our example to stimulate their respective governments to adopt retaliatory measures, and to protect them against British competition. These representations have already had the most injurious operation. In 1817, the American Legislature passed an act, copied to the very letter from our Navigation Law, with the avowed intention of its operating as a retaliatory measure against this country. Our Northern rivals have acted on the same principle; and Prussia and Russia have now their *Chartæ Maritimæ*, formed on the exact model of our own. The same engines by which we laboured to destroy the trade of Holland are thus brought, by a just retribution, to operate against our-

selves. Nor can there be a doubt, that, by continuing to maintain our illiberal and exclusive system, and by refusing to set a better example to others, and to teach them the advantage of recurring to sounder principles, we should run a very great risk of falling a victim to the vindictive spirit which our own short-sighted and selfish policy has generated.

We are aware that there are many respectable individuals, and even large classes, who, partly from ignorance, prejudice, and mistaken views with respect to the public interest, and partly from selfish and baser motives, are blind to all the defects of our restrictive system, and recommend a rigid adherence to it as the only safe and wise system of policy! Luckily, however, the late Vice-President, and the present President of the Board of Trade, do not belong to this sect. They do not consider Lord Sheffield, Mr George Chalmers, and the writers in the *Quarterly Review*, as very great authorities on questions of commercial economy; and they have thought, that it was not very expedient to continue to regulate the intercourse of the country with foreigners, by the provisions of a statute passed in 1650, for the purpose of depressing the carrying trade of the Hollanders! Had Messrs Wallace and Huskisson been Opposition members, it is not likely that they would have escaped being stigmatized as impracticable and visionary theorists. But the soundness of their political creed secured them against such imputations, and gave them greater power to give effect to the measures they proposed. The feebleness of the opposition to the bills introduced, in spring 1821, by Mr Wallace, for the improvement and amendment of the Navigation laws, is indeed a curious and a gratifying circumstance. These bills have effected a total, and, we think, a most salutary and beneficial change in this great branch of our commercial legislation. But the prejudice in favour of the old laws was so strong, that the bare proposal of so extensive a change would have been sufficient, twenty years ago, to have thrown the House and the country into a flame. Such, however, and so rapid has been the progress of more enlarged and liberal opinions, that even the shipowners approved of the new bills; and they were carried through both Houses with but little debate, and by triumphant majorities!

The new bills have either wholly repealed or greatly modified some of the most illiberal and offensive provisions in the acts of 1660 and 1663. In the *first* place, it is enacted, That the commerce with all the European countries in amity with Great Britain, shall be placed on precisely the same footing, and subjected to precisely the same regulations. The existing

memorials of our former animosity, and of our jealousy of the prosperity of our neighbours, have thus been abolished. The commerce with Holland, Belgium, and Germany, has been relieved from proscription; and it has now ceased to be a capital offence to import articles from Amsterdam or Ostend, which it was highly meritorious to import from Calais, or any other European port! Besides the grand distinction in the case of Holland and the Low Countries, there were some less important distinctions affecting the commerce with Russia and Turkey; but these are also abolished, and the same law is henceforth to regulate our intercourse with every European power. This uniformity will be of singular advantage. Besides giving greater scope to mercantile operations, and extending our traffic with some of our most opulent neighbours, it will remove a great source of embarrassment, uncertainty, and litigation. If it does not excite the gratitude, it will, at least, weaken the resentment of the Hollanders and Belgians, and will detract considerably from that character of selfishness and exclusion, which is believed on the Continent, and not without good reason, to be the animating principle of our commercial system.

In the *second* place, it is enacted, that the produce of all *European* countries shall be allowed to be imported into Britain in the ships belonging to the ports where such produce may happen to be deposited. By the old law, no produce could be imported, except in a British ship, or in a ship belonging to the country where the article was produced, or from which it was first exported. The consequence was, that when articles, the produce of France, Spain, Italy, &c., were found in a foreign port, all of which it might be extremely desirable to send to this country, they could only come in a British ship, or *separately* in French, Spanish, and Italian ships. This was obviously a very great hardship on the foreigners, without being of any real advantage to our own shipowners. When the foreign merchant had vessels of his own, it was not very probable he would permit them to remain unoccupied, and freight a British vessel; and it was stated by Mr Wallace, in his speech on introducing the new bills, that there was scarcely a port in which foreign bottoms might not be found, in which the articles could be legally imported. The real effect of the old law was not, therefore, to cause the employment of British ships, but to oblige foreigners to assort their cargoes less advantageously than they might otherwise have done, and thus to lessen their intercourse with our markets. The new law will obviate this inconvenience; while, by restricting the importation of European goods to the ships of the *build* of the

country of which the goods are the growth, or to those of the *build* of the country or port from which the goods are shipped, and which are *wholly owned* by the inhabitants of such country or port, it is rendered impossible for the people of a particular country to become the carriers of the produce of other countries to our markets.

The *third* new regulation is of such obvious and unquestionable utility, that it is surprising it was not long since adopted at the suggestion of the shipowners themselves. By the old law, all articles which are the produce of Asia, Africa, or America, could only be imported *directly in a British ship, from the place of their production*. This law had already been repealed in so far as respected the United States, whose ships were allowed to import their produce directly into this country; but it was maintained with respect to Asia, Africa, and South America. And hence, although a British ship happened to find in South American, African, or Asiatic ports, articles the produce of any of the other quarters of the globe, suitable for our markets, and with which it might have been extremely advantageous for her to complete her cargo, she was prohibited taking them on board under penalty of forfeiture and confiscation, not only of the goods, but also of the ship. This most absurd regulation is now repealed; and it has been made lawful for British ships to take on board articles whose importation is not prohibited, wherever they find them, without regard to the country where they were produced.

The *fourth* grand regulation in the new Navigation Law, and the last to which we shall now advert, is that which goes to regulate our intercourse with South America. Instead of excluding all the products of the Free States now forming out of the *ci-devant* Spanish colonies from our markets, that are not imported in British ships, it is enacted, that the ports of Britain shall be opened to South American ships, on their paying the *same* duties as the ships of this country. This is one of the very few instances, from the reign of Richard II. down to the present day, in which we find an enactment, relating either to commerce or navigation, bottomed on a fair principle of reciprocity. In this case, we have set a good example; and, if the naval intercourse between this country and the South Americans continues to be fettered and restricted, the presumption is, that the fault is *theirs*, not ours. Had we always acted thus, we should never have heard of the Navigation Laws of North America and Russia.

The exclusive privilege of importing the products of Asia and Africa, is still reserved to our own shipping; but they

may now be imported from any port in Europe, it being no longer required that they should be brought direct from the place of their production. This clause encountered a good deal of opposition from the shipowners, who contended, that, inasmuch as foreign ships could be built and navigated cheaper than those of England, it would have the effect to substitute a circuitous for a direct navigation, or to cause Asiatic and African commodities to be imported into the Continent in foreign vessels, and to confine our ships to their importation from thence. But Mr Hall, who is very extensively engaged in shipping concerns, has shown, both in the able pamphlet placed at the head of this article, and in his evidence before the Committee of the House of Commons, that this apprehension is quite ideal; and that we can directly import the commodities of distant countries in our own ships cheaper than it is possible to import them by a circuitous route. In fact, we do not think that our shipping interest would have sustained the slightest injury, though foreign vessels had been allowed to enter into the freest competition with them in this branch. The estimates that have been so often published, of the comparative cost of British and foreign shipping, certainly represent the former as being a great deal more expensive than the latter. But these estimates are all made according to the cost *per ton*, which is a most false and erroneous criterion. The admeasured tonnage of a foreign vessel represents her burden with very great accuracy. But such is the mode of measurement adopted in England, that a ship, which registers 150 tons, generally carries from 210 to 220 tons. Mr Hall states, that he has known vessels of only 400 tons register carry *mixed* cargoes of 800 tons. 'It is a curious fact,' he observes, 'that a ship, which was put into dock in London for the purpose of being raised upon, so as to increase her capacity of stowage, admeasured more before she went into dock than *after she had been raised upon*, though her capacity of carrying had been increased nearly 100 tons!' (p. 31.) Mr Hall has shown distinctly, that, when allowance is made for this difference in the mode of measurement, ships of equal tonnage are built as cheaply in Britain as in either France or Holland; and although the first cost of Baltic ships be somewhat less, they are by no means so durable, and will not bear the wear and tear of our ships. On the whole, therefore, it would seem, that our shipowners have nothing to fear from the freest foreign competition; but if they had, it is impossible that the alterations now made can do them the slightest injury; and in returning from a bad to a good system, it is perhaps the best policy not to advance with too hasty steps, but to allow one change to pave the way for another.

Besides the wise and liberal regulations to which we have already referred, the late changes will be extremely advantageous in another point of view. They have freed the operations of the merchant from a considerable portion of that perplexity and uncertainty with which they were formerly embarrassed. One of the bills introduced by Mr Wallace, has repealed upwards of *two hundred* antiquated and contradictory statutes on the subject of commerce and navigation, passed previously to the reign of Charles II.; and it is said to be the intention of Government, still farther to clear and simplify the existing law. It is to be hoped, that this object will not be lost sight of. The following extract from the Report of the Committee of the House of Commons, on Foreign Trade, printed in 1820, will show, that it is one of infinitely greater importance than is generally supposed; and that if it were satisfactorily accomplished, it would contribute, in no ordinary degree, to facilitate the operations of the merchant, and to give him that feeling of security and confidence in the law, so indispensable in all great commercial undertakings.

'Before proceeding,' say the Committee, 'to advert to the points which have been the principal objects of their inquiry, they are anxious to call the observation of the House to the excessive accumulation and complexity of the laws under which the commerce of the country is regulated. These laws, passed at different periods, and many of them arising out of temporary circumstances, amount, as stated in a recent compilation of them, to upwards of *two thousand*: of which no less than *eleven hundred* were in force in the year 1815; and many additions have been since made. After such a statement, it will not appear extraordinary, that it should be matter of complaint to the British merchant, that, so far from the course in which he is to guide his transactions being plain and simple; so far from his being able to undertake his operations, and to avail himself of favourable openings as they arise, with promptitude and confidence, he is frequently reduced to the necessity of resorting to the services of professional advisers, to ascertain what he may venture to do, and what he must avoid, before he is able to embark in his commercial adventures, with the assurance of being secure from the consequences of an infringement of the laws. Now, if such be the case with the most experienced amongst the merchants even in England, in how much greater a degree must the same perplexity and apprehension of danger operate in foreign countries and on foreign merchants, whose acquaintance with our statute book must be comparatively limited, and who are destitute of the professional authorities which the merchant at home may at all times consult for his direction? When it is recollected, besides, that a trivial unintentional deviation from the strict letter of the acts of Parliament, may expose a ship

and cargo to the inconvenience of seizure, which, whether abandoned or sustained, is attended always with delay and expense, and sometimes followed by litigation; it cannot be doubted, that such a state of the law must have the most prejudicial influence both upon commercial enterprise in this country, and upon our mercantile relations and intercourse with foreign nations. And, perhaps, no service more valuable could be rendered to the trade of the Empire, nor any measure more effectually contribute to promote the objects contemplated by the House, in the appointment of this Committee, than an accurate revision of this vast and confused mass of legislation; and the establishment of some certain, simple, and consistent principles, to which all the regulations of commerce might be referred, and under which the transactions of merchants, engaged in the trade of the United Kingdom, might be conducted with facility, with safety, and with confidence.' (*Report*, p. 4.)

Such is the clear and satisfactory statement of the Committee; and it is certainly impossible to doubt, that a reform of our system of commercial legislation, on the principles suggested in their Report, would be of signal benefit. Much real difficulty, and a host of prejudices, would undoubtedly have to be encountered, in effecting such a change. But a beginning has been made; and the advantages of which the new regulations will be productive, will have a powerful influence in facilitating the adoption of those ulterior and more comprehensive arrangements required to give precision, clearness, and simplicity to our commercial law.

Besides the alterations to which we have already adverted, an important change has been effected in the laws regulating the colony trade, by the bill introduced by Mr Robinson last Session, and since passed into a law. This law has considerably relaxed the previous severity of the colonial monopoly. Canada, Jamaica, and our other Western colonies, are now permitted to carry on a direct intercourse with the various countries of Europe, Africa, and America, and to export their produce to them. The exclusive right to supply the colonies with *manufactured* goods, is still secured to this country; but they are authorized to import all sorts of raw produce, with the exception of sugar, coffee, and rum, from foreigners. In their intercourse with North and South America, they are at liberty to employ either British or American ships; but in their intercourse with Europe and Africa, they can only employ British ships. The colonists are excluded from a direct intercourse with Asia.

The warehousing system has also been considerably extended; and a bill is now in progress for reducing the duties charged on foreign shipping in our ports to a level with those laid on

British shipping. Both these measures are of the greatest importance. Were a country like England—a country so advantageously situated, where property and personal liberty are so well protected and secured, where manufacturing industry has attained so high a pitch of perfection, and whose products are suited to the tastes and wants of every people—freely to admit the produce of other nations into her ports, for the purpose of being warehoused for exportation, it is impossible to doubt that her commerce would be very greatly extended, and that she would become a vast general depôt for the merchandise of the world, *universi orbis terrarum emporium*. The possession of an abundant supply of foreign commodities is one of the surest means of facilitating the disposal of those of domestic growth. Were the warehousing system carried to its fullest extent, foreigners would be induced to resort to our ports in much greater numbers than they have hitherto done, not only because they would thus be enabled to obtain our own commodities at the cheapest rate, but because they would be able to assort and complete their cargoes with every species of foreign goods they might have occasion for. As illustrative of this principle, we may mention, that foreign linens were formerly allowed to be freely warehoused in this country; but, in compliance with the solicitations of the manufacturers, they were loaded, in 1810, with a transit duty of 15 per cent. Their importation was thus entirely stopped; and the foreigners, who had previously been in the habit of shipping German linens from our ports, because they could get their cargoes conveniently completed with an assortment of our goods, were, in consequence, obliged to resort to Amsterdam and Ham-
burgh, and completed their cargoes with the goods of the Continent; so that, by this injudicious proceeding, we not only lost all the advantages of the *entrepôt*, but had the market for our own produce considerably narrowed. It is to be regretted, that the linen manufacturers should have had influence enough to get the transit duty continued—a duty which, without being of the slightest advantage to them, has a very injurious effect on the commerce of the country. There are a variety of other exceptions, to the freedom of warehousing for re-exportation, introduced into the new bill, none of which seem to rest on any better grounds. It is gratifying, however, to know that they have been condemned by a very large proportion, not only of the mercantile world, but also of the manufacturers; and we doubt not that the experience of their inutility, and the growing conviction of the advantages of an unrestrained importation, will occasion their abolition at no distant period.

It was formerly said of Amsterdam, '*Que les étrangers ains de trouver toutes choses à Amsterdam preferent, par cette raison, cette ville à toutes les autres villes de commerce :*'* And when the warehousing system shall be fully established, this will be still more emphatically true of London. Nor, in estimating the benefits resulting from the establishment of this sound and liberal system, should it be forgotten, that the increased wealth and commercial prosperity of which it will be productive, will neither excite the jealousy nor the ill will of others. There will be a reciprocity of advantages; for, as has been well observed by Mr Wallace, 'the advantages which a particular nation may derive from becoming the centre and *entrepôt* of the commerce of others, must ever be proportioned to the general benefit of which she is the dispenser; and this advantage can only be extended and rendered permanent by the greater facilities and encouragement she is the means of affording to promote the trade, the industry, and, through them, the resources and welfare of other nations.'—(*Speech, 25th June, 1821.*)

The bill now in progress for reducing the high port and other duties paid by foreign ships to the same level as those paid by the ships of this country, has encountered a very keen opposition. We trust, however, that its supporters will not be induced to relax in their efforts to get it passed into a law. It is not true that the excess of duty has caused the employment of a single additional British ship. Its only effect has been to excite the animosity of foreigners; and to harass our commerce, by causing the imposition of equal, and in many cases of higher, countervailing duties on our ships trading to their ports. It ought also to be borne in mind, that the proposed measure has already been adopted in the case of American and Portuguese ships, who are permitted to come into our ports on paying the *same* duties as British ships. And having gone thus far—having conceded this privilege to the ships of our most dangerous naval rivals—it would be most invidious and irritating to the nations of the Continent, to continue to load their ships with the higher duties.

Such is a brief and necessarily very imperfect sketch of the alterations that have lately been made in the Navigation Law; and of the measures either passed, or in progress, for extending the warehousing system, and placing foreign and British shipping on a footing of equality with respect to duties. It is almost unnecessary, after what we have already stated, to say,

* La Richesse de la Hollande, tome I. p. 376.

that we cordially approve of all those alterations—of those that have been effected, and of those that are projected. They seem to us to have been imperiously required, by the change in the circumstances of this and other countries; and to be eminently calculated to promote and consolidate our commercial prosperity. Their only defect is, that they have not gone far enough—that they have paid too much deference to the false and interested representations of particular bodies, and to prejudices which have nothing but the rust of antiquity to recommend them. But the principle on which these changes have been made, is sound; and the advantages of which they will be productive, will certainly lead to others. In the present state of the world, when the just principles and the benefits of commerce are so well understood and so eagerly desired, it is idle to think, that it is possible to act on the illiberal and exclusive maxims of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. If we attempted this, we should assuredly stimulate other states to adopt the same line of conduct; and as our commerce is by far the most extensive, we should be the greatest sufferers. If prohibitions be good for England, they must be good for other countries; and, were they generally adopted, it is plain we should be shut out of every market, and our commercial greatness would be entirely destroyed. Navigation laws and restrictive regulations are weapons we can no longer wield with success. We have taught others to use them with equal dexterity, and more effect. And a proper regard to our own self-interest is sufficient to show the advantage, or rather, we should say, the necessity, of reverting to a more just and liberal system. The genuine commercial spirit—that spirit, which is a permanent source of wealth and power, is altogether inconsistent with the dark and shallow policy of monopoly. All commerce is founded on a principle of reciprocity; and that country will certainly prosper most, and have the foundations of her greatness best secured, who is a universal merchant, and deals with all the world on fair and liberal principles. ‘Whatever’ said Mr Wallace, and we are glad to have another opportunity of referring to his excellent speech, ‘we may hope to gain, must be combined with, and in proportion to, the beneficial effects that flow from it to every nation, which, by its wants or superfluities, its productions, natural or artificial, has either to give or receive through the medium of commerce. By establishing a system, which gives facility and encouragement to the interchange of productions, we excite the industry, contribute to the happiness, and promote the welfare of every people. A system which creates, in each

‘country, an interest in the prosperity of all, tends to form a bond of union, that may counteract the progress of ambition, and allay the workings of political and commercial jealousy; the source of animosities too often fatal to the repose of Europe, and which have too frequently deluged it with blood. It is not, then, to the particular and confined interests of this country, or to those immediately affected by them, that this proposition alone addresses itself; it is directed to every benevolent feeling of the human mind, and to every heart that is alive to the improvement, the tranquillity, and the happiness of mankind. To be the living principle, the connecting bond of such an union, may, if we do not reject it, be the singular felicity of this country, happier hereafter perhaps in that, than in all the triumphs her armies have achieved, glorious as they have been.’—(*Speech, 25th June, 1821*).

ART. XII.* 1. *Memorandum of Two Conversations between the Emperor Napoleon and Viscount Ebrington at Porto-Ferrajo.*

2. *Memorial de Sainte Hélène.—Journal of the Private Life and Conversations of the Emperor Napoleon at St Helena.* By the Count de LAS CASES. Six Vols. Colburn. London, 1823.

IT was to be expected, that the decease of the Emperor Napoleon would be followed by numerous publications to gratify the curiosity of the world respecting him. He who long filled the world with his fame, still continues to interest every reflecting mind; and the anxiety for information concerning his life, habits, and conversation, seems almost as intense now as it was when he wielded the destinies of the world. Happily he had been of late years surrounded by authors, and was willing to help them in transmitting the history of his extraordinary career to future times. Mr O'Meara's work contained a body of the most interesting and valuable information—information, the accuracy of which stands unimpeached by any of the attacks lately made against its author: and the work before us yields not in importance and entertainment to that of Mr O'Meara. The early parts of it are somewhat French, and betray symptoms of bookmaking and authorship; but the last part, composing two volumes, is written as simply as may be, and contains merely the details of which Count Las Cases kept a Journal.

* The impression produced by all the facts recorded in these

different works, is, it must be confessed, eminently favourable to Napoleon. It can hardly be denied that he was by far the greatest man of his age, and indeed of modern times; that no other, in any age, ever surpassed him, if he was even equalled. But his *good* qualities had been hitherto underrated; and it must be admitted, in fairness to his memory, that the nearer we approach his private life, the better opinion are we obliged to form of his heart. The influence of national rivalry, hostility and fear, is now gone; and we can calmly survey that extraordinary genius in the page of history, undazzled by the lustre which formerly prevented any thing but his talents from being seen, and unbiassed by the awe in which so dreadful an enemy was necessarily regarded. The cruel treatment by which some of our liberal-minded rulers were pleased to imbitter his last years, might still induce the people of this country to read his annals with some prejudice, and make them desirous of discovering less worth in an enemy so scandalously and so meanly ill treated after his fall; but we believe the public opinion is now pretty well made up on this point, and assigning the disgrace of such pitiful proceedings to their authors exclusively, throwing on them, and not upon the nation at large, the indelible stain of tormenting him who was no longer an object of fear, perhaps of shortening his days, after he had lost all power of hurting us.

Lord Ebrington's Narrative is, on every account, a most interesting tract. Nothing can exceed the good sense and feeling, and the excellent taste which it displays throughout; it is, in all respects, such as might have been expected from its amiable, enlightened, and accomplished author.

The following sketch of the Emperor Alexander, and the other despots of the North, agree well with the likenesses of the same potentates to be found in Mr O'Meara's valuable work.

'I asked him what he thought of the Emperor? He said, "*C'est un véritable Grec, on ne peut se fier à lui; il a pourtant de l'instruction et quelques idées libérales dont il a été imbu par un philosophe, La Harpe, qui l'a élevé. Mais il est si léger et si faux, qu'on ne peut savoir si les sentimens qu'il débite résultent vraiment de ses pensées, ou d'une espèce de vanité de se mettre en contraste avec sa position.*" He mentioned, as an instance, an argument they had had upon forms of government, in which Alexander maintained a preference for elective monarchy. His (Napoléon's) opinion was quite contrary, for "who is fit to be so elected? *Un César, un Alexandre, dont on ne trouve pas un par siècle: so that the election must, after all, be a matter of chance, et la succession vaut sûrement mieux que les dez.*" During the fortnight that they were at Tilsit, they dined together nearly every

day, " *Mais nous nous levions bientôt de table pour nous débarrasser du Roi de Prusse qui nous ennuyait. Vers les neuf heures, l'Empereur revenait chez moi en frac prendre le thé, and remained conversing very agreeably on different subjects, for the most part philosophical or political, sometimes till two or three o'clock in the morning.*" The Emperor Francis, he said, had more honesty, but less capacity. "*Je me ferois à lui bien plutôt qu'à l'autre, et s'il me donnait sa parole de faire telle ou telle chose, je serois persuadé qu'au moment de la donner, il aurait l'intention de s'y tenir ; mais son esprit est bien borné, point d'énergie, point de caractère.*" The King of Prussia he called "*un caporal,*" without an idea beyond the dress of a soldier, "*infinitement le plus bête des trois.*" The Archduke Charles was "*un esprit très-médiocre,*" who had, however, on some occasions, shown himself not to be without military talent.' pp. 10-12.

No one can doubt that the Archduke Charles is here too slightly mentioned. He has repeatedly shown himself to be a prince of great patriotism, and of undoubted military genius. His feeble health, and want of political firmness, have alone prevented him from playing a more distinguished part among the sovereigns of Europe than any man of the regular princely caste since Frederick II.

Upon the much agitated questions of his conduct towards his sick in Egypt, and towards his Turkish prisoners, it is fair that we hear his own story, which nothing in the shape of evidence has ever yet been adduced to impeach.

' I mentioned Sir Robert Wilson's statement of his having poisoned his sick: he answered, "*Il y a dans cela quelque fondement de vrai.*" Three or four men of the army had the plague: they could not have lived twenty-four hours; I was about to march; I consulted Desgenettes as to the means of removing them; he said that it must be attended with some risk of infection, and would be useless to them as they were past recovery. I then recommended him to give them a dose of opium rather than leave them to the mercy of the Turks. *Il me répondit en fort honnête homme que son métier étoit de guérir et non de tuer :* so the men were left to their fate. Perhaps he was right, though I asked for them what I should, under similar circumstances, have wished my best friend to have done for me. I have often thought since on this point of *morale*, and have conversed on it with others, *et je crois qu'au fond il vaut toujours mieux souffrir qu'un homme finisse sa destinée quelle qu'elle soit.* I judged so afterwards in the case of my friend Duroc, who, when his bowels were falling out before my eyes, repeatedly cried to me to have him put out of his misery. *Je lui dis, je vous plains, mon ami, mais il n'y a pas de remède, il faut souffrir jusqu'à la fin.*" I then asked him about the massacre of the Turks at Jaffa: he answered, "*C'est vrai — J'en fis fusiller à peu près deux mille. — Vous trouvez cela un peu fort — mais je leur avois accordé une capitulation à El Arish à condition*

qu'ils retourneroient chez eux. Ils l'ont rompue et se sont jetés dans Jaffa où je les pris par assault. Je ne pouvois les emmener prisonniers avec moi, car je manquois de pain, et ils étoient des diables trop dangereux pour les lacher une seconde fois, de sorte que je n'avois d'autre moyen que des les tuer."

The last extract from this little work shall be his sketch of the gallant and ill-fated Murat.

He asked me about my intended stay in Italy, the places I proposed visiting, &c. &c. On my mentioning Naples, he said, "*Vous verrez donc sûrement le Roi de Naples—c'est un bon militaire; c'est un des hommes les plus brillants que j'ai jamais vu sur un champ de bataille.—Pas d'un talent supérieur, sans beaucoup de courage moral, assez timide même pour le plan des opérations—mais le moment qu'il voyoit l'ennemi, tout cela disparoissoit—c'étoit alors le coup-d'œil le plus rapide, une valcur vraiment chevaleresque—D'ailleurs un bel homme, grand, bien mis, et avec beaucoup de soin: quelque fois un peu fantasquement—Enfin un magnifique Lazzarone.*"—I asked if he did not make a fine charge with the cavalry at the battle of Leipsic, on the first day? He replied, "*Parbleu il les menoit toujours même trop bien, il les faisoit trop tuer—et toujours en avant lui-même—C'étoit vraiment un superbe spectacle de le voir dans les combats à la tête de la cavalerie.*"

He showed more animation in speaking on this than on any other topic in the whole course of conversation, and seemed quite to dwell on it with pleasure. He said, "*Vous verrez aussi la Reine; c'est une belle personne, et très-fine.*" pp. 30, 31.

The work of Las Cases is of the highest interest. Like Mr O'Meara's, it assumes the form of a Journal, but is more minute and regular. The author enjoyed more constant opportunities of gratifying our curiosity respecting the Emperor, from having the advantage of living in his household, and passing daily many hours in his society; either conversing with him, hearing him read, and comment on the works of various authors, or writing to his dictation. He seems to be a person of but ordinary talents, and no very rare acquirements; but his generous devotion to Napoleon, whose fortunes he volunteered to follow in the hour of his fall; the zeal and fidelity with which he served him to the last; the kindness which he showed in forcing upon him the savings of his own life, when our Government's niggardly instructions were exceeded by the more rigorous discipline of that great *martinette* and strict economist, Sir Hudson Lowe, gives the Count a claim to the esteem of every honourable mind. His book too wears the appearance of perfect accuracy; he candidly tells us where he had lost his memorandum, or omitted to make one, or believes himself to have made mistakes; and there can be no doubt that, generally speaking, his journal may safely be trusted. For a Frenchman

too, and one whose early and middle years had been passed among that worst and feeblest part of the French School, the emigrants, he has fallen into less vanity and trifling than might have been expected. The reader will naturally wish first of all to learn who and what the author is, whose veracity he is to trust so largely.

The Count des Las Cases was a nobleman of good family, but moderate fortune; and had just been made Lieutenant in the Navy at the age of twenty-one, when the Revolution broke out. He joined the Princes on the Rhine, and was for some time attached to the suite of the unfortunate Princess Lamballe. Having narrowly escaped the fate of his comrades in the disastrous expedition to Quiberon, his mind became uneasy at the course he had been pursuing, of bearing arms against his country, because he disapproved of the government she had chosen to live under; and he seized the opportunity of returning, which Napoleon's liberal policy offered to all upon his elevation to the Consulship. During his stay in England, he had supported himself by teaching, and had, in communicating knowledge to others, gone through a course of education himself. The restoration, under the same great man, of a monarchical government, could not overcome the Count's repugnance to the new order of things, or at least of persons; and he, like many others, held it as a point of honour to keep aloof from all intercourse with the Imperial Court. Meanwhile, the signal exploits which carried the standard of France over the whole Continent in triumph, and raised her Sovereign's name above all that the annals of military glory record, could hardly fail to impress with admiration, one so warmly attached to the fame of his country. In despite of himself and his prejudices, he was forced to esteem one who had exalted France; and when the Emperor called around him some of the greatest families, and intimated to the rest, that their absence from his court would be deemed a mark of disaffection to the national cause, our author having for twenty years proved his attachment to the fallen monarch's family, which seemed now more than ever out of the question for ever, volunteered his services in the Scheldt during the *glorious* expedition, which so raised the talents and virtues of the present ministers in the eyes of all posterity, and was soon afterwards made Chamberlain and a Councillor of State. In the latter capacity, he was employed on several important missions, both abroad and in the interior of France. He commanded a Legion at the capture of Paris in 1814; and on the restoration of the Bourbons, determined to avoid all chance of misconstruction, he wisely abstained from courtly at-

tendance, passed some months in England, and returned about the time of the Emperor's reappearance from Elba. He was near his person at the Abdication; and his journal begins with the 20th June 1815, the day after his Majesty's return from the field of Waterloo. When his determination to quit France was made known, the Count waited on him to offer his services; and it is a remarkable proof, how little he had paid the courtier in better times, that the Count's person was hardly known to him. The dialogue was short. 'Do you know whither your offer may lead you?'—'I have made no calculation about the matter.'

It may be fit to add, that the details in the Count's work and those of Mr O'Meara, mutually support each other. Nothing can be more satisfactory to the readers of both than this coincidence, without the most remote possibility of any concert. Indeed, since last year, when our attention was drawn to the latter, every attempt to discredit its statements has only given it new authority. The personal attacks upon its author merit scarcely greater regard. He seems to have been somewhat imprudent; and there are several matters requiring explanation in his communications to the Governor; an explanation which he would probably have given in the most authentic form by his affidavit, in answer to Sir H. Lowe's Rule for a Criminal Information, had not that proceeding been quashed by reason of the extraordinary length of time during which Sir Hudson had suffered the statements against him to pass unnoticed.* Count Las Cases relates, at the close of his work, a circumstance respecting this subject, of a singular cast. He and Sir H. Lowe had been the reverse of friends during all their compulsory intercourse. This appears every where throughout the Journal. Little, therefore, could we have expected such a narrative as the following, to which the Ex-governor has not yet offered any contradiction.

'Whilst writing this, I have received from Sir Hudson Lowe some extracts of confidential letters, which, he informs me, he received at the time from Mr O'Meara, in which, he observes to me, O'Meara spoke of me in a very improper manner, and made secret reports to him respecting me. What can have been the intention of Sir Hudson Lowe in acting thus with me? Considering the terms on which we are together, he cannot have been prompted by a very tender interest. Did he wish to prove to me that Mr O'Meara acted as a spy for him upon us? Did he hope so far to prepossess me against him, as to influence the nature and the force of my testimony in favour of

* His preferring a criminal to a civil suit, is equally unaccountable. It seems as if he did not court a thorough investigation.

his adversary? And, after all, are these letters in their original state? have they not been altered after the fashion of Saint-Helena? But, even supposing their meaning to be true and explicit, in what respect can they offend me? What claim had I then on Mr O'Meara's indulgence? what right had I to expect it? It is true, that at a later period, after his return to Europe, seeing him persecuted and punished on account of the humanity of his conduct towards Napoleon, I wrote to him to express my heartfelt gratitude, and to offer him an asylum in my family, should injustice compel him to leave his own country; that he was welcome to share with me. But at Saint-Helena I hardly knew him, and I do not believe that I spoke to him ten times during my residence at Longwood. I considered him as being opposed to me by nation, by opinions, and by interest: such was the nature of my connexion with Mr O'Meara. He was, therefore, entirely at liberty with respect to me: he might *then* write whatever he thought proper, and it cannot now vary the opinion which I have since formed of him. Sir Hudson Lowe intends now to insinuate, that Mr O'Meara was a double and a triple spy at the same moment, viz. for the Government, for Napoleon, and for him, Sir Hudson Lowe; but does that disprove the truth and destroy the authenticity of the facts mentioned in his book? On the contrary. And from which of the three parties could he expect to be rewarded for revealing these facts to the public? Napoleon is no more; he can expect nothing from him: and his publication has rendered the two others his ardent enemies, who have deprived him of his situation, and threaten to disturb his repose; for his real crime, in their eyes, is the warm zeal which he has displayed, of a friend to the laws and to decorum; who, indignant at the mean and indecorous vexations to which Napoleon had been exposed, drags the true authors of them to light, in order to exculpate his country. I have, therefore, considered this tardy communication of the confidential letters which Sir Hudson Lowe has just transmitted to me, at the moment of his action with O'Meara, as a kind of interested accusation, which every one will qualify as he thinks proper. I have never even acknowledged the receipt of these letters; and still less have I ever thought of complaining of their contents.—Vol. III. *Part 6th*, pp. 369–371.

In pursuing this subject, and making the reader acquainted with the contents of the work before us, we cannot, of course, adopt any very methodical arrangement. The plan of the book prevents it. We shall direct our attention to those parts rather which cast a light upon the private character of the great man who forms the subject of the details.

For instances of his habits of thinking when left to himself, and without any strong excitement, we may almost open the book at random.

' 22d.—The Emperor came to my apartment about 10 o'clock,

and took me out to walk. We all breakfasted under the trees. The weather was delightful, and the heat, though intense, wholesome. The Emperor ordered his calash, two of us were with him, and the third accompanied us on horseback. The Grand Marshal could not attend. The Emperor recurred to some misunderstanding, which had taken place among us a few days before. He took a view of our situation and our natural wants ;—" You are bound," said he, " when you are one day restored to the world, to consider yourselves as *brothers*, on my account. My memory will dictate this conduct to you. Be so, then, from this moment ! " He next described how we might be of mutual advantage to each other, the sufferings we had it in our power to alleviate, &c. &c. It was, all at once, a family and moral lesson, alike distinguished for excellent sentiment and practical rules of conduct. It ought to have been written in letters of gold. It lasted nearly an hour and a quarter, and will, I think, never be forgotten by any of us. For myself, not only the principles and the words, but the tone, the expression, the action, and, above all, the entire affection with which he delivered them, will never be erased from my mind.—Vol. III. *Part 5th*, pp. 64, 65:

The conversation upon second sight, which follows, does no little honour to his speculative talents.

' The Emperor was very communicative to day. The conversation turned on dreams, presentiments, and foresights, which the English call *second sight*. We employed every commonplace topic, ordinarily connected with these objects, and came at last to speak of sorcerers and ghosts. The Emperor concluded with observing : " All these quackeries, and as many others, such as those of Cagliostro, Mesmer, Gall, and Lavater, &c. &c., are destroyed by this sole and simple argument—*All that may exist, but it does not exist.* "

' " Man is fond of the marvellous ; he has for him irresistible fascinations ; he is ever ready to abandon that, which is near at hand, to run after that, which is fabricated for him. He voluntarily lends himself to his own delusions. The truth is, that every thing about us is a wonder. There is nothing which can be properly called a phenomenon. Every thing in nature is a phenomenon. My existence is a phenomenon. The wood that is put in the fireplace and warms me, is a phenomenon ; that candle there, which gives me light, is a phenomenon. All the first causes, my understanding, my faculties, are phenomena ; for they all exist, and we cannot define them. I take leave of you here," said he, " and lo ! I am at Paris, entering my box at the opera. I bow to the audience ; I hear the acclamations ; I see the performers ; I listen to the music. But if I can bound over the distance from St. Helena, why should I not bound over the distance of centuries ? Why should I not see the future as well as the past ? Why should the one be more extraordinary, more wonderful than the other ? The only reason is ; that it does not exist. This is the argument which will always annihilate, without the possibility of reply, all visionary wonders. All these quacks

deal in very ingenious speculations; their reasoning may be just and seductive; but their conclusions are false, because they are unsupported by facts.

“*Mesmer and Mesmerism* have never recovered from the blow dealt at them by Bailly's report in the name of the Academy of Sciences. Mesmer produced effects upon a person by magnetizing him to his face, yet the same person, magnetized behind, without his knowing it, experienced no effect whatever. It was therefore, on his part, an error of the imagination, a debility of the senses; it was the act of the somnabule, who, at night runs along the roof without danger, because he is not afraid; but who would break his neck in the day, because his senses would confound him.” III. *Part 5th*, pp. 65-67.

Some details which the Emperor gave upon the economy of his court, are well worthy of attention. Its splendour was very greatly superior to any thing that had been seen in France before his time; and yet the expensé was infinitely less, owing to the correction of abuses, and the excellent order introduced into the accounts. His hunting and shooting establishment, for instance, was fully equal to that of Louis XVI., and cost less than two thousand a year, while the King's cost upwards of thirty. Napoleon's mews cost 125,000*l.*, the annual charge of each horse, every thing included, being 125*l.* A ‘page’ cost about 300*l.* a year, and this was the most expensive part of the court. Great care was taken of the education of these pages, and the place was an object of solicitation with the first families of France. Napoleon's principle was, to use his own words, that ‘a king is not to be found in nature; he is the mere creature of civilization; there are no naked kings; they must be all dressed.’ For the purpose of dressing, he adopted the wisest course; he knew intimately, he said, every particular of the Court establishment, originally laid down the whole plan, and superintended its execution from time to time; he adopted the precedents of past ages scrupulously, whenever they were applicable; but lopped off all that was ridiculous or pernicious. One part of the toilette of a king, it must be admitted, he was not very careful of; the process deemed so necessary by us in this country, of paring the nails, and drawing the teeth. The conversation in which he gave these particulars happened to last later than usual, for he retired to bed at eleven o'clock; observing—‘After all, we must be a good-natured kind of people, to be able to lead so contented a life at St Helena.’ The reader may desire to see his opinion of the Court which preceded him; and we fear that there is too much truth in the following sketch. We may observe, that the very interesting *Memoirs of Madame Campan*, lately published, while they

contradict nothing, that is here said of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, and indeed leave *almost* all the other charges untouched, if they do not actually give confirmation to some, by omitting to take notice of the most current imputations, * bear out the Emperor to the full extent of his remarks on Louis XVI.

‘ He afterwards adverted to Versailles; the court, the Queen, Madame Campan, and the King, were the principal subjects of his remarks, and he said many things, some of which I have already noticed. He concluded with observing, that Louis XVI. would have been a perfect pattern in private life, but that he had been a wretched King; and that the Queen would no doubt have been, at all times, the ornament of every circle, but that her levity, her inconsistencies, and want of capacity, had not a little contributed to promote and accelerate the catastrophe. She had, he remarked, deranged the manners of Versailles; its ancient gravity and strict etiquette were transformed into the free and easy prettinesses and absolute tittle-tattle of a private party. No man of sense and importance could avoid the jests of the young courtiers, whose natural disposition for railery was sharpened by the applauses of a young and beautiful sovereign.

‘ One of the most characteristic anecdotes of that day was told. A gallant and worthy German general arrived at Paris, with a special recommendation to the Queen, on the part of the emperor Joseph, her brother. The Queen thought she could not do him a greater favour, than that of inviting him to one of her private parties. He found himself, it may be easily imagined, a little out of his element in such company, but it was every one’s wish to treat him with marked respect, and he was obliged to take a leading part in the conversation. He was unfortunate in the selection of his topics, and in his manner of introducing them. He talked a great deal about *his white mare*, and *his grey mare*, upon which he set the highest value. The subject gave rise to a number of arch inquiries on the part of the young courtiers, respecting a thousand frivolous points, which he had the good nature to answer, as if they were matters of importance. In conclusion, one of them asked which of the two he preferred: “ Really,” answered the general with peculiar significance, “ I must confess, that, if I were in the day of battle on my white mare, I do not believe I should dismount to get on my grey one.” At length he made his bow, and the bursts of laughter that followed, may be easily conceived. The conversation took another turn after his departure; the attractions of white and brown beauties were long and ingeniously canvassed, and the Queen having asked one of the party which he preferred, he instantly assumed a grave air, and imi-

* Especially that respecting Count Ferzev. The subject is of little moment, but for the glaring inconsistency of our courtiers on a late occasion.

tating the solemn tone of the Austrian, answered, "Really, Madame, I must confess, that if I were in the day of battle on"
 "Enough," observed the Queen, "spare us the remainder."—III.
Part 5th, pp. 92, 93.

It is known, that Madame Campan was placed by the Emperor at the head of a seminary near Paris, and that he had several interviews with her. Of course, she may be expected, on such occasions, to have spoken with less reserve of the Royal family, than in a work intended to meet the public eye. Our author has given the substance of what she told Napoleon.

'The Emperor, in his turn, retraced the portrait of the Queen, by Madame Campan, who, he observed, having been her confidant, and having served her with zeal, affection, and fidelity, might be expected to have known a great deal about her, and deserved to be considered as good authority. Madame Campan, he said, had communicated to him many details of the private life of the Queen; and he related some particulars which he had derived from that source.

'The Queen, according to Madame Campan, was a fascinating woman, but destitute of talent: she was better calculated to be a votary of pleasure than a participator in affairs of state. She possessed an excellent heart, was parsimonious rather than extravagant, and by no means possessed strength of character equal to the trying circumstances in which she was placed. She obtained regular information of the schemes that were carrying on abroad; and she never entertained a doubt of her deliverance, even up to the fatal 10th of August, the catastrophe of which was brought about solely by the intrigues and hopes of the Court, which were developed to the world through the imprudence of the King and those who surrounded him.

"On the terrible night of the 5th of October," said the Emperor, "a person for whom the Queen entertained a high regard, and whom I afterwards treated very ill at Rastadt, hastened to join the Princess at Versailles: whether he had been sent for, or whether he went of his own accord to share her dangers, I know not. It is in these trying moments," continued the Emperor, "that we feel most in need of the advice and consolation of those who are devoted to us. At the moment of the catastrophe, when the palace was forced, the Queen fled for refuge to the King's apartments; but her confidant was exposed to the greatest dangers, and only escaped by leaping out of a window."

'I informed the Emperor that the Queen had greatly fallen in the estimation of the emigrants, by her conduct during the events of Varennes: she was reproached for not having allowed the King to set out alone, and for having betrayed a want of skill and energy during the flight of the Royal family. Nothing, indeed, could be more ill managed and confused than the journey to Varennes. A curious

circumstance connected with that event was, that Leonard, the Queen's famous *coiffeur*, found means to pass in his cabriolet, through the midst of the tumult; and he arrived at Coblenz, bringing with him the Marshal's baton, which, it was said, the King had carried away from the Tuileries, in order to deliver it to M. de Bouillé, when he should join him.

"It was," said the Emperor, "an established rule with the members of the House of Austria, to observe profound silence respecting the Queen of France. Whenever the name of Marie Antoinette was mentioned, they cast down their eyes, and dexterously changed the conversation, as if to avoid a disagreeable and embarrassing subject. This rule," continued the Emperor, "was adopted by all the members of the family, and recommended to their agents abroad. The efforts lately made by the French princes in Paris, to revive the interest attached to the memory of the unfortunate Queen, must certainly have been displeasing to the Court of Vienna." III. *Part 6th*, pp. 340—343.

No one can dwell upon the fate of those unfortunate, and, upon the whole, amiable persons, without being deeply affected with pity; but, in reflecting upon our own history during the years that have lately passed, a feeling of still deeper shame must mingle with such emotions. Who doubts the levity of the Queen of France? Who, indeed, can question the fact of her intrigues? Does the belief in them diminish our pity for her fate? Nay, is not the person who would rake into secret history, to drag them forth to the light, an object of general indignation and scorn? And who are those by whom the memory of this hapless Princess is held dearest and most sacred?—The high Tories—the zealous friends of monarchy—the bigots of the altar—and slaves of the throne. What would Mr Burke have said, had he lived to see the kingdom flung into confusion by an attempt to destroy a Queen, on the avowed ground of her private irregularities of conduct? What would he have said, had he seen the Parliament and the people occupied for half a year in a public investigation of every particular of such a personage's secret life, for the avowed purpose of proving her to have had a paramour? What would he have thought had he found it admitted, that, so far from there being any scandal to demand proceedings, the whole amount of the charge was her having, during six years of involuntary exile from her husband's presence and her adopted country, she had formed a single connexion of this sort; and that the whole of the scandal was the work of those hands which sought her destruction, to mend or keep their own fortunes, by flattering the supposed wishes of the Prince, in the face of their own

declared opinion of the good of the country,* and of their duty towards it? Never since profligacy was known, surely, was there witnessed such profligacy as this; such an entire abandonment of all semblance of principle; and to do them justice, they who were shameless enough to commit the act, are manifestly covered with shame each time that the recollection of it is forced on them. But for their base and sordid conduct, it never could have been done; and they know, and do not deny, that they suffered it only because they dreaded that their refusal would have led to the loss of their places. In no other instance, except under an Eastern despotism, have the agents of Government so openly sacrificed every other consideration to the real or supposed will of a single individual.

Before dismissing this subject, let us add another remark. We have spoken only of the comparatively light case of Marie Antoinette, the idol of those who persecuted the late Queen. But the irregularities of Mary Stuart were of a far deeper die; in truth, she seems to have been one whose incontinence was her least offence. Yet to estimate the effects of persecution and injustice in disturbing the judgment of the world, observe how little else but pity is now ever excited by the mention of her name. She intrigued, and with different persons; she descended low in life for lovers; she is generally believed to have murdered her husband; she is admitted to have treated him in his sickness with the most unfeeling neglect and even cruelty; she married, after a scene of the lowest fraud and hypocrisy, the man who is on all hands allowed to have been the actual perpetrator of the murder, who was covered with every crime, and devoid of every quality except personal beauty, or rather bodily strength and courage. Yet such a woman is never named by posterity without pity—never charged by our feelings at least with any of her enormities; although her most zealous defenders only attempt to soften down the charges against her to the most gross, indelicate, and unfeeling indecorum, no harshness is ever evinced on the allusion to her history. And whence this singular forbearance towards so undeserving an object? She was a Queen, and she was cruelly treated. Her youth, her beauty, and the success of her oppressors in accomplishing her destruction, are no doubt ingredients in the case; but then her crimes are of a nature infinitely worse than were even fancied in the late transactions; and even these would have been forgotten almost as much as they now are, though she had survived her mock trial, and only been hinted to death by continued ill treatment. Let our rulers, from this instance, learn in what light their conduct and that of their victim will be viewed by

after times. The opinion of mankind will assuredly pronounce the charges brought against her unfounded, and bottomed only on the most foul perjury. But the universal consent of all ages will declare that the truth or falsehood of those charges is immaterial to the question, and they who may believe them well grounded, will join the bulk of the community in feeling that to be no kind of defence for the conduct of her enemies. The mention of her name will, we may be well assured, never excite in any age, or in any part of the globe, a sentiment more harsh than pity for her misfortunes, or a feeling less severe than abhorrence towards those who worked her destruction. We return to Napoleon.

The following passage, it must be admitted, presents no unamiable picture of this great man in his domestic relations.

' 8th.—I went to the Emperor's apartment about eleven o'clock. He was dressing himself, and looking over, with his valet, some samples of perfumery and scents, received from England. He inquired about them all, did not know one of them, and laughed heartily at his gross ignorance, as he called it. He wished to breakfast in the tent, and we all assembled there.

' He complained of the bad quality of the wine; and called upon his maître-d'hôtel, Cipriani, who is a Corsican, to prove, that they had much better in their country. He said, he had received, as part of his patrimony, the first vine in the island, in size and productiveness. It was called *l'Esposata*, and he felt it his duty, he said, not to mention it but with gratitude. It was to that vine that he was indebted, in his youth, for his visits to Paris; it was that which supplied the expenses of his vacations. We asked him, what was to become of it. He told us, that he had long ago disposed of it, in favour of his nurse, to whom, he was convinced, he had given about one hundred and twenty thousand francs in lands and houses in the island. He had even resolved to give her his patrimonial house; but finding it too much above her situation, he had made a present of it to the Romolino family, his nearest relatives by his mother's side, on condition, that they should transfer their habitation to his nurse. * .

* The patrimonial house of Napoleon, his cradle, at present actually in the possession of M. Romolino, member of the Chamber of Deputies, has remained, as it may be thought, an object of eager curiosity and great veneration to travellers and military men.

I am assured by eye-witnesses, that, on the arrival of every regiment in Corsica, it becomes the object of a spectacle, constantly renewed. The soldiers instantly run to it in crowds, and obtain admission with a certain degree of authority. It might be said, that they believe themselves entitled to it as a right. Once admitted, every

‘ In a word, he had, he said, made a great lady of her. She had come to Paris at the time of the coronation, and had an audience of the Pope for upwards of an hour and a half. “ Poor Pope,” exclaimed the Emperor, “ he must have had a good deal of spare time ! She was, however, extremely devout. Her husband was a coasting trader of the island. She gave great pleasure at the Tuileries, and enchanted the family by the vivacity of her language and her gestures. The empress Josephine made her a present of some diamonds.” ’
 III. *Part 5th*, pp. 179–181.

No less amiable is the light in which the following passage places him.

‘ 23d.—This morning the Emperor conversing in his room, after touching on several subjects, spoke about sentiment, feelings, and sensibility ; and having alluded to one of us who, as he observed, never pronounced the name of his mother but with tears in his eyes, he said, “ But is this not peculiar to him ? Is this a general feeling ? Do you experience the same thing, or am I unnatural in that respect ? I certainly love my mother with all my heart ; there is nothing that I would not do for her ; yet if I were to hear of her death, I do not think that my grief would manifest itself by even a single tear ; but I would not affirm that this would be the case if I were to lose a friend, or my wife, or my son. Is this distinction founded on nature ? What can be the cause of it ? Is it that my reason has prepared me beforehand to expect the death of my mother as being in the natural course of events, whereas the loss of my wife, or of my son, is an unexpected occurrence, a hardship inflicted by fate which I endeavour to struggle against ? Perhaps also this distinction merely proceeds from our natural disposition to egotism. I belong to my mother, but my wife and my son belong to me.” And he went on multiplying the reasons in support of his opinion with his usual fertility of invention, in which there was always something original and striking ; but I cannot find any memorandum of them. ’

‘ It is certain that he was tenderly attached to his wife and his son. Those persons who have served in the interior of his household, now inform us how fond he was of indulging his feelings of affection towards his family ; and point out some shades in his disposition, the existence of which we were far from suspecting at the time. ’

‘ He would sometimes take his son in his arms, and embrace him with the most ardent demonstrations of paternal love. But most frequently his affection would manifest itself by playful teasing, or whim-

one conducts himself according to the warmth of his feeling ; one raises his hands to heaven, as he looks about him, another falls on his knees, a third kisses the floor, and a fourth bursts into tears. There are some who seem to be seized by a fit of insanity. Something similar is said of the tomb of the great Frederic. Such is the influence of heroes.

sical tricks. If he met his son in the gardens, for instance, he would throw him down or upset his toys. The child was brought to him every morning at breakfast time, and he then seldom failed to besmear him over with every thing within his reach on the table. With respect to his wife, not a day passed without her forming part of his private conversations; if they lasted any length of time, she was sure to come in for a share in them, or to become the subject of them.' III. *Part 6th*, pp. 212-214.

There are few things more attractive in these anecdotes than the extraordinary candour of the Emperor's remarks upon his own history, and on the persons with whom he has come in conflict. We have, on a former occasion, taken notice of his uniform and warm praises of Dessaix, although he well knew the assiduity with which his enemies set up that General as his rival, deplored his death as the loss of a powerful counterpoise to Napoleon, and erected statues to his memory, solely with the view of conveying indirect censure upon the survivor. We have still more pleasure in citing his sentiments upon Madame de Stael. They do equal honour to both.

' Speaking of her exile, he said, " Her house had become quite an arsenal against me; people went there to be armed knights. She endeavoured to raise enemies against me, and fought against me herself. She was at once Armida and Clorinda." Then, summing up his arguments as he was wont to do, he said, " After all, it cannot be denied that Madame de Stael is a very distinguished woman, endowed with great talents, and possessing a considerable share of wit. She will go down to posterity. It was more than once hinted to me, in order to soften me in her favour, that she was an adversary to be feared, and might become a useful ally; and certainly, if, instead of reviling me as she did, she had spoken in my praise, it might no doubt have proved advantageous to me; for her position and her abilities gave her an absolute sway over the saloons, and their influence in Paris is well known." He then added, " Notwithstanding all that she has said against me, and all that she will say yet, I am certainly far from thinking or saying that she has a bad heart: the fact is, that she and I have waged a little war against each other, and that is all." ' Vol. III. *Part 6th*, p. 352.

The following anecdotes are in a style of benevolence or good humour not rare among sovereigns; yet they betoken none of the asperities of character and heartlessness which our mercenary libellers of this singular person have been so constantly ascribing to him.

' In the course of the day, the Emperor related, that as he was once travelling with the Empress, he stopped to breakfast in one of the islands of the Rhine. There was a small farm in the neighbourhood; and while he was at breakfast, he sent for the peasant to

whom it belonged, and desired him to ask boldly for whatever he thought would render him happy ; and in order to inspire him with the greater confidence, the Emperor made him drink several glasses of wine. The peasant, who was more prudent and less circumscribed in his choice than the man described in the story of the Three Wishes, without hesitation specified the object which he was ambitious to possess. The Emperor commanded the prefect of the district immediately to provide him with what he had made choice of, and the expense attending the gratification of his wish did not exceed 6 or 7000 francs.

‘ Napoleon added, that on another occasion, when he was sailing in a yacht in Holland, he entered into conversation with the steersman, and asked him how much his vessel was worth. “ My vessel ! ” said the man ; “ it is not mine ; I should be too happy if it were ; it would make my fortune. ” — “ Well, then, ” said the Emperor, “ I make you a present of it ; ” a favour for which the man seemed not particularly grateful. His indifference was imputed to the phlegmatic temperament natural to his countrymen ; but this was not the case. “ What benefit has he conferred on me, ” said he to one of his comrades who was congratulating him ; “ he has spoken to me, and that is all ; he has given me what was not his own to give—a fine present truly ! ” In the mean time, Duroc had purchased the vessel of the owner, and the receipt was put into the hands of the steersman, who, no longer doubting the reality of his good fortune, indulged in the most extravagant demonstrations of joy. The expense of this purchase was about the same as that attending the present made to the countryman. “ Thus, ” said the Emperor, “ it is evident that human wishes are not so immoderate as they are generally supposed, and that it is not so very difficult to render people happy ! These two men undoubtedly enjoyed perfect happiness. ” ’ Vol. III. *Part 6th*, pp. 71, 72.

While we are commenting on Napoleon’s private character, we must by no means omit his amiable deportment towards those around him during his cruel captivity. He was at all times towards them full of good humour, and even gaiety, endeavouring, by every means in his power, to make their imprisonment and exile lighter, amusing them with anecdotes of his own life, and remarks on the history of other times, or the works of great authors, displaying the exhaustless resources of his memory, his correct judgment and pure taste upon every subject, and, above all, testifying an unwearied sense of gratitude for the zeal and affection of those faithful followers. His sense of injuries was very slight. It is quite impossible to read the anecdotes, every where scattered through these volumes, and not to be satisfied that he was of a most forgiving disposition. Nor does his hatred of the English agents, under whose most galling controul he was placed at St Helena, afford any exception to

this remark. No man of ordinary pride could avoid feeling the constant indignities to which he was designedly and systematically subjected; no temper could bear the irritations unruffled to which his was hourly exposed. But, from his treatment of those who had done him the most serious injuries, from his easy forgetfulness of all old quarrels and grudges, we have an incontestable right to infer, that he rarely suffered the sun to go down upon his wrath, and would have forgiven and forgotten even the Governor of Saint Helena and his chief instigator, had he survived his captivity. We may likewise here take notice of his truly magnanimous contempt of all abuse and slander. He never appears to have regarded libels against himself, except where policy required that they should be repressed. All the intolerable calumnies with which the press, both of England at all times, and of France since the restoration of the Bourbons, daily teemed, he read with unaffected contempt, and even good humour and merriment; a strong proof, both that he was conscious of their utter falsehood, and felt them to be destitute of plausibility; and also, that he had a mind far above the littleness of regarding such puny attacks.

Of his ruling passion, the propensity, at least, to which the greater part of his life was devoted, an insatiable ambition and love of rule, from the highest to the most inconsiderable exercise of power, some singular anecdotes are related in this book. Not the least remarkable is its breaking out so much later than might have been supposed. Almost all the other victims of this passion have been either born with it, or felt its influence at a very early age; many at school; most before entering on the active business of real life; hardly one later than the very first successes in the conduct of affairs. But to this very general remark, Napoleon seems to have been an exception. 'He reverted,' says Count Las Cases, 'to his *début* at the military school of Toulon, the circumstances that first called him into notice, the sudden ascendancy which he acquired by his first successes, and the ambition with which they inspired him: "and yet," said he, "I was far from entertaining a high opinion of myself. It was not till after the battle of Lodi that I conceived those lofty notions of ambition, which were confirmed in Egypt, after the victory of the Pyramids, and the possession of Cairo. Then," said he, "I willingly resigned myself to every brilliant dream." Nothing can be more unexpected, certainly, than such a circumstance; and not the least surprising part of the remark is the extraordinary importance attached by him to the victories in Egypt.

Regarding the information upon Napoleon's private history

as the most valuable which this work contains, we have dwelt so long on it, that little room is left for details of a less personal nature. The following passage contains his opinion upon the foreign policy of Lord Castlereagh, and well deserves the attention of Englishmen.

"After a twenty years' war, after the blood and treasures that were lavished in the common cause, after a triumph beyond all hope, what sort of peace has England concluded? Lord Castlereagh had the whole Continent at his disposal, and yet what advantage, what indemnity has he secured to his own country? He has signed just such a peace as he would have signed had he been conquered. I should not have required him to make greater sacrifices had I been victorious. But, perhaps, England thought herself sufficiently happy in having effected my overthrow; . . . in that case, hatred has avenged me! During our contest, England was animated by two powerful sentiments; her national interest, and her hatred of me. In the moment of triumph, the violence of the one caused her to lose sight of the other. She has paid dearly for that moment of passion!" He developed his idea, glancing at the different measures which showed the errors committed by Castlereagh, and the many advantages he had neglected. "Thousands of years will roll away," said he, "before there occurs such another opportunity of securing the welfare and real glory of England. Was it ignorance or corruption on the part of Castlereagh? He distributed the spoil generously, as he seemed to think, among the Sovereigns of the Continent, and reserved nothing for his own country; but, in so doing, did he not fear the reproach of being considered as the agent rather than the partner of the Holy Allies? He gave away immense territories; Russia, Prussia, and Austria acquired millions of population. Where is the equivalent to England? She, who was the soul of all this success, and who paid so dearly for it, now reaps the fruit of the *gratitude* of the Continent, and of the errors or treachery of her negotiator. My continental system is continued; and the produce of her manufactures is excluded. Why not have edged round the Continent with free and independent maritime towns, such, for example, as Dantzic, Hamburgh, Antwerp, Dunkirk, Genoa, &c. which would of necessity have become the staples of her manufactures, and would have scattered them over Europe, in spite of all the duties in the world? England possessed the right of doing this, and her circumstances required it; her decisions would have been just, and who would have opposed them at the moment of the liberation? Why did she create to herself a difficulty, and in course of time a natural enemy, by uniting Belgium to Holland, instead of securing two immense resources for her trade, by keeping them separate? Holland, which has no manufactures of her own, would have been the natural *dépôt* for English goods; and Belgium, which might have become an English colony governed by an English Prince, would have been the channel for dispersing these goods over France and Germany.

Why not have bound down Spain and Portugal by a commercial treaty of long duration, which would have repaid all the expenses incurred for their deliverance, and which might have been obtained under pain of the enfranchisement of their colonies, the trade of which, in either case, England would have commanded? Why not have stipulated for some advantages in the Baltic and the States of Italy? These would have been but the regular privileges attached to the dominion of the seas. After so long a contest in support of this right, how happened its advantages to be neglected at the moment when it was really secured? Did England, while she sanctioned usurpation in others, fear that any opposition would have been offered to hers? and by whom could it have been offered? Probably England repents now, when it is too late; the opportunity cannot be recovered; she suffered the favourable moment to escape her! . . . How many *whys* and *wherefores* might I not multiply! . . . None but Lord Castlereagh would have acted thus: he made himself the man of the Holy Alliance, and in course of time he will be the object of execration. The Lauderdale, the Grenvilles, and the Wellesleys, would have pursued a very different course; they would at least have acted like Englishmen." Vol. III. *Part 6th.* 92-95. .

Yet more remarkable is the following passage, and more humiliating to England the truths which it contains. At the present moment, they merit our deepest consideration. The observation upon Pitt and Fox is perhaps better than any thing before said upon this very trite subject of comparison.

"England is said to traffic in every thing: why, then, does she not sell liberty, for which she might get a high price; and without any fear of exhausting her own stock; for modern liberty is essentially moral, and does not betray its engagements. For example, what would not the poor Spaniards give her to free them from the yoke to which they have been again subjected? I am confident they would willingly pay any price to recover their freedom. It was I who inspired them with this sentiment; and the error into which I fell, might, at least, be turned to good account by another government. As to the Italians, I have planted in their hearts principles that never can be rooted out. What can England do better than to promote and assist the noble impulses of modern regeneration? Sooner or later, this regeneration must be accomplished. Sovereigns and old aristocratic institutions may exert their efforts to oppose it, but in vain. They are dooming themselves to the punishment of Sisypheus; but, sooner or later, some arm will tire of resistance, and then the whole system will fall to nothing. Would it not be better to yield with a good grace?—this was my intention. Why does England refuse to avail herself of the glory and advantage she might derive from this course of proceeding? Every thing passes away in England as well as elsewhere. Castlereagh's administration will pass away; and that which may succeed it, and which is doomed to inherit the fruit of so many errors, may become great by only discon-

tinuing the system that has hitherto been purged. He who may happen to be placed at the head of the English cabinet, has merely to allow things to take their course, and to obey the winds that blow. By becoming the leader of liberal principles, instead of leaguings with absolute power, like Castlereagh, he will render himself the object of universal benediction, and England will forget her wrongs. Fox was capable of so acting, but Pitt was not: the reason is, that, in Fox, the heart warmed the genius; while, in Pitt, the genius withered the heart. But it may be asked, why I, all-powerful as I was, did not pursue the course I have here traced out?—how, since I can speak so well, I could have acted so ill? I reply to those who make this inquiry with sincerity, that there is no comparison between my situation and that of the English government. England may work on a soil which extends to the very bowels of the earth; while I could labour only on a sandy surface. England reigns over an established order of things; while I had to take upon myself the great charge, the immense difficulty of consolidating and establishing. I purified a revolution, in spite of hostile factions. I combined together all the scattered benefits that could be preserved; but I was obliged to protect them with a nervous arm, against the attacks of all parties; and in this situation it may truly be said, that the public interest, *the State, was myself*.

“Our principles were attacked from without; and in the name of these very principles I was assailed, in the opposite sense, at home. Had I relaxed but ever so little, we should soon have been brought back to the time of the Directory; I should have been the object, and France the infallible victim, of a *counter Brumaire*. We are in our nature so restless and inconsiderate! If twenty revolutions were to ensue, we should have twenty constitutions. This is one of the subjects that are studied most, and observed the least. We have much need to grow older in this great and glorious path; for here our great men have all shown themselves to be mere children. May the present generation profit by the faults that have hitherto been committed, and prove as wise as it is enthusiastic!” III. *Part 6th*, pp. 98—101.

If we could afford space for more extracts, they should be taken from the account of that most miraculous part of all his wonderful career—the return from Elba in 1815. That he marched triumphantly to Paris, is known; but that he was borne along by the people, without any aid from the soldiery, is equally true, and much less known. The troops every where evinced a reluctance towards his enterprise at first, and their officers at all times, until he was safely enthroned in the Thuilleries. The common soldiers were always the first to yield; and they certainly could no where be induced to oppose him. We have only room for a single passage.

‘The Emperor advanced with the rapidity of lightning. “Vic-

tory," said he, "depended on my speed. To me France was in Grenoble. That place was a hundred leagues distant, but I and my companions reached it in five days, and with what roads and what weather! I entered the city just as the Count d'Artois, warned by the telegraph, was quitting the Tuileries."

Napoleon himself was so perfectly convinced of the state of affairs and of popular sentiment, that he knew his success in no way depended on the force he might bring with him. A picquet of gens-d'armes, he said, was all that was necessary. Every thing turned out as he had calculated: victory advanced at a charging step, and the national eagle flew from steeple to steeple, till at length it perched on the towers of Notre Dame. The Emperor however admitted, that, at first, he was not without some degree of alarm and uncertainty. As he advanced, it is true, the whole population enthusiastically declared themselves in his favour; but he saw no soldiers: they were all carefully removed from the places through which he passed. It was not until he arrived between Mure and Vizille, within five or six leagues from Grenoble, and on the fifth day after his embarkation, that he met the first battalion. The commanding officer refused even to hold a parley. The Emperor, without hesitation, advanced alone, and one hundred of his grenadiers marched at some distance from him, with their arms reversed. The sight of Napoleon, his costume, and in particular his grey military great coat, produced a magical effect on the soldiers, and they stood motionless. Napoleon went straight up to a veteran, whose arm was covered with chevrons, and very unceremoniously seizing him by the whisker, asked him whether he had the heart to fire upon his Emperor. The soldier, with his eyes moistened with tears, immediately thrust the ramrod into his musquet, to show that it was not loaded, and exclaimed, "See, I could not have done any harm: our musquets are all unloaded." Cries of *Vive l'Empereur!* resounded on every side. Napoleon ordered the battalion to make a semicircular movement to the right, and all marched on to Paris.

At a little distance from Grenoble, Colonel Labédoyère, at the head of his regiment, came to join the Emperor. The impulse was then confirmed, and the question was nearly decided.

The peasantry of Dauphiné lined the road sides: they were transported and mad with joy. The first battalion, which has just been alluded to, still showed some signs of hesitation; but thousands crowded on its rear, and by their shouts of *Vive l'Empereur!* endeavoured to urge the troops to decision; while others, who were in Napoleon's rear, excited his little troop to advance, by assuring them that they would meet with success.' III. Part 6th, pp. 162—164.

To conclude: We deem it impossible for any one, how strongly soever he may have been prejudiced against Napoleon, to rise from the perusal and the study of these details, without an intimate persuasion that few great men have ever been more worthy of esteem. His insatiable ambition remains, in reality,

the only charge against his character ; and it must be allowed to have been mingled with as much of good as ever was known to be compatible with a thirst for power. The destruction of pernicious abuses—the improvement of the condition of the people at large—went hand in hand with every act by which he sought his own personal aggrandizement. In many cases, this was the necessary consequence of the debased condition of the countries he overran and subdued. Any change, for instance, must unavoidably have proved beneficial to Spain and Italy ; nor could he conquer them without bettering their condition in every essential particular. But it is only just to add, that his own inclination was to root out antiquated evils, and that he placed his chiefest glory in being the regenerator of the modern world. The volumes before us afford evidence, in every page, of his thoughts, at least during the last ten years of his reign, having been all directed towards raising for himself this most durable monument, by entitling himself to the gratitude of all ages, for rendering to mankind the inestimable service of freeing them from the thralldom of inveterate abuses in Church and in State.

ERRATUM.

In a small part of our impression, it is stated (p. 488), that the products of Asia and Africa may be imported from any port in Europe ; but this is true only of those which are to be *exported*. Those for *home consumption* must still be imported direct.

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END OF VOLUME THIRTY- EIGHT.

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